Oct. 30, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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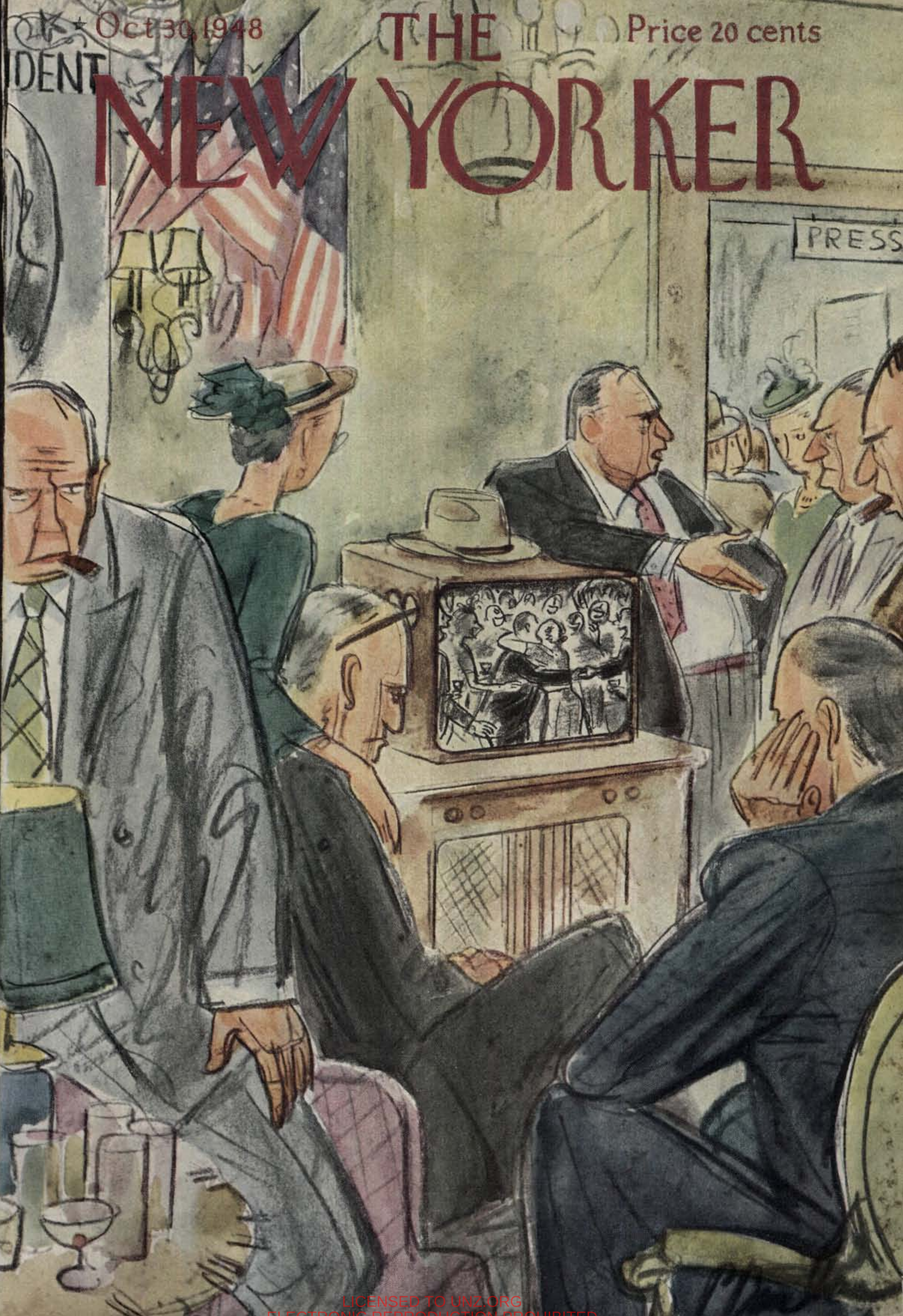

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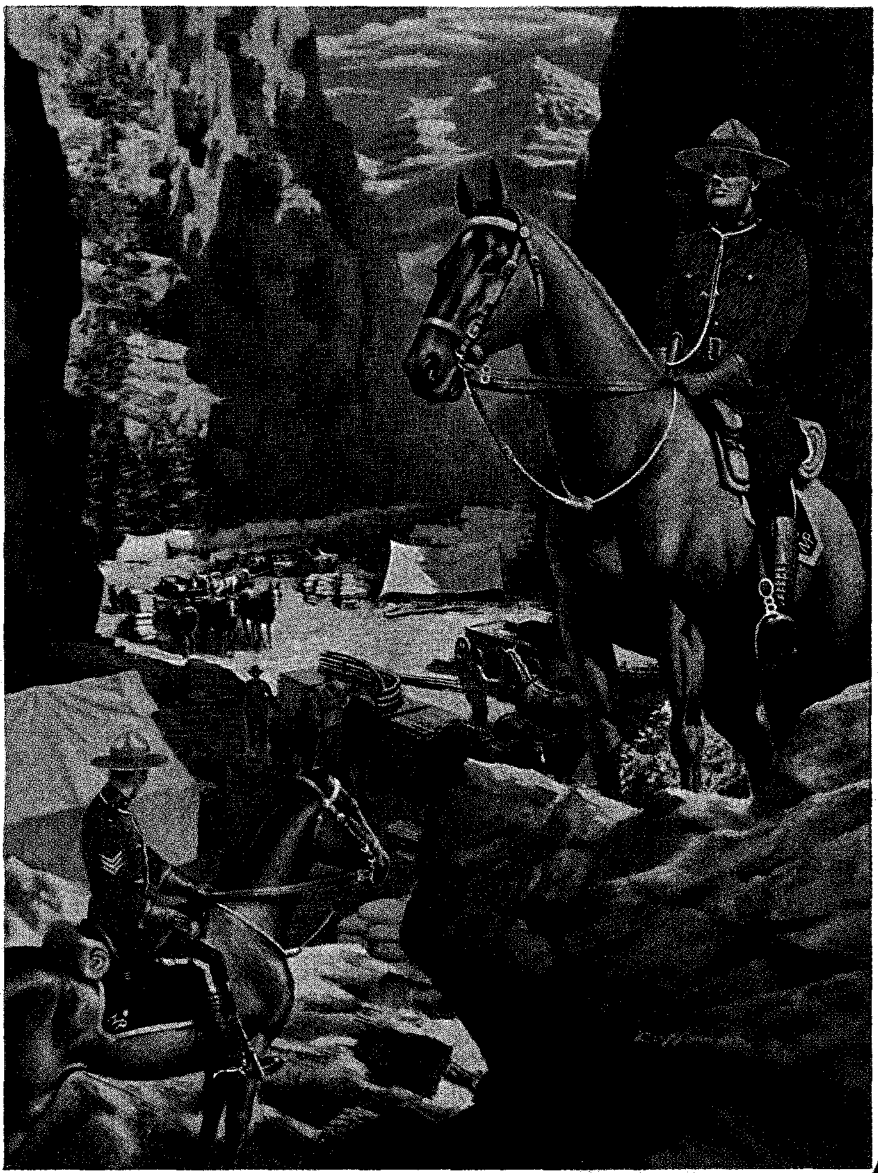

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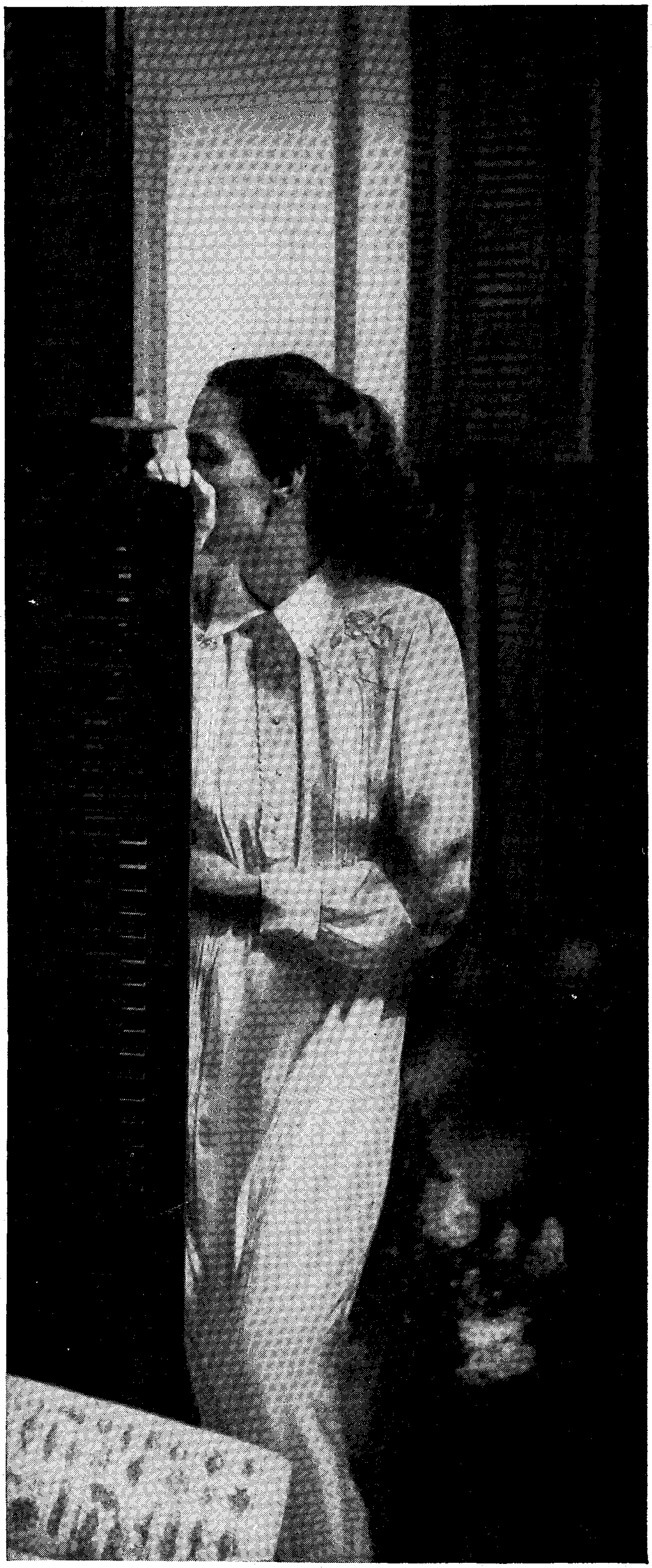


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as noted below, the managements of some theatres will rearrange matinée schedules, because of Election Day. There may be further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Edward, My Son—As co-author of this brisk melodrama, Robert Morley has provided himself and Peggy Ashcroft with wonderful parts, to which they do full justice. Peter Ashmore is the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Life with Mother—This may not be quite as good as its famous predecessor, but it is still a very funny and engaging show. Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay again play Mother and Father, and there are several other veterans of the original cast. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several years. With Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Play's the Thing—A first-rate cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy of sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 3, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 2. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 31.)

Private Lives—Tallulah Bankhead's enormous vitality is responsible for the success of this revival, though her athletics might conceivably startle Mr. Coward. Donald Cook serves agreeably as her sparring partner. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

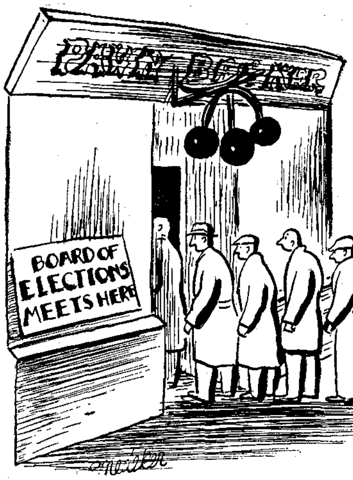
The Respectful Prostitute—Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama having to do with the race problem. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, is the curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 3, and Saturdays at 2:45; special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 2.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams is again dealing with sexual maladjustments in the South, but this play is not to be compared to "A Streetcar Named Desire" or "The Glass Menagerie." However, Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews give splendid performances, and Jo Mielziner's setting is a triumph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The rabbit and his best friend, currently Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer Prize drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Minnie and Mr. Williams—Eddie Dowling and Josephine Hull in a play by Richard Hughes. Produced by John Gassner and David Dietz, and directed by Mr. Dowling. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

MUSICALS

Inside U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie in an Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue that might have had more laughs but couldn't be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer named Valerie Bettis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—Alan Jay Lerner's book—something about a marriage that goes on for a hundred and fifty years—is a nuisance, but Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are attractive in the leading roles, and Kurt Weill has written a nice, original score. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Magdalena—A lamentable plot makes this South American spectacle pretty hard to endure, in spite of Heitor Villa-Lobos' lovely music; a lot of good singing by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff; and some of the best-looking scenery and costumes you ever saw. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—A typical Shubert operetta, with typical Sigmund Romberg songs. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear do all they can to make up for a stupefying book, based on Edward Sheldon's 1913 play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Small Wonder—There are at least three very funny sketches in this not especially intimate revue, and Mary McCarty may easily be the discovery of the year. Tom Ewell heads a cast that includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, and Hayes Gordon. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Where's Charley?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." George Abbott has revised the book, and the cast includes Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high button shoes:** Keystone cops and bathing girls. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers, and Joey Faye. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **make mine manhattan:** David Burns and Sid Caesar are the ringleaders of this revue. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 2.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Set My People Free—A play by Dorothy Heyward, produced by the Theatre Guild and Allyn Rice. Canada Lee and Juano Hernandez have the leading roles. Martin Ritt is the director, and Ralph Alswang designed the settings. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Monday evening, Nov. 1, at 8:45: "Mother Goose Suite," "Symphony Concertante," and "Bacchus and Ariadne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 2, at 8:45: "Mother Goose Suite," "Divertimento," "Concerto Barocco," and "Bacchus and Ariadne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Harald Kreutzberg—Dance recital. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Sunday evening, Oct. 31, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 3, and Saturdays at 2:40

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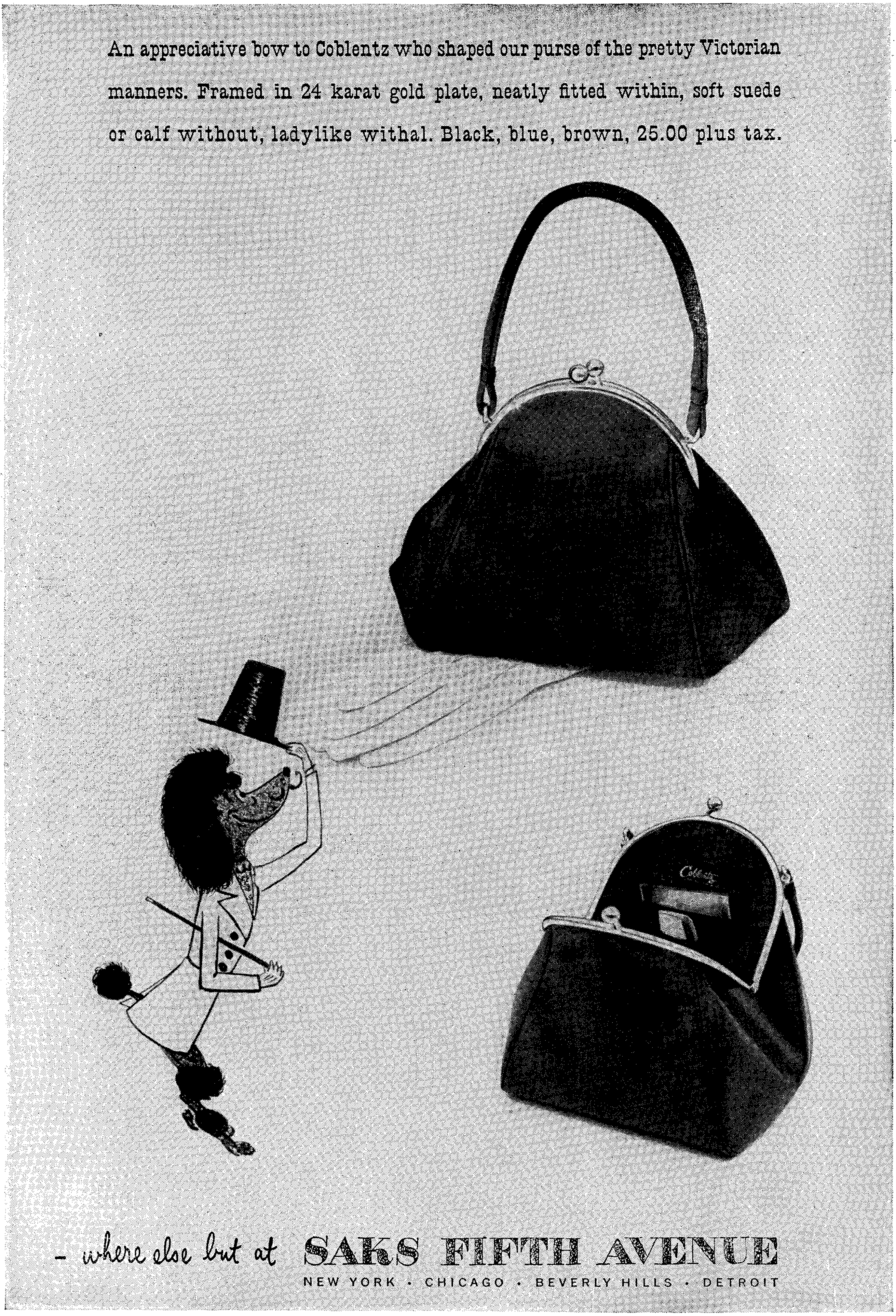

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The placid Trianon Room offers William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The big and venerable Bowman Room has dance music by Russ Morgan's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher, throwing a good, old-fashioned rent party right in the middle of the floor. Avon Long, a slightly more *fin-de-siècle* performer, affords some bright moments, too. On Tuesday, Nov. 2, Pearl Primus will be added to the roster. Dance music by Dave Martin's band and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An interesting case of split personality: Henny Youngman's Broadway humor vs. a spate of "Hour of Charm" violin music. Showgirls, too, but it's sometimes hard to find them. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Abe Burrows, unwrapping a highly original state of mind (humorous) and course of action (sardonic). Frank York's romantic orchestra and Gringo's rumba band for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Many a Yale football game has been won on the playing fields of this ornate establishment. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where all that glitters is apt to be platinum. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the stately Cotillion Room, a group of singers, a pair of dancers, and Charles Reader's dance orchestra wander in and out. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing, and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Charles Trenet, the well-known Gallic elf, as well as some completely unroutine dancing by Marge and Gower Champion. Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a bright-eyed throwback to the "Merry Widow" days, has the spirited dance music of Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, the circumspect strains of Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinnertime. No dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Nan Wynn, that decorative walkie-talkie-type singer, is in charge of the festivities at suppertime. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's orchestras for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, rustling up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon, and a small show every day but Sunday.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The town's young, bent over what they wish could always be their homework. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, a little more bilingual and a lot more self-possessed, is back with some more of her unique *chansons* and *histoires*. She gets dazzling support in the outfield from Bob Grant's orchestra, which, along with Panchito's rumba band, also supplies dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, a supper show involving Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, to say nothing of Eddy Duchin's and Mischa Borr's orchestras. Mr. D.'s men do the honors earlier in the evening, too. On Sundays, no show, and curfew is 10 P.M. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A well-upholstered conservatory of modern music, with cocktail-hour and dinnertime lessons on the piano by Les Crosley and evening classes by Cy Walter. Harold Cooke doubles for both of them on Sundays. . . . **Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio perform for dancing after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dorset Bar,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): After eight-thirty, except Sundays, John Kelley's knowledgeable piano in this elegantly appointed stage set. . . . **Armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chat Noir,** St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Lucille and Eddie Roberts do some smart mind reading, Mervyn Nelson clowns, and Kitty Crawford sings. Closed Mondays. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial hideaway, with Faconi, except Mondays, urbanely fiddling all evening, and Sonny Kendis and his trio, playing after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **Perroquet,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): The major event of the supper hour in this cozy bower is Hugh Shannon, who makes love sound like a hell of a fine hobby. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A well-stocked and reliable oasis, with Mary McNally at cocktail time and Harry Taylor after nine, both stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sazarac,** 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A midnight rendezvous for practitioners of the seven lively arts. Ralph Strain provides a nice obbligato at the community piano, which is not infrequently also operated by visiting nightcappers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Casino,** 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, an old Left-Banker, turning Greenwich Village into a reasonable and endearing facsimile of Paris before the war. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the pianos; Mae Barnes, singing. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub in a happy-go-lucky cellarette; dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **One Fifth Avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Every evening but Monday, the team of Goodman and Kirkwood at play; every evening but Sunday, Nancy Andrews sings and cavorts. There are old silent movies Sunday nights; no gin rummy. . . . **Madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Except Mondays, Val Ernie and his orchestra play for dancing from cocktail time on. . . . **Penthouse,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Except Sundays, Jayne Manners begins carolling about ten-thirty. . . . **Casino Russe,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): The casual sort of entertainment you'd expect to get on this night boat to Rostov-on-the-Don. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The fetching Lena Horne, making a lot of old songs sound brand-new, and those Copa dryads, handsome, too, if not as melodious. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. On Thursday, Nov. 4, Joe E. Lewis will take over from Miss Horne.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

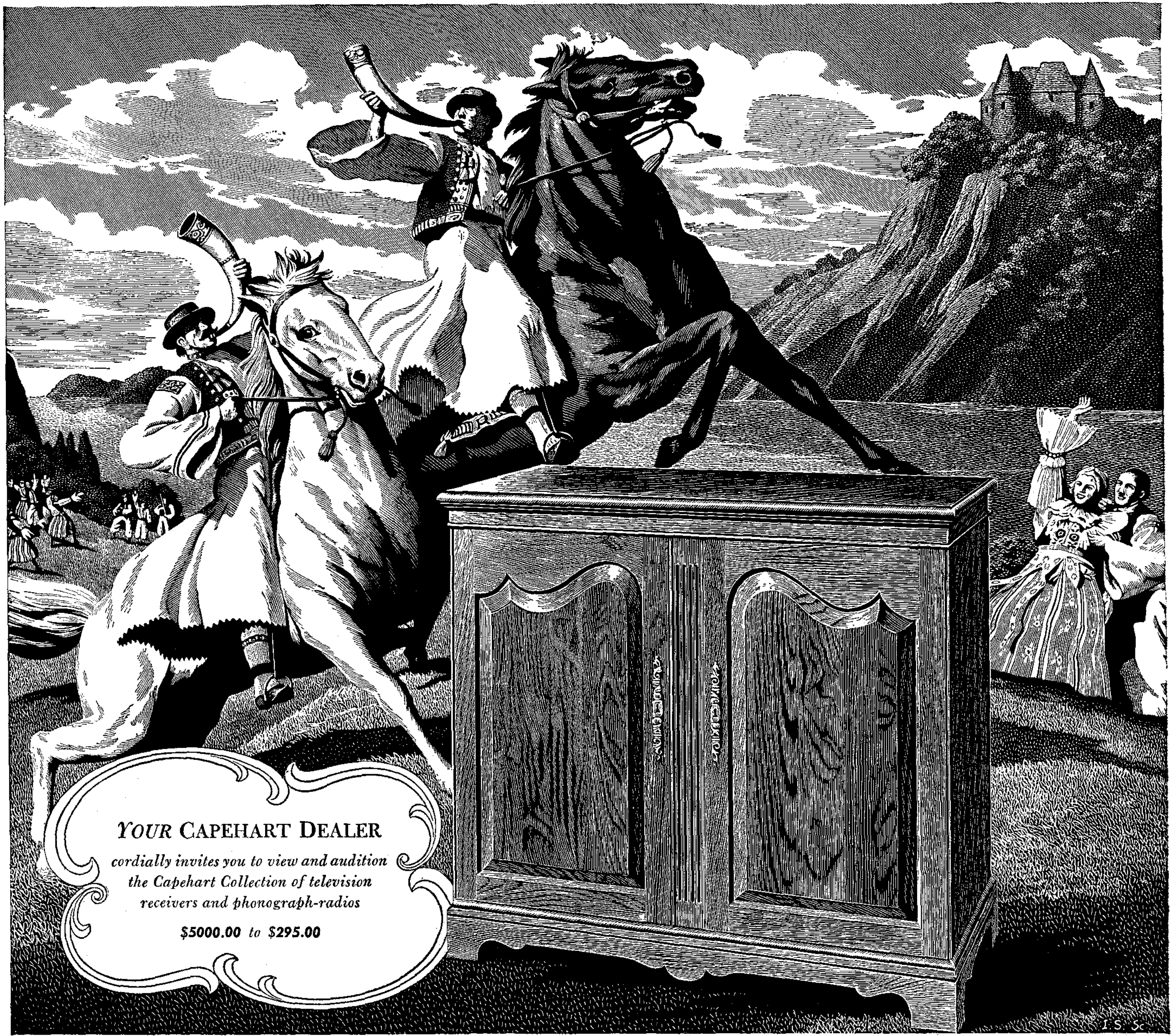
Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Imogene Coca, now flanked by the team of Fletcher and Sheidy, going wholeheartedly haywire twice a night. Bill Lawrence sings soulfully; more music by Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's imps. . . . **Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Surrealist chamber music of the Normann Paris Trio provides a very modern background for the mad but wonderful comedy of Connie Sawyer. Julius Monk is the overseer of these and other accomplished performers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Spivy's Roof,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing songs mainly proving that the devil is still fond of lessening unemployment among idle hands. Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton play piano in between. Closed Sundays. . . . **Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bibi Osterwald in full cry and a carnival spirit; the Loumel Morgan Trio plays for dancing and sings, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **Brevoort Supper Club,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): The time-honored Café now offers the frenzied songs of the Three Flames, sad songs by Marian Manners, and Daphne Hellman's harp. Earl Hodges and his trio play for dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Eddie Condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his crack-of-doom trumpet, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, Jack Lesberg, and other noisemakers. Ralph Sutton contributes some instructive ten-finger exercises between sets. On Tuesday nights, the tumult is increased by the work of eager-beaver house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **Nick's,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Ernie Caceres, and other hotheads, thundering away. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Grass is beginning to grow in Fifty-second Street, but here you'll at least find the legendary Sidney Bechet, presiding over his trio. Chippie Hill, a non-instrumental calliope, is on hand, too, except Sundays, when there's a jam session. Dancing. . . . **Childs Paramount,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A big Spanish wine cellar, enlivened by the muted but fervid rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's dance band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays. . . . **Three Deuces,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Herb Jeffries starts warming up his remarkable voice here on Thursday, Oct. 28. . . . **Hickory House,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Mary Osborne Trio at work inside the celebrated oval bar, except Mondays; jam sessions Sunday afternoons. . . . **Royal Roost,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Woody Herman's band is now performing in this Broadway grotto except Mondays, when there is a bebop session. No dancing, and no peace of mind. Kindly check women and children in the cloakroom. . . . **Stuyvesant Casino,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday, an evening of freewheeling, pristine jazz by

"The Moldau," symphonic poem from the cycle, "My Country," by Friedrich Smetana, adapted from a painting by Robert Riggs in the Capehart Musical Art Collection.



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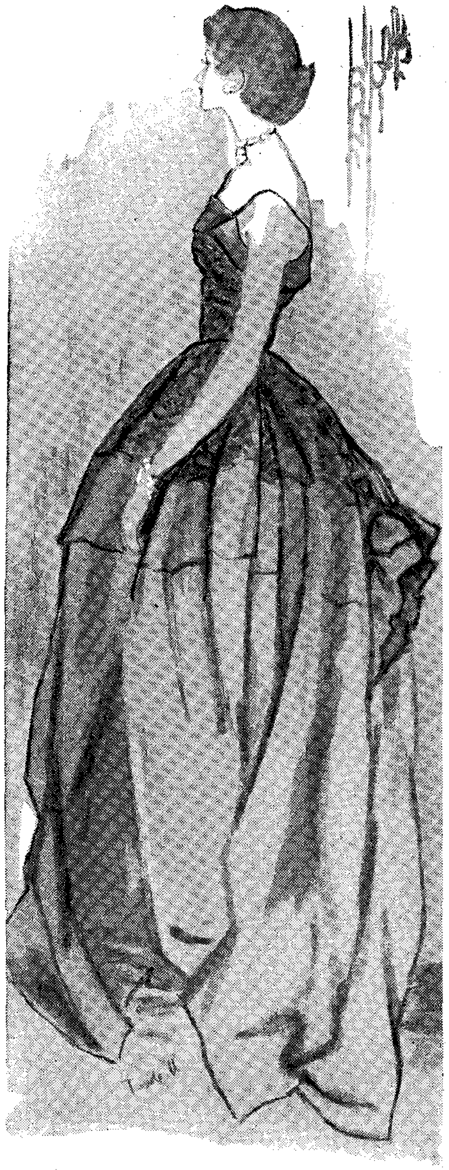

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MOSTLY FOR DANCING

PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's band, sounding as good as ever, in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his dreamy orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing; for supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays; and at teatime on Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra, which is replaced on Sundays by a fill-in band.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays. Unless otherwise noted, they will all be open Election Day.)

GALLERIES

JANKEL ADLER—Forceful modern oils and gouaches, complex in form and with an interesting development of colors. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 30.)

THE ARTS WORK TOGETHER—Architects, artists, and designers in collaboration on several handsome projects, shown in expert scale models and photographs. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 30.)

DARREL AUSTIN—More of his dark ladies and deflated tigers, plus some other paintings, which are smaller and tighter in style, indicating a new direction in his art. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 30.)

JOSEPH BARBER—Expressive water colors of the South and Southwest. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

C. LUDWIG BRUMMÉ—New sculptures, sometimes a little oversimplified in technique but done with good feeling for balance and mass. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M., and Monday through Friday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 6.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Sharply drawn, bright-colored paintings, bringing a touch of baroque exuberance to subjects ranging from Coney Island to Acapulco. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

HERMAN CHERRY—Modern mobiles and paintings showing some familiar ideas well carried out. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Nov. 3.)

RAOUL DUFY—Water colors and gouaches of racetrack and Riviera scenes, with the usual sparkle and verve. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

A. E. GALLATIN—New abstractions, in a broader and bolder style than his previous ones. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6. Closed Nov. 2.)

RUTH GIKOW—Paintings in which a touch of Florentine wistfulness is added to modern Expressionism, with satisfying effect. (Grand Central, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 30.)

JOHN GRILLO—Stunning abstract murals. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., and Wednesday evenings, until 9; through Nov. 5.)

GROUPS—At the **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: Lively showing of paintings, mostly abstract, by a new aggregation of younger artists, called the Spiral Group. Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 11. . . . **MAYNARD WALKER,** 117 E. 57th St.: Picasso, Walt Kuhn, and Winslow Homer setting each other off to good advantage in a small collection; through Nov. 6. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.: A large selection of works from the Northwest Watercolor Society, including examples by Gerald Grace, Florence Nesbit, and Harry Bonath. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 4 P.M., and Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Twenty paintings, mostly of Maine subjects, and all done in the nine years before his death, in 1943. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Compelling scenes of poverty-stricken peasants, by this master of etchings and lithographs. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

MICHAEL LEKAKIS—Abstract sculptures, some of them quite imposing in design. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

WILLIAM LESTER—Conventional semi-abstractions by a young Texan. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

CAROLINE MARTIN—Landscapes and still-lifes, with a touch of Chagallesque fantasy. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Oct. 30.)

MERCHANT SEAMEN—Small but worthwhile show of paintings by men in the merchant marine, most of whom are unschooled but employ a traditionally vigorous and hearty manner. (*Seamen's Church Institute of New York*, 25 South St. Daily, 3 to 11 P.M.; through Nov. 1.)

EVSA MODEL—Abstractions showing the results of experimenting with the most intense colors. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

PAINTINGS OF THE YEAR—The fifth annual Pepsi-Cola competition and exhibition, comprising a hundred and fifty-six contemporary paintings from all over the country. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Thursday evening, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

JASON SELEY—Sculptures, done in a style that suggests a milder-mannered Henry Moore. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Nov. 5.)

ANITA WESCHLER—Bits of driftwood and other beach mementos presented as sculptural compilations, with only occasionally happy results. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 30.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paul Klee; through Nov. 13. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Fletcher Martin; through Nov. 13. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Karl Zerbe; through Nov. 13. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Ogden M. Pleissner; through Nov. 13. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Group show; through Nov. 27.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A "Turn of the Century" exhibition of ostrich boas, diamond lorgnettes, embroidered satin opera slippers, and such, along with portraits, by Sargent, Whistler, and Boldini, of the elegant people who wore them; daily, except Mondays, through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chinese paintings, some of them with an interesting blend of Western and Oriental influences; through Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, and Tuesday, Nov. 2, from 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact exhibition of collages, with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ A large, absorbing show of prints, some in color, by such distinguished artists as Picasso, Matisse, Klee, and Rouault; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Four pieces, two by van Gogh and two by Seurat, recently acquired by the Museum; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Romantic works by an early rebel school of photographers, the Photo Secessionists, founded in 1902 by Alfred Stieglitz; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Small, lively show of paintings by children in New York public schools; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Friday evening,

Peck *and* Peck

My . . . what a bewitching holiday twosome!

Here it is—the most exciting skirt, plus the most exciting blouse we found in Paris . . . interpreted in the Peck and Peck manner. The skirt, so alive in carrot corduroy . . . the blouse, inky black wool jersey. Or have the skirt in amber, platina, taupe or emerald, sizes 8 to 16, 25.95 . . . the blouse in dark green or taupe, sizes 10 to 18, 12.95.

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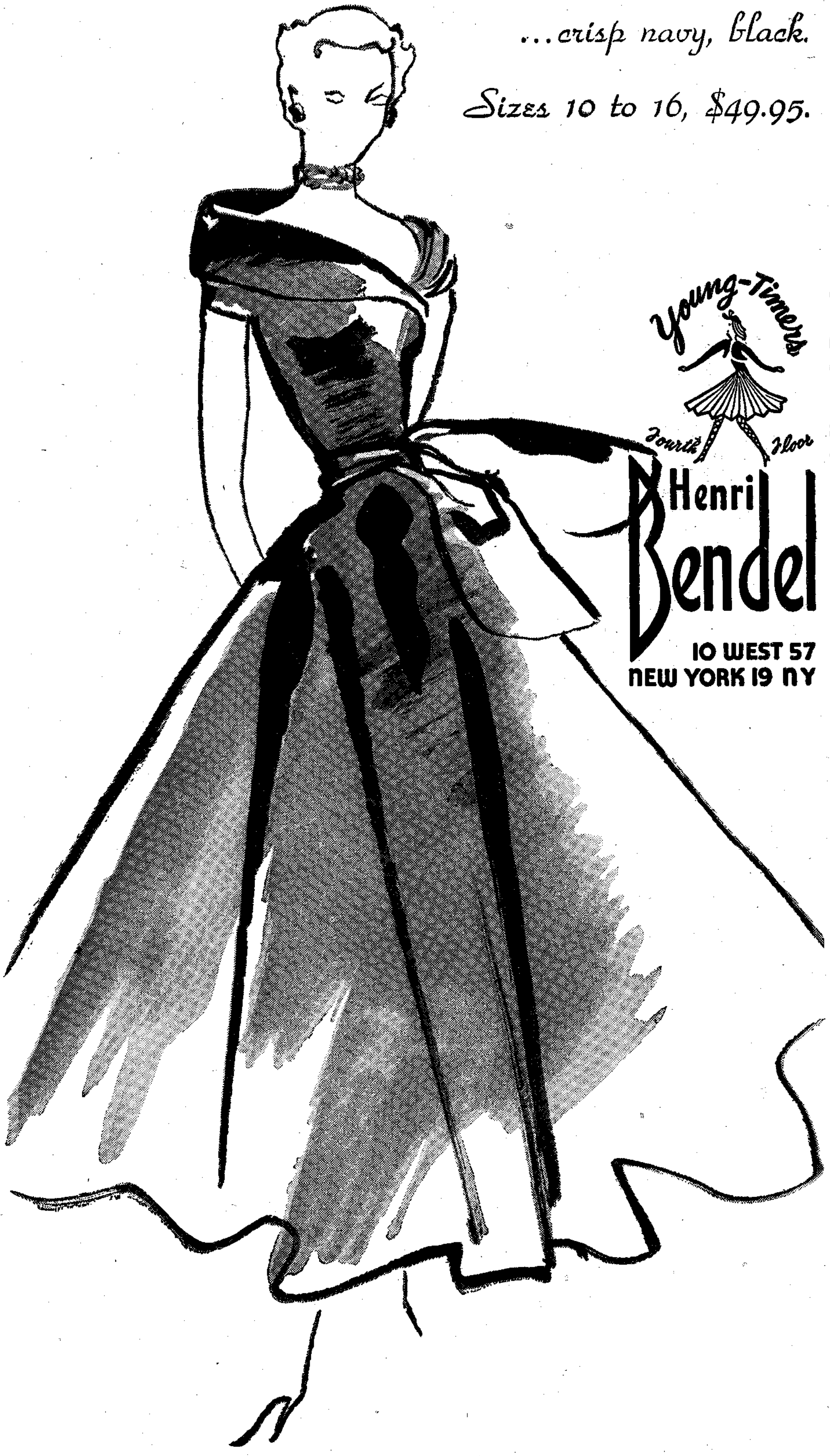
Iridescent green, royal blue, red ...crisp navy, black.

Sizes 10 to 16, $49.95.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 29: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Maggie Teyte.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "La Traviata."... ¶ Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31: "Tosca."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 31: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Don Giovanni."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Aïda."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "La Bohème." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Afternoons at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Oct. 29, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, at 2:45; all with Rudolf Serkin, piano.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:45, with Dorotha Powers, violin.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Nov. 5, at 2:30, both with Leonard Rose, cello.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:45, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Eva Jessye Choir—Eva Jessye directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

London String Quartet—In a series of four all-Beethoven programs. (Town Hall. Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, Oct. 30-31, at 3 and 8:30.)

Simon Barere—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:15.)

Artur Schnabel and Joseph Szigeti—Piano and violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

New Friends of Music—Joseph Fuchs, violin; the Hungarian Quartet; and others. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, at 5:30.)

Folk Music—Susan Reed. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Sunday evening, Oct. 31, at 8:40.)... ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:40.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Guilet String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, at 8:40.)

Alice Howland—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Robert Cornman—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Thursday evening, Nov. 4, at 8:40.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Busch Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Lily Pons—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:30. For information, call RE 7-8490.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, 15 rounds for the Featherweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 30: Army vs. V.P.I., at West Point, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Washington and Lee, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Princeton vs. Virginia, at Princeton, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.... SATURDAY, NOV. 6: Army vs. Stanford, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Brown vs. Western Reserve, at

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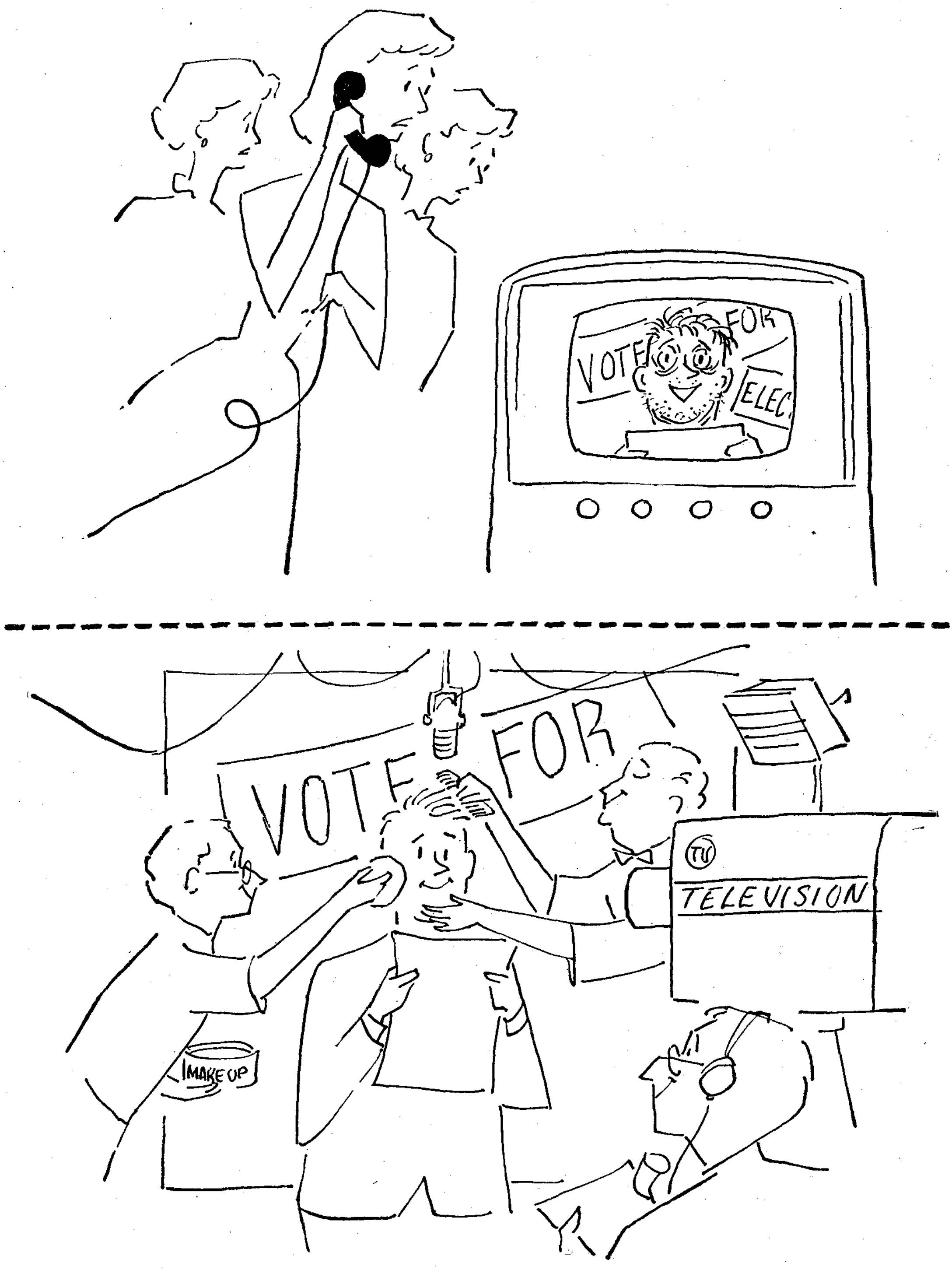
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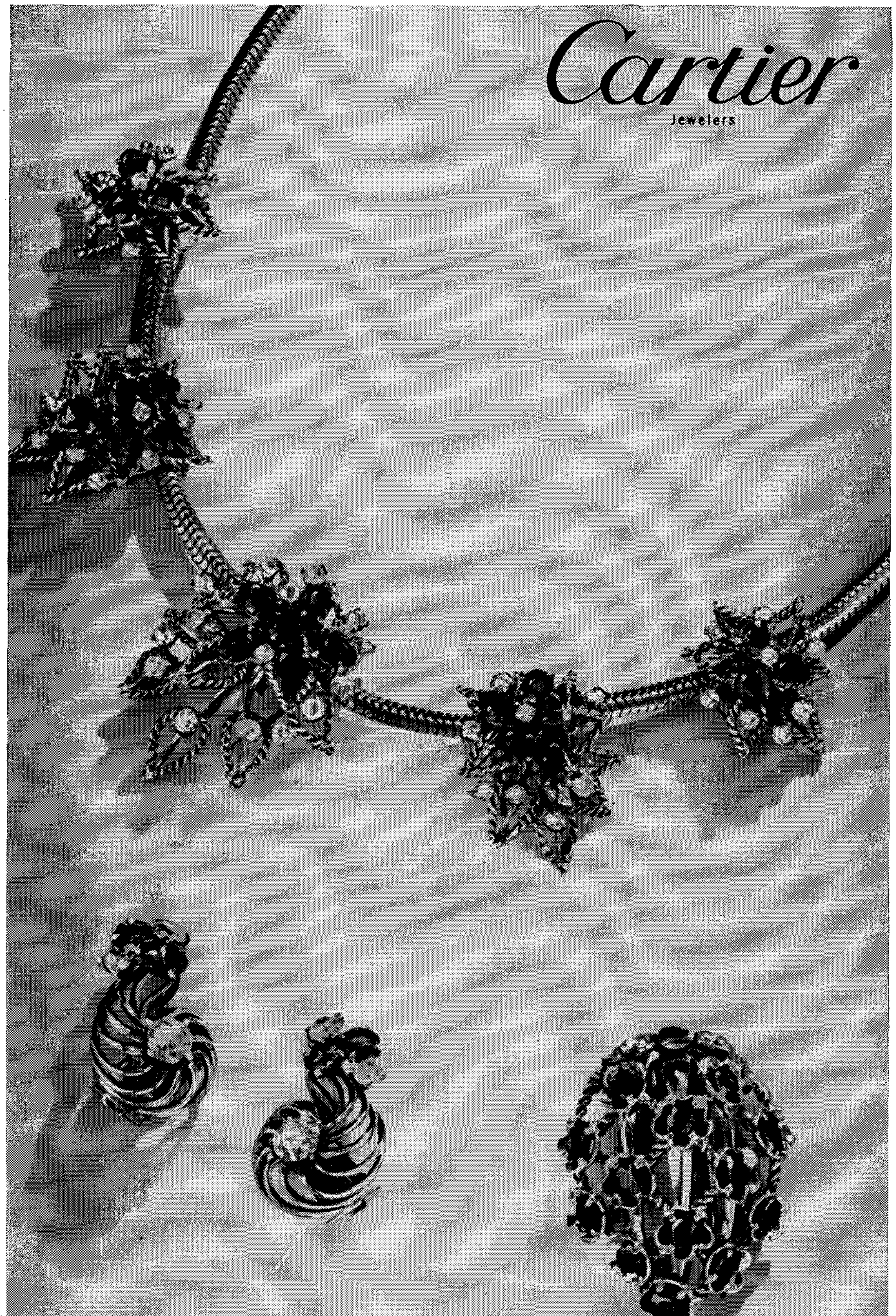

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Providence, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Michigan vs. Navy, at Ann Arbor, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30 P.M.... ¶ Yale vs. Kings Point, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Dodgers vs. Los Angeles. (Ebbets Field. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:15 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M.)

HORSE SHOW—The National Show. (Madison Square Garden. Starts Tuesday, Nov. 2. Daily at 2 and 7:45 P.M.)

HUNT RACING—Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.)

RACING—Empire City at Jamaica: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M. The Westchester Handicap, Oct. 30; the Daingerfield Handicap, Nov. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:20 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas K. Scherman conducting a concert for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 11 A.M. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays, Oct. 30 and Nov. 6, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

CHILDREN'S MOVIES—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—The hours for voting on Tuesday, Nov. 2, will be from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

POLITICAL RALLIES—Madison Square Garden—President Truman, sponsored by the Liberal Party, Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8 P.M.... ¶ Governor Dewey, sponsored by the Republican Party, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8 P.M.

FLOWER SHOW—The forty-first annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House Hotel, Central Park S. at 59th St. Thursday, Nov. 4, from 1 to 10 P.M.; Friday, Nov. 5, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Saturday, Nov. 6, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)

MODERN HOUSING—A handsome display prepared by the American Institute of Architects, forecasting the communal buildings and private houses of the future in blueprints, photographs, panoramas, and models. (Museum of Science and Industry, 1250 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Friday, Oct. 29.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—"Gold Fever," a colorful exhibition of diaries, letters, cartoons, and high-pressure advertisements connected with the California gold rush. (Central Park W. at 76th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M., and Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY—Autograph letters and documents of all the Presidents from Washington to Coolidge, showing some of their more interesting personal convictions and differences of opinion. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 6.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Early Chinese bronzes, from the collection of the late James Monroe McAdams, and more Oriental art, from the collections of Efrem Zimbalist and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 30, and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 1-3, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Early American furniture and paintings, including works by Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, and Grant Wood, owned by Ralph Blum. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 30, and Monday through Friday, Nov. 1-5, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2 P.M.)

New York Public Library—An exhibition of the Spencer collection of Toulouse-Lautrec posters, satirical prints, maps, and book illustrations, all of which deal with Paris and, collectively, give you an appetizing bird's-eye view of the city. (Room 322. Mondays through Saturdays, except Tuesday, Nov. 2, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Autumn Skies." On Monday, Nov. 1, there will be a new one, called "A Flight to the Antarctic." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

Political Oratory—Through Monday, Nov. 1, the three major candidates will be on the air in the evenings, beating the drums in a whirlwind roundup before Election Day. Practically any candidate, any station, any night, sometime after 9.

United Nations—Meetings of the General Assembly in Paris are broadcast Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 A.M.; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 A.M.; and Saturdays at 10 A.M.; over WNYC.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC.

Drama—"On Borrowed Time," with Boris Karloff, presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Oct. 29, at 8 P.M., WOR.... ¶ Meg Mundy and Fay Bainter in "Morning Star," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, in a bout for the Featherweight Championship, Friday, Oct. 29, at 10 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ College Football: Yale vs. Dartmouth, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Columbia vs. Cornell, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:50 P.M., WINS; Army vs. V.P.I., Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2 P.M., WMGM; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:55 P.M., WMGM.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

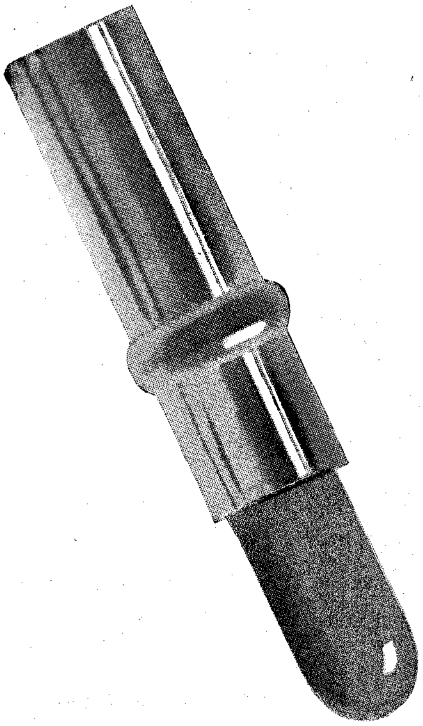
TELEVISION

Newsreels—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX.... ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

Drama—Betty Field in an hour's worth of "Street Scene," Sunday, Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WNBT.... ¶ "The Inexperienced Ghost," with Dennis King, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, in a bout for the Featherweight Championship, Friday, Oct. 29, at 9:25 P.M., WNBT.... ¶ College Football: Pennsylvania vs. Washington and Lee, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:10 P.M., WNBT; Yale vs. Dartmouth, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:45 P.M., WABD; Columbia vs. Cornell, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:45 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Professional Football: Boston vs. Washington, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Dodgers vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:05 P.M., WCBS; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:15 P.M., WABD.... ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Boston, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M., WPIX.... ¶ National Horse Show, Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS.

Miscellany—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8 P.M., WNBT.... ¶ "The Great Divide," a silent movie made in 1915, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WJZ.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EASTER PARADE—A mélange of Irving Berlin tunes and some sprightly dancing by Fred Astaire. Judy Garland and Ann Miller are helpful, too. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Oct. 31....¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Oct. 31-Nov. 3....¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 2.)

THE EMPEROR WALTZ—Pleasant spoofing of Old Vienna, with Bing Crosby playing a phonograph salesman from Newark and Joan Fontaine a pretty nifty countess. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Nov. 3.)

A FOREIGN AFFAIR—Some funny stuff involving a congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain. The background is provided by the postwar ruins of Berlin, which are not exactly the best spot in the world for a romp. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Nov. 2....¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 3.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane in a distinguished English picture, which he directed. The superlative cast also includes Basil Sydney, Felix Aylmer, Terence Morgan, and Jean Simmons. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday, Sunday, and Election Day afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

JOHNNY BELINDA—The story of a deaf-mute girl who achieves a state of relative bliss through the good offices of a sympathetic young doctor. All the ingredients of standard soap opera are here, but Jean Negulesco, the director, has avoided most of the clichés. Jane Wyman gives an excellent performance as the unfortunate heroine. She is assisted by Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; Oct. 28.)

LOUISIANA STORY—Robert Flaherty's poetic description of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. A film that frequently shows the Old Master at his remarkable best. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS—A glimpse of how things were in Germany under Hitler. In this German film, the difficulties of a Jewish girl married to a Gentile bring into sharp focus a good many of the dreadful aspects of Nazism. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

PAISAN—An arresting Italian piece, directed by Roberto Rossellini, that surveys, in six episodes, a few of the results of the invasion of Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

THE RED SHOES—A lengthy British film dealing with dancers and their woes, which has as its chief distinction an admirable ballet based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. The ballerina is Moira Shearer, and she has the assistance of Leonide Massine and Ludmilla Tcherina. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday, Sunday, and Election Day afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

THE SEARCH—A consideration of the awful effects of war upon the lives of the children of Europe. As a small, stricken Czechoslovakian boy, Ivan Jandl, a nine-year-old refugee from Prague, is utterly convincing, and the professionals who surround him—Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, and Jarmila Novotna—are first-rate, too. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 29-Nov. 1. ...¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 2.)

SITTING PRETTY—Clifton Webb, as a baby-sitter, and Richard Haydn, as a nosy gossip, combine talents in this one to transform a thin script into something quite funny. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 1.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE—André Gide's story of a pastor who finds himself in love with his blind ward and, subsequently, the rival of his son for her affections. Beautifully enacted by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar, and handsomely mounted by the director, Jean Delannoy. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

TRAGIC HUNT—A lively Italian film that tells of how a lady bandit and her gang terrorize a countryside until the husbandmen set out en masse to end her activities. Full of sharply realistic scenes and characterized by accomplished acting. Vivo Gioi heads the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

FARREBIQUE (1948)—A study of French farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 1.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Oct. 29.)

THE INVADERS (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 1-2.)

LIFE WITH FATHER (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Nov. 3.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 2.)

THE MAGIC BOW (1947)—A British film about the life of Paganini. With Stewart Granger. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 28.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1922)—Robert Flaherty's famous documentary of the daily doings of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, with a fine new spoken commentary. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 1.)

SAHARA (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

SEVEN SINNERS (1940)—Marlene Dietrich and the Navy in the South Seas. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Nov. 1-2....¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Nov. 2.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 2.)

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST (1946)—The merchant marine during the days of wooden ships. With Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, and William Bendix. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; Nov. 2-3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Oct. 31: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, and "Tuesday in November" (1945), a documentary about the American electoral system....¶ Starting Nov. 1: "The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

* * *

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"One Touch of Venus," Ava Gardner, Robert Walker.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Oct. 28: "Walk a Crooked Mile," Louis Hayward, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Oct. 29: "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Hollow Triumph," Paul Henreid, Joan Bennett.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA, revival.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Julia Misbehaves," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 29: "Angels with Dirty Faces," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, Ida Lupino, George Raft.
From Oct. 30: "Last Days of Pompeii," revival, Basil Rathbone; and "She," revival, Randolph Scott.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Nov. 1: "Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Edward G. Robinson.
From Nov. 2: "Sealed Verdict," Ray Milland.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 3: "The Gallant Blade," Larry Parks, Marguerite Chapman.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Nov. 1: "Apartment for Peggy," Jeanne Crain, William Holden, Edmund Gwenn.
From Nov. 2: "Unfaithfully Yours," Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Oct. 28: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**
From Oct. 29: "June Bride," Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
TRAGIC HUNT.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Back Streets of Paris" (in French), Françoise Rosay.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

ELYSÉE, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"César" (in French), Raimu, Pierre Fresnay.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Oct. 28: "L'Atalante" (in French), revival, Michel Simon; "Zéro de Conduite" (in French), revival; and "Lot in Sodom," revival, short Surrealist film.
From Oct. 29: "The Bells of the Old City" (in Swedish).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Mädchen in Uniform" (in German), revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Oct. 29: **HENRY V**, revival.
From Oct. 30: "The Life and Loves of Tschaikovsky" (in German), revival.

LITTLE MET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
LOUISIANA STORY.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

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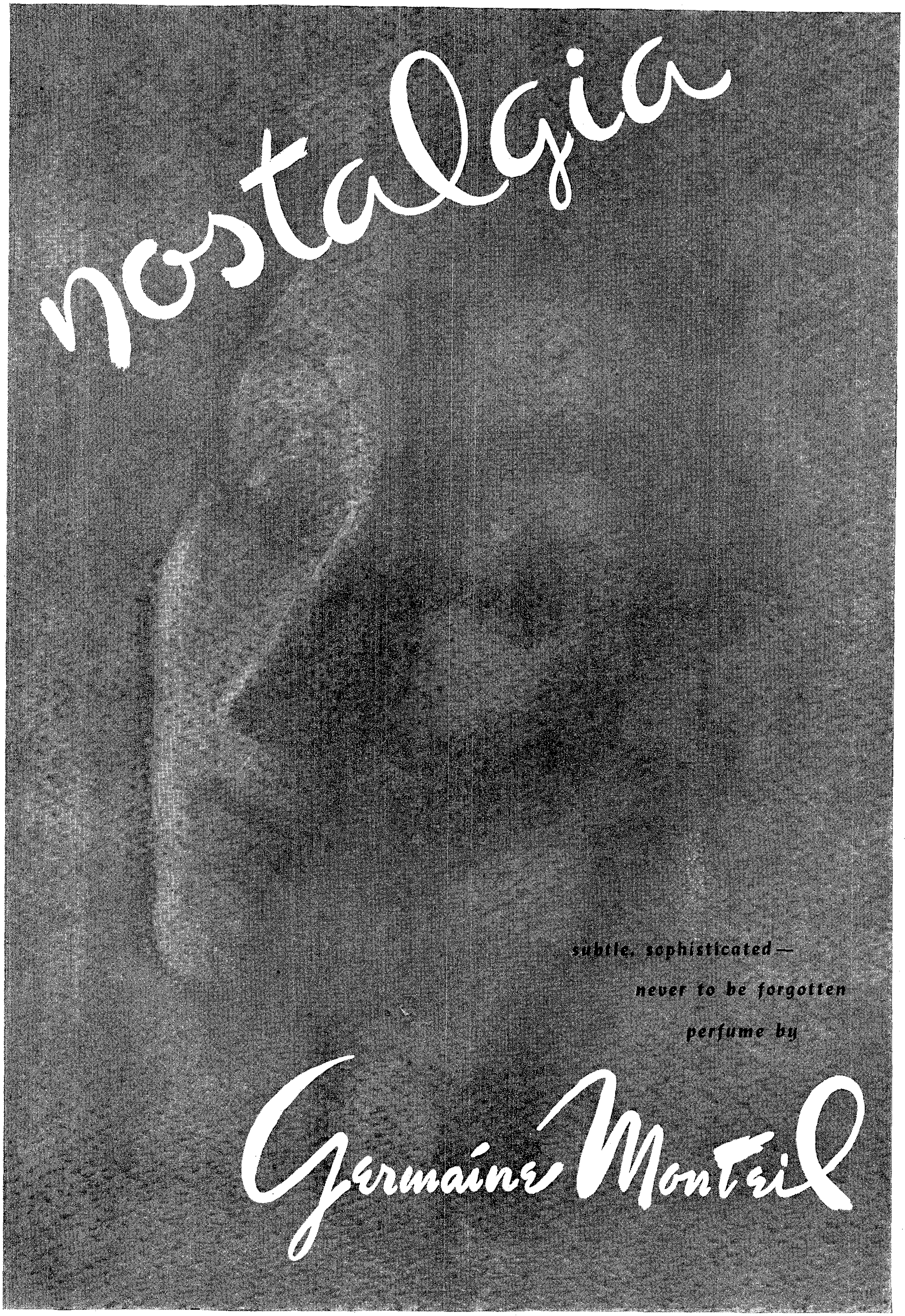
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never to be forgotten
perfume by
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

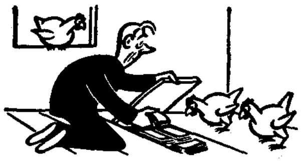
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE commend to historians the steer wrestler who has been commuting between Chicago and New York by plane, in order to throw steers in the rodeos of both cities. In this pendulous cowboy, if cowboy is the word for him, our century comes to a sort of head: the winged ranch hand, his eye on two steers at once, and the steers a thousand miles apart yet capable of being thrown by the winged, neither steer needing to be thrown, each existing only to be thrown. The cowboy rises from the head of the fallen animal, dusts the seat of his pants, walks stiff-legged to the waiting airliner. The spectators, yearning for the open West and its herds of cattle on the ranges, rise from their mezzanine seats, stiff-legged, dust off their unfulfilled desires, walk to the exits.

ALL through his campaign, Wallace has harped on the theme that bankers are rascals. "Take the bankers out of government," he cried the other day, "and send them back to their banks. They can't even keep their own banks from going under—we all remember what happened in 1930. It is time we swept the rascals out."

Bankers being the incompetent rascals that they are, we have been wondering where Mr. Wallace keeps his money. Certainly not in banks. Henry is a well-to-do man—some say quite rich—and we can only assume that he keeps everything in an old sock, or under a floorboard in one of his henhouses. If he is elected President next Tuesday, the matter of his pay check is going to be something of an embarrassment—all that dough that'll have to be sewed up in a White House mattress every payday.



ASTRONOMY is no longer a mere matter of gazing at the stars; one must listen to them, too. The Milky Way sends on a frequency of 14.2 megacycles. The other galaxies and the sun maintain a tighter broadcasting schedule than N.B.C. There is, in fact, a sort of cosmic signal always going out to the earth, and the new equipment of our astrophysicists enables them to hear it as plainly as a soap opera. It sounds, in the words of a Harvard listener, "like a combination of gravel falling on the roof and the howling of wolves." If we remember right, the *silence* of the spheres had something to do with the conversion of Pascal: he discovered faith when he became conscious of silence. Little did he know how noisy his world was, how deceptive silence can be (and the nearness of wolves and the steady rain of gravel).

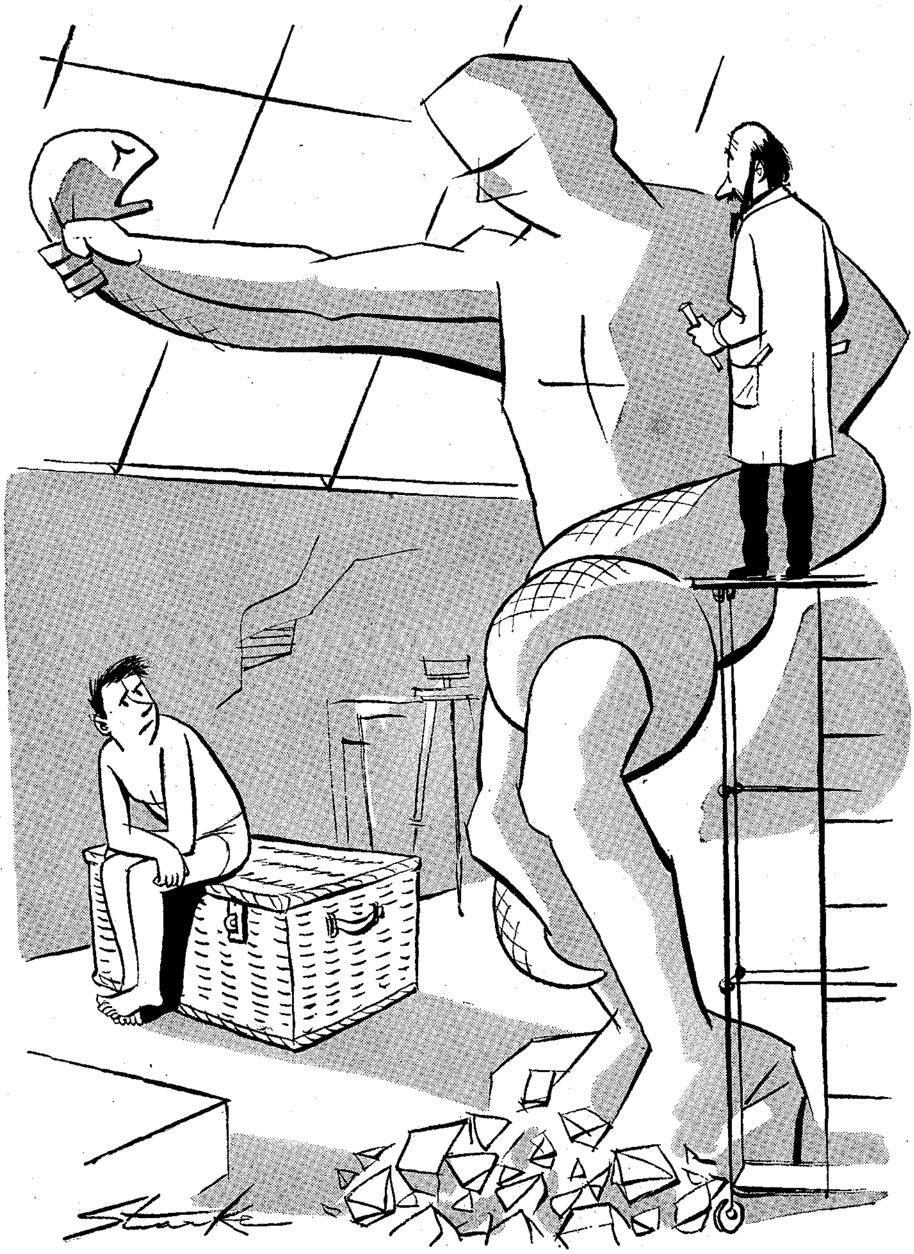
The time in our own life when we came closest to being convinced by silence was one time at sea in a light fall of snow. We heard nothing—no gravel, no wind, no wave, no wolves, no bell buoy. It was convincing and it was beautiful. We are sorry to learn, at this date, that there was nothing to it.

Eisenhower Book

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S publishers, Doubleday & Co., have described his forthcoming memoirs, "Crusade in Europe," as the biggest non-fiction publishing venture in history, and it may well be, if you exclude such giveaways as the Sears, Roebuck catalogue and the Manhattan Telephone Directory. Except for a twenty-five-dollar, autographed edition of 1,426 copies, its first printing will be of a hundred and fifty thousand copies—price, five dollars. More than a hundred thousand orders have already been received from booksellers. The Book-of-the-Month Club, whose December choice it is, will offer it to six hundred thousand members. The Herald Tribune Syndicate, which owns the newspaper-publication rights to it, will offer it, in a condensed, thirty-installment version—in two-thousand-word takes—to some seventy-five million newspaper readers, via more than a hundred papers here and in Canada, Europe, and South America. Foreign book publishers have contracted for editions, in the appropriate language, in England, Denmark, Greece, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, and France, and negotiations for printings in Spain, Portugal, Finland, and Switzerland are under way. All in all, Doubleday expects a million and a half copies to be in print by early 1949. Each contract with a foreign publisher specifies that the translation must be "made faithfully and accurately."

One should not suppose that all this has happened, or is about to happen, without a certain amount of dignified press-agentry. (The General asked Doubleday to keep it dignified.) Doubleday, we have been advised by a spokesman for the firm, has furnished bookstores with fourteen hundred and fifty large, colored posters, five hundred and fifty giant cardboard display replicas of the book, two thousand and thirty phonograph recordings of Eisenhower's D Day Order of the Day and of excerpts from his Guildhall speech—made at the publisher's request, with Ike's picture on the label, and inscribed "prepared for our bookseller friends"—and four million three hundred thousand circulars, known in the trade as envelope stuffers. On their own, the bookseller friends have prepared three million more circulars, to mail to their book-*buyer* friends. Furthermore, arrangements have been completed for six thousand column-inches of pre-publication advertising, the cost to be divided between Doubleday and the book retailers. The splendor of this last statistic may be judged by the fact that Doubleday never before arranged for more than a thousand inches of such advertising on any book.

General Eisenhower dictated the first sixty thousand of his book's two hundred and twelve thousand words in 1942, in Gibraltar, just before the North African invasion. Thereafter, he had no time for writing until last February, when, having turned over his job as Army Chief of Staff to General Omar Bradley, he holed up at Fort Myer and worked on the book steadily for six weeks, often dictating for four consecutive hours. He was helped by notes he had managed to make during the war. The manuscript was finished on March 24th and sold to Doubleday early this month for a sum that has been rumored to be somewhere between a hundred thousand and a million dollars. There hadn't been any doubt that Doubleday would buy the book. The reason for the hiatus, and for an outright sale rather than the usual royalties deal, was a ruling by the income-tax people that in this way Eisenhower would qualify for a twenty-five-per-cent capital-gains tax on the transaction, instead of being subject to the graduated income tax. The capital-gains tax is limited to twenty-five per cent only in the case of so-called capital assets held at least six months, and apparently writers can get in under it when they are non-professionals. If the General should write a second book, he might find himself in the same tax boat as Norman Mailer and Dale Carnegie. We note that he has recently taken up painting, on an amateur basis.



"Whenever you're ready, Mr. Rolland."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Drew-Pearson Company, of Dallas, has found it desirable to change its name to the Jim Drew Air Conditioning Company.

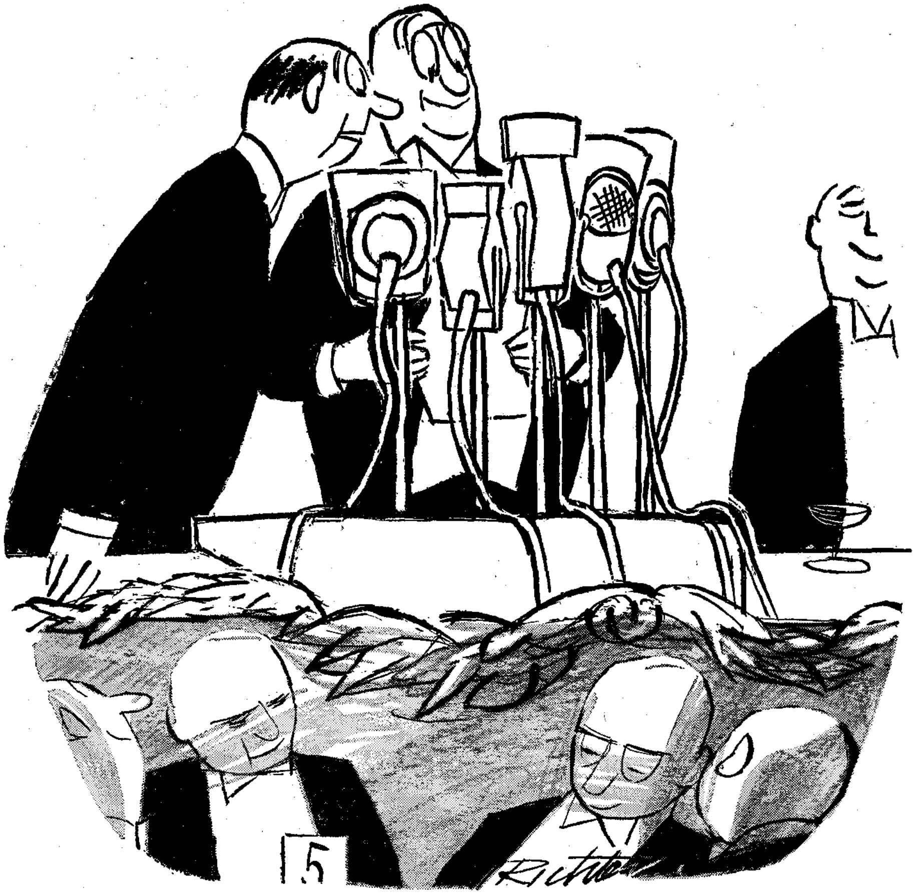
In Middlebury, Vermont, a hundred years or so ago, there dwelt a constable yclept Truman Dewey.

First Aid

A CONSOLIDATED EDISON repair truck drove up to a manhole at Lexington and Forty-third in a terrific hurry last Thursday, and from it leaped two repairmen obviously steeled to perform some desperate emergency operation in the city's abdominal region. One of them opened the manhole and disappeared into it, and the other began hauling things out of the truck and passing them down to him. A passerby who stopped to watch this activity has given us an inventory of what went into the hole: one sledge hammer, one enormous Stillson wrench, two pairs of enormous pliers, one large chisel, one crowbar, one axe, and one small roll of Scotch Tape.

Lassie on Trial

THE Motion Picture Association of America, or Johnston Office, *née* Hays Office, takes such a strong avuncular interest in the nation's small fry that one of its subdivisions sizes up movies, usually after their first runs, to decide, among other things, whether they are bland and interesting enough to recommend for juvenile consumption, and to suggest the deletion of sequences that it regards as undesirable. The outfit then sees to it that the producers provide exhibitors all over the country with the pictures found to be wholesome. To study youthful reactions at first hand, two members of the Johnston staff—Mrs. Marjorie G. Dawson and Miss Muriel Ward—from time to time assemble a group of New York children in a Broadway preview room and observe them while a film is being unreeled. We joined them in this laboratory work one afternoon last week,



"The middle one is the one that's plugged in."

arriving at the preview room right behind about sixty tots of from eight to twelve, from an assortment of public schools, most of the male element of which was whistling, whooping, and screaming. "When's the broadcast?" one boy shouted. "You're a schmo from the Alamo," a second said to him. "You're another," the first lad came back. From another section of the room, a small boy reported, "This guy's crying. He's got a bloody nose." The youngster in question, who indeed had a bloody nose, said, "I didn't do anything, and he hit me. He tried to kick me in the face before." "Shut up!" several members of the audience suggested. Mrs. Dawson moved to the front of the room and began, "Children—" "Where's the candy?" someone inquired. "We're not teachers, we're movie people," said Mrs. Dawson, "and we want you to enjoy this picture just as if you were in your own movie house." "Hear what he just said?" shrilled the boy who had been crying. "He said he'd *break* my nose!" "Start rolling," Mrs. Dawson called to the projection room. The lights dimmed and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion appeared. He was wildly applauded. The picture was "The Hills of Home," starring Lassie and featuring Edmund Gwenn. The opening scene showed Lassie being ducked by a shepherd who was sore because Lassie had failed to rescue a pair of lambs from drowning. "Oh, he's mean!" a little girl observed. A slight boy in glasses who was sitting beside us made a considerable racket with some bubble gum and announced, "I seen this before." A girl in front of him turned and sneered, "How could you of seen it? It ain't out yet." "I seen it," insisted the young man of the world. The children were quiet until Lassie tried to cross a stream on a railing—all that remained of a washed-out bridge. "There goes Lassie," said the boy alongside us, beaming. "She's going to fall in, all right." Lassie got across without mishap and our companion groaned. From then on, we were aware of a tendency on the part of the boys to cheer disaster and of the girls to be mournful and weepy about it. Throughout the showing, Mrs. Dawson and Miss Ward roamed the aisles scrutinizing the audience and taking notes. When the lights went up, Mrs. Dawson faced the children and said, "Tell us if you think other boys and girls would like to see this film." Her request for opinions was answered from all sides: "I like the part where the bridge broke." "I liked where the doctor fell off the horse and Lassie saved him." "The shepherds yelled too much at the beginning of the picture." Mrs. Dawson interrupted this spate of comment to ask the opinion of a boy who had suddenly risen from his seat. "I didn't want to say anything," he explained. "I got to stand up to put my glasses away." Mrs. Dawson asked the children what pictures, if any, they had liked better than "The Hills of Home." The following were immediately cited: "A Dog of Flanders," "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein," "The Sea Hawk," "That Lady in Ermine," and "In Old Sacramento." All this was duly recorded by Miss Ward, who, when the children had been released, told us that the showing we'd seen was typical. "The worst we've ever had," she said, "was 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' They only cheered once at that—when some rough boys got Freddie Bartholomew down and began to kick him. After that, they started whistling and stomping, and finally threw books and rolled-up sweaters at the screen. We had to stop that picture." Mrs. Dawson told us that she and Miss Ward would turn in a "wiggle-test" report on the afternoon, so-called because children wiggle when bored. Categories in such a report range from "Active Participation," through "Passive Acceptance," to "Open Revolt" ("Little Lord Fauntleroy").

Impasse

A LADY we know went down to the New York State Building, on Centre Street, one day recently on some sort of official errand and was so upset by a sign she saw on a sombre, panelled door on the fourth floor there that she swears she'll never go back. The sign reads:

Hearing Room
Death Calendar
Entrance

Bernard Baruch

Mr. Bernard Baruch, of 306 West Ninety-second Street, is a man with a very special cross to bear. The only other Bernard Baruch who graces the Manhattan phone book is Bernard M. Baruch, who has listed his office but not his home. Consequently, Mr. Bernard (No Middle Initial) Baruch is continually getting phone calls, mail, and telegrams meant for

Mr. Bernard M. Baruch. This has been going on since 1941, when, newly arrived in this country, Mr. Baruch settled in New York and innocently got a phone. Prior to that, he told us when we called on him and his wife the other evening, he had had no nomenclatural troubles, though he had plenty of others. Born, in the early eighteen-nineties, in Neuwied, a Rhine town near Coblenz, he studied law at the universities of Munich, Heidelberg, Paris, and Oxford; spent three years in the German cavalry during the first World War; and then, twice wounded and several times decorated, became a presiding officer at courts-martial. Back in civilian life, he practiced law in Frankfurt am Main and, as he spoke French, was often called to Paris on cases involving contracts between Frenchmen and Germans tried before the Franco-German Court of Arbitration there. In 1932, in Frankfurt, in the course of an action in which his client's opponent was a Nazi, he slapped the Nazi in the face, having been provoked to do so by an anti-Semitic crack. A year later, when Hitler came in, Baruch was arrested, charged with attempted homicide, and, after a spirited defense, which he conducted himself, sentenced to two months in prison. "I escaped," he told us, withholding details, "and, with my wife, got to Paris, where I passed the bar exam and soon had lots to do. Shortly after I arrived there, my old mother, who was still in Frankfurt, met a friend on the street who asked her what she heard from me. My mother said I was keeping busy. 'I know more than you do,' said her friend, pulling out a paper with a headline reading, 'Mr. Bernard Baruch, Adviser to President Roosevelt, Has Arrived in Vichy.' "

Mr. Baruch's nominal distinction has, in his opinion, done him good only once. That was in 1940, when, having applied for an emergency visa to the United States, he was waiting with three hundred other such applicants in the American Consulate at Marseille. He had been one of the last people in the room to fill out the requisite forms, but the vice-consul came out of his office and called Baruch's name ahead of everyone else's. "Are you related to Mr. Bernard *M.* Baruch?" he asked. Baruch said no, but, having got that far, he received the visa quickly. When he arrived here, he wrote to Bernard M. Baruch, saying he'd like to shake hands with the man who had unwittingly done him a good turn. He has preserved the reply, and showed it to us. Bernard M. Baruch thanked him for his letter but ducked the shaking-hands proposal. "Every day, I get mail intended for Mr. Bernard M. Baruch," he told us. "I am very much disturbed. If I see a letter came from Chicago or some other place where I don't know anyone, I forward it, unopened, to Mr. Baruch's office. Sometimes I open a letter of his from some place where I know somebody. Often it says that Mrs. So-and-So has money to invest and will Mr. Baruch advise her what to do. Or it asks for ten thousand dollars for some university. If it begins 'Dear Bernie,' I don't read it. No one calls me Bernie. My wife has a bad heart, and five or six times a day she has to answer phone calls for Mr. Bernard M. Baruch. She refers them to his office, ELdorado 5-1616; we know that number as well as we do our own. Sometimes people are very rude when you tell them they have the wrong number. 'But you *are* Bernard Baruch, aren't you?' they say. Four years ago, late at night, the White House called. 'The President wants to speak to you,' a voice said. Last year, I picked up the telephone and a man said, 'This is Henry Kaiser. Listen, Bernie . . .' A few months ago, it was General Eisenhower. I am a Doctor of Laws, and I suppose I could list myself as a doctor, but then sick people would wake me up at night."

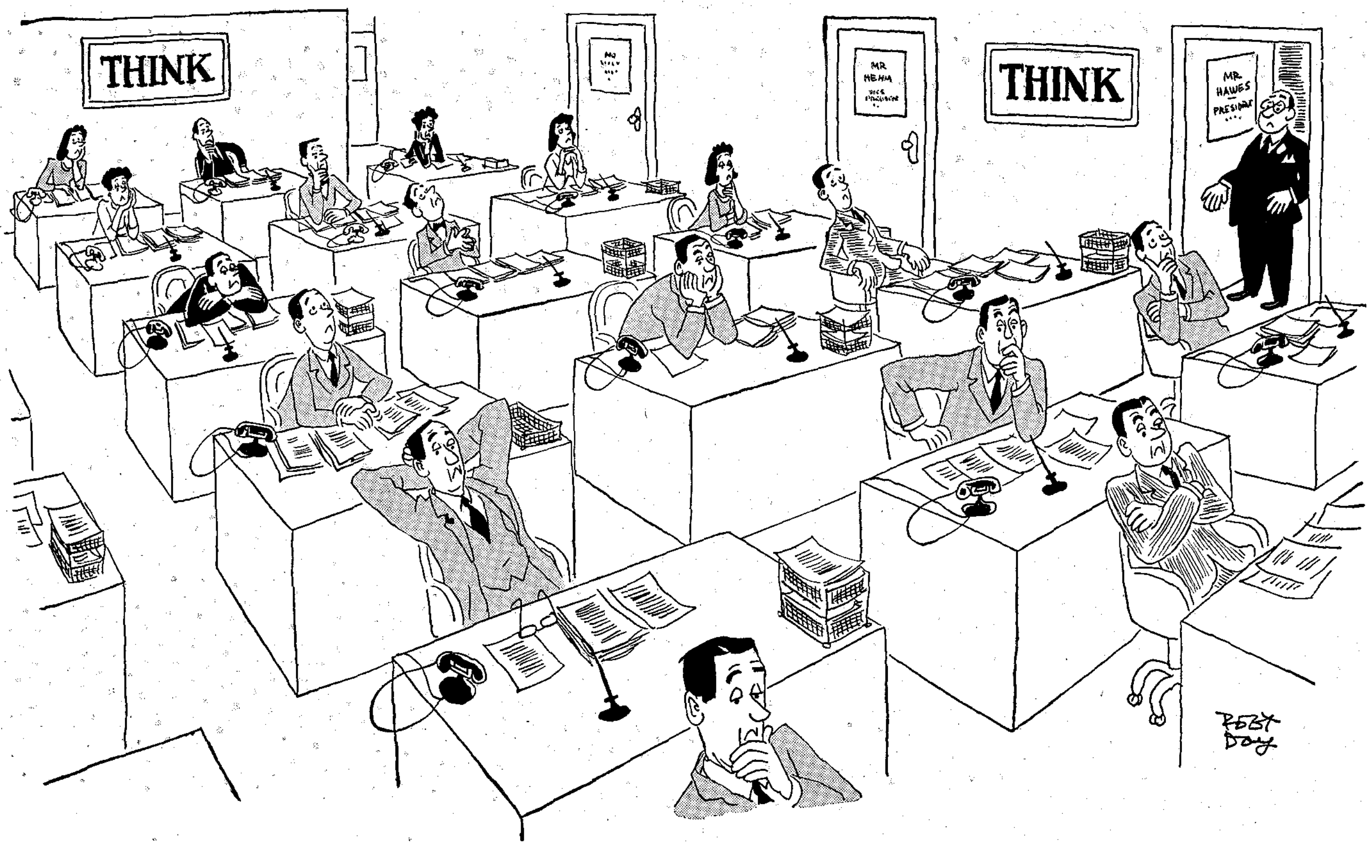
Mrs. Baruch offered us some cookies. "And the telegrams!" her husband said. "No one ever sends *me* a telegram. I make the boy take them back, or if they've been left, I call up and read them to Mr. Baruch's secretary. One asked if it was O.K. to send McDonald to the conference. How should I know? Two years ago, on New Year's Day, a messenger came with forty or fifty dollars' worth of flowers, with a card from Cardinal Spellman. In the evening come the *schnorrers*. They knock at the door and ask for a few hundred dollars." Bernard (No Middle Initial) Baruch never took a bar examination here. A fluent linguist—French, Italian, Portuguese, German, Spanish, English, Greek—he worked as a translator and proofreader for the War Department until the end of 1945. Since then, he has had various positions with export houses and has done some translating for publishers. In Europe, one of his law clients was the Berlitz School of Languages. "You can really learn a language properly only by living in the country to which it is native," he said, "but I never told the Berlitz people that."

Clincher

A YOUNG man of our acquaintance was strolling up Fifth Avenue last week and stopped to gaze in awe and admiration at a car parked at the curb—a 1948 Cadillac convertible, dark green in color, highly polished, and altogether a splendid sight. Our man, the daydreaming type, began to speculate idly about the nature of the owner of so elegant a conveyance, and concluded that he must be someone prosperous and prominent indeed. His surmise was confirmed when he stepped forward to look closely at three little initials painted on the door, in gilt. They were "V.I.P."

Fashion Show

WE went to a fall-collection fashion-show party given by Elizabeth Hawes, the dressmaker, the other evening, and found ourself in a room at her shop featuring a bartender and a dozen dressmaker's dummies bearing labels such as "Mrs. George Pratt," "Mrs. Julian Street, Jr.," "Mrs. Roger Straus, Jr.," and "Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett." "It's a hell of a lot easier to work on these things than on an itching customer with a cocktail date," said Frank Chapman, a public-relations man, who was wearing a dark-blue dinner coat with a light-blue waistcoat. We expressed wonderment at his esoteric knowledge, and he said, "I do think Mrs. So-and-So has been overeating," referring to the prototype of a rather portly dummy—not one of those mentioned above, we hasten to add, chivalrously. "I think Mrs. Straus has the best conformation," said William F. R. Ballard, a well-con-



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structed architect. "Babe picked this thing up again last winter," said another guest, alluding to Miss Hawes by one of her nicknames. "She was a fashionable custom dressmaker around 1930, you know, and later went into mass production also. She closed up her business in 1940. During the war, she worked as a grinder in a Wright airplane machine shop and wrote a book about it." We turned to a young lady who had a knowing look, and she said, "Hawes is magnificent on material. She got a lot of stuff out of Italy, because she found France wasn't producing. She gets her cotton from China. She dyes all her own wool. I think her theory is to do a little doohinkus over the tummy—a little medallion that makes it recede. She comes closer to believing in the Greek classic form than any other designer I know of. She believes in the breast, the full hipline, and motion. She's politically Left, but this is her art."

Equipped with this background, we trooped into another room, along with a dressy bunch that included Richard S. Aldrich, the producer. "My wife's in London," said Mr. Aldrich, who is married to Gertrude Lawrence. "She can't buy anything here, so I'm safe. She just arrived there. I've avoided bankruptcy by a hair." A man distributed blank cards with pencils attached, and Miss Hawes announced that fifty-one gowns and other garments would be shown, of which eighteen would be old ones, contributed by customers of the thirties. She said that each would be identified by a number and urged all present to note down the numbers of the ones they thought they could identify as old. The clothes were then modelled by four or five girls, with John Borden, a corporate director of Hawes, Inc., acting as announcer. "There's a Hawes cult now," a nearby lady whispered to us over a cup of clam broth. "Its members just sit and leer madly. There's Lena Horne!" We leered madly. "Claret Lemonade," our neighbor said presently. (It turned out that was the name of the dress then being modelled.) "It's a teen-age dress—the only thing her mama would allow a girl in that dress to drink would be claret lemonade." The show over, Miss Hawes read off the numbers of the old creations. There was a buzz as guests counted up and checked their tallies. Three people, it turned out, were tied for first place, with thirteen correct answers—Mrs. Paul Lyons, a lady from Boston; Mrs. Francis Brennan, of New York; and Mr. Gilbert Seldes, ditto. They were asked to help themselves either to a bottle of liquor or to a copy of Miss Hawes' latest book, "Anything but Love." We forbore to watch them make their choices. "Liz's mother went to Vassar, fought for woman's rights, and brought up her four children to fight for causes," said our neighbor as we surged forward to thank our hostess. "I regard this place as a laboratory," Miss Hawes told us. "I expect to go into wholesale again, too, and I want to be in a position where I can work things out on women who know what's what, rather than on models, which is what most wholesale designers have to do."

Deadlocked

A TIRED businesswoman got home from the office the other night with the intention of having a light supper and a lazy bath and settling down in bed with a good book, but, alas, she found the electricity off all over the apartment and the following note from her cleaning woman propped against a flickering candle in the kitchen sink:

MISS W——:

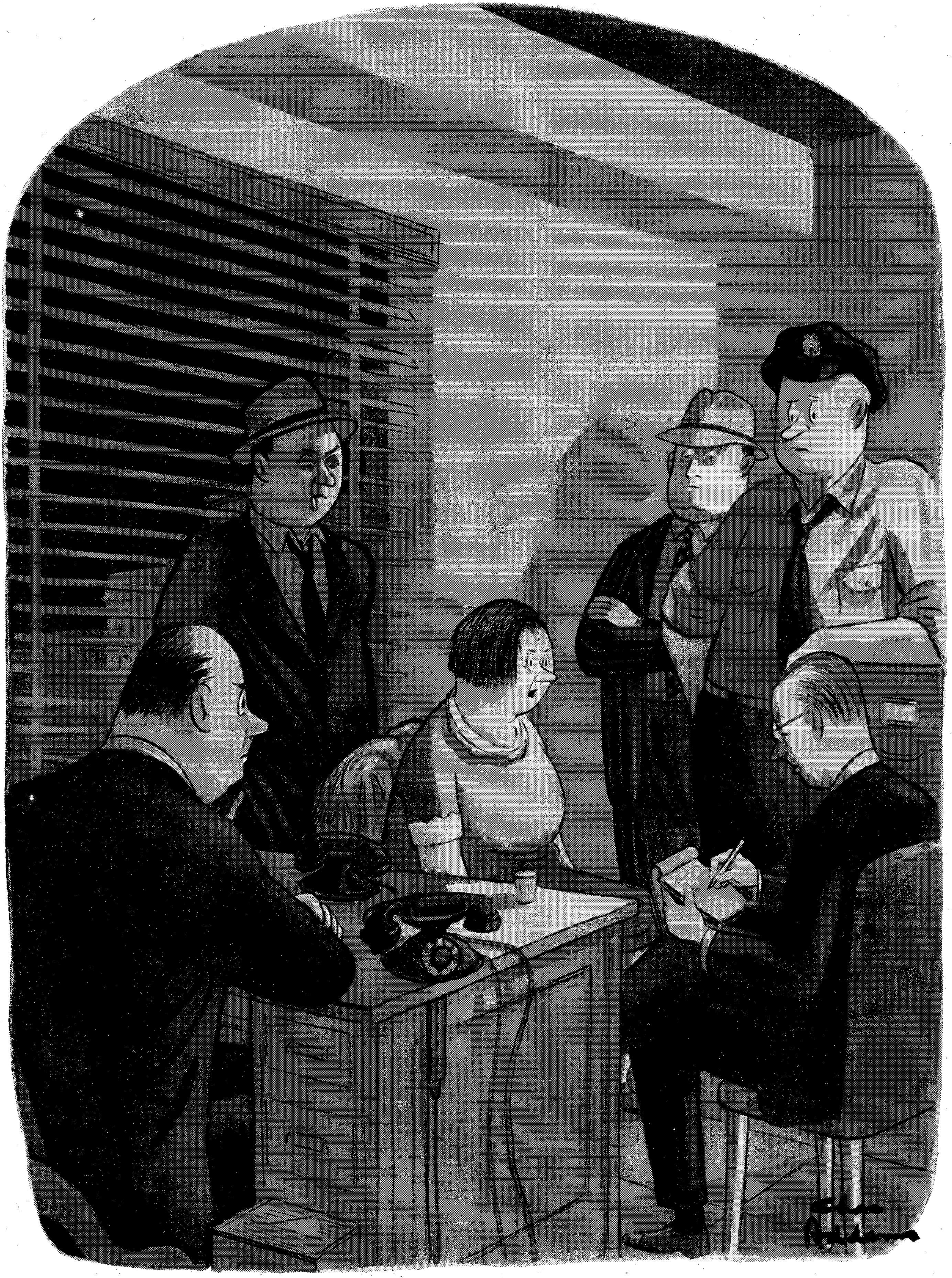
I was mopping the floor and a string of the mop caught in the electric cord and cause a short circuit and it burned and at the same time bleu the flues.

I tried to see the super but could not find him.

If I could regret it I would.

Lovingly,

ETHEL



". . . and then I disconnected the booster from the Electro-Snuggie Blanket and put him in the deep-freeze. In the morning, I defrosted him and ran him through the Handi Home Slicer and then the Jiffy Burger Grind, and after that I fed him down the Dispose-All. Then I washed my clothes in the Bendix, tidied up the kitchen, and went to a movie."

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

INTO YOUR TENT I'LL CREEP

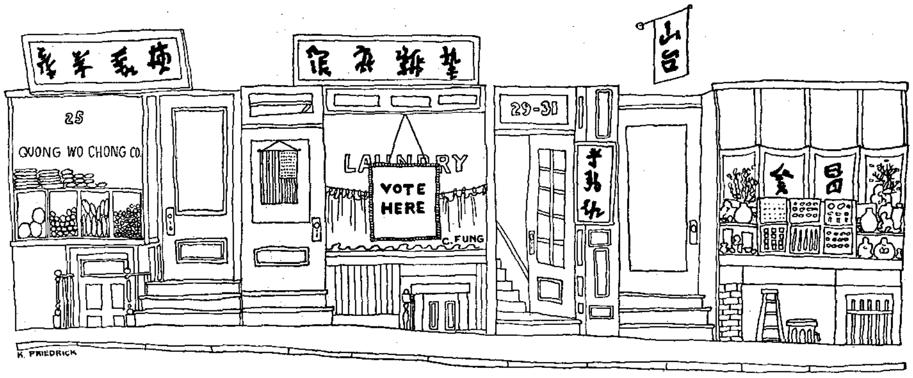
I FIRST read "The Sheik," by E. M. Hull, during the winter of 1922-23, standing up behind the counter of a curious cigar store of which I was the night clerk, though I preferred the loftier designation of relief manager. I was, at the time, a sophomore at Brown University and had no real need of the job, as I was wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. I had taken it solely because my rooms were a rallying point for the *jeunesse dorée* and were so full of turmoil and inconsequential babble that I was driven to distraction. Like Stevenson's Prince Florizel of Bohemia, who retired into Soho to conduct his cigar divan under the pseudonym of Theophilus Godall, I wanted anonymity and a quiet nook for study and speculation. I got enough of all these to last a lifetime, and, by discreet pilfering, sufficient cigarettes to impair the wind of the entire student body. Five months after I joined the enterprise, it was stricken with bankruptcy, the medical name for mercantile atrophy. To claim that I was wholly responsible would be immodest. I did what I could, but the lion's share of the credit belonged to Mr. Saidy, who owned the store.

Mr. Saidy was a hyperthyroid Syrian leprechaun, and a man of extraordinarily diversified talents. He was an accomplished portrait painter in the academic tradition, and his bold, flashy canvases, some of which were stored in our stockroom, impressed me as being masterly. John Singer Sargent and Zuloaga, whom he plagiarized freely, might have felt otherwise, but since neither was in the habit of frequenting our stockroom, Mr. Saidy was pretty safe from recrimination. In addition to the painting, playing the zither, and carving peach pits into monkeys to grace his watch chain, he was an inventor. He had patented a pipe for feminine smokers that held cigarettes in a vertical position and a machine for extracting pebbles from gravel roofs. Saidy's entry into the tobacco business had been motivated by a romantic conviction that he could buck the United Cigar Store combine, using its own methods. We issued coupons with all purchases, redeemable, according to their guarantee, for hundreds of valuable premiums. I saw only four of them in my tenure—an electric iron, a catcher's mitt, a Scout knife, and one of those mechanical blackamoors of the period that operated on victrola turntables and danced a clog to "Bambalina" or "The Japanese Sandman." At first, I was uneasy lest some patron present a stack of coupons he had hoarded and demand one of the other premiums listed. There was no basis for my anxiety. Mr. Saidy's prices were higher than our competitors', so the customers stayed away by the thousands, and the infrequent few who blundered in spurned the certificates as if they were infected.

At any rate, it was in this pungent milieu that I made the acquaintance of the immortal Lady Diana Mayo and the Sheik Ahmed Ben Hassan, and when, after a lapse of twenty-five years, I sat down recently to renew it, I was heavy with nostalgia. A goodish amount of water had gone over the dam in the interim and I was not at all sure Miss Hull's febrile tale would pack its original wallop. I found that, contrariwise, the flavor had improved, like that of fine old port. There is nothing dated about the book; the bromides, in fact, have a creaminess, a velvet texture, I am certain they lacked a quarter of a century ago. Any connoisseur knows that a passage like "She hated him with all the strength of her proud, passionate nature" or "I didn't love you when I took you, I only wanted you to satisfy the beast in me" acquires a matchless bouquet from lying around the cellar of a second-hand bookshop. No slapdash artificial aging process can quite duplicate the tang. It must steep.

THE opening paragraph of "The Sheik" is, possibly, the most superb example of direct plot exposition in the language. Instead of fussing over the table decorations and place cards, like so many novelists, the author whisks open the door of the range and serves the soufflé piping hot. In the very first line of the book, a disembodied voice asks someone named Lady Conway whether she is coming in to watch the dancing, and gets a tart reply: "I most decidedly am not. I thoroughly disapprove of the expedition of which this dance is the inauguration. I consider that even by contemplating such a tour alone into the desert with no chaperon or attendant of her own sex, with only native camel drivers and servants, Diana Mayo is behaving with a recklessness and impropriety that is calculated to cast a slur not only on her own reputation, but also on the prestige of her country. . . . It is the maddest piece of unprincipled folly I have ever heard of."

That, I submit, is literary honesty of a high order, to say nothing of a forensic style Cicero would have envied. It does not abuse the reader's patience with a complex psychological probe of Diana's youth, her awakening womanhood, her revolt against narrow social conventions. It tells him with a minimum of flubdub that a madcap miss is going to be loused up by Arabs and that there will be no exchanges or refunds. After making this speech, Lady Conway storms off. It transpires that she has been addressing two gentlemen on the veranda of the Biskra Hotel, an Englishman named Arbuthnot and an unnamed American, who take an equally dim view of Diana's temerity. Though both adore her, they are dismayed by her imprudence and heartlessness. "The coldest little fish in the world, without an idea in her head beyond sport and travel," as Arbuthnot subsequently describes her, has been reared by her brother, Sir Aubrey, a typical Du Maurier baronet, and obeys no bidding but her own whim. When Arbuthnot leaves to beg a dance of the minx, his rival speeds him with characteristic Yankee jocosity: "Run along, foolish moth, and get your poor little wings singed. When the cruel fair has done trampling on you I'll come right along and mop up the remains." I presume he punctuated this metaphoric nosegay with a jet of tobacco juice, slapped his thigh, and blew his nose



into a capacious bandanna, but the text delicately makes no mention of it.

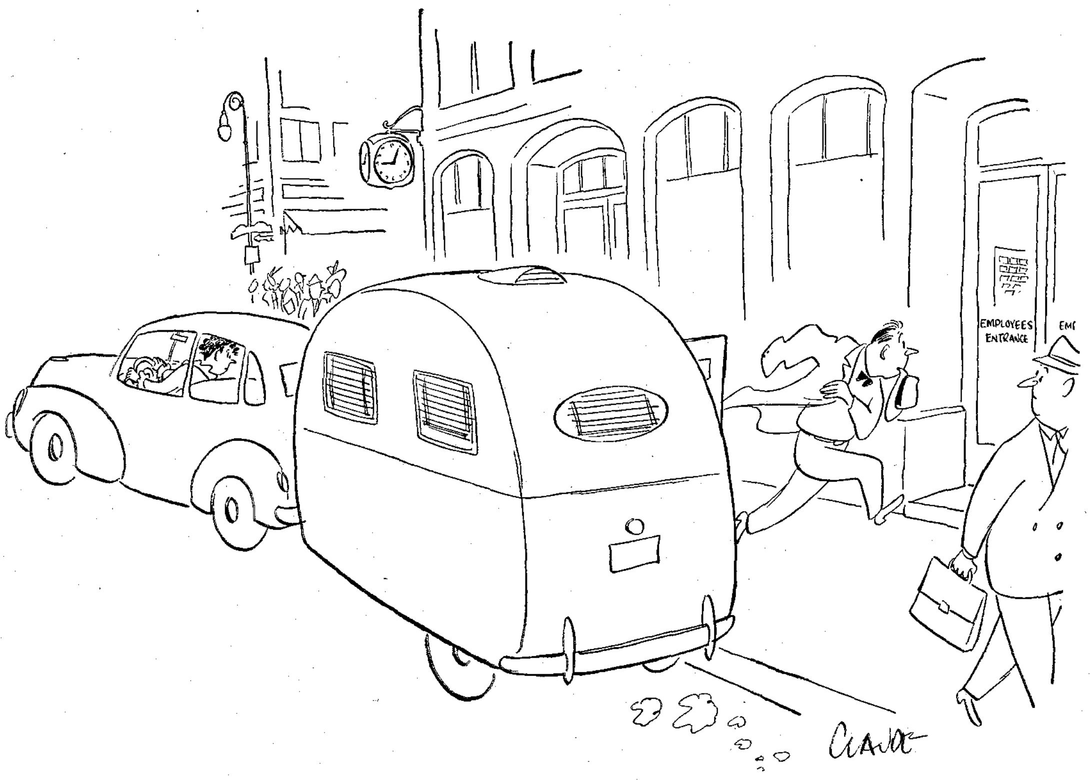
The singe, more of a second-degree burn, is administered in the garden, where Arbuthnot offers his hand to Diana, along with two memorable chestnuts to the effect that beauty like hers drives a man mad and that he won't always be a penniless subaltern. His avowals, however, go for nought, as does his plea that she abandon her foolhardy undertaking. She exhibits the same intransigence toward her brother the next evening, at the oasis to which he has escorted her. "I will do what I choose when and how I choose," she declares, turning up an already snub nose at his dark predictions, and, blithely promising to join him in New York, plunges into the trackless Sahara, accompanied only by a guide and several bodyguards. Had you or I written the story, our heroine would have cantered into Oran in due course with her nose peeling and a slight case of saddle gall. But sunburn alone does not create best-sellers, as Miss Hull well knew, and she has a bhoyo concealed in the dunes who is destined to put a crimp in Diana's plans, to phrase it very tactfully indeed.

For brevity's sake, we need not linger over the actual abduction of Diana by the Sheik; how her party is waylaid, how she is tempestuously swept onto his steed and spirited to his lair, must be tolerably familiar even to those too youthful to have seen it enacted on the screen by Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino. The description of the desert corsair, though, as he takes inventory of his booty, attains a lyrical pitch current fiction has not surpassed: "It was the handsomest and cruellest face that she had ever seen. Her gaze was drawn instinctively to his. He was looking at her with fierce, burning eyes that swept her until she felt that the boyish clothes that covered her slender limbs were stripped from her, leaving the beautiful white body bare under his passionate stare." Under the circumstances, one cannot help feeling that her question, "Why have you brought me here?," betrays a hint of naïveté. The average man, faced with such a query, might have been taken unawares and replied weakly, "I forget," or "I guess I was overwhelmed by the sight of a pretty foot," but Ahmed's is no milksop's answer: "*Bon Dieu!* Are you not woman enough to know?" This riposte so affected one spark I knew back in the early twenties that he used it exclusively thereafter in couch hammocks and canoes, but with what success is immaterial here. In the novel, at all events, the Arab chief, without further ado, works his sweet will of Diana, which explains in some measure why the book went into thirteen printings in eight months. I could be mistaken, of course; maybe it was only the sensuous lilt of the prose.

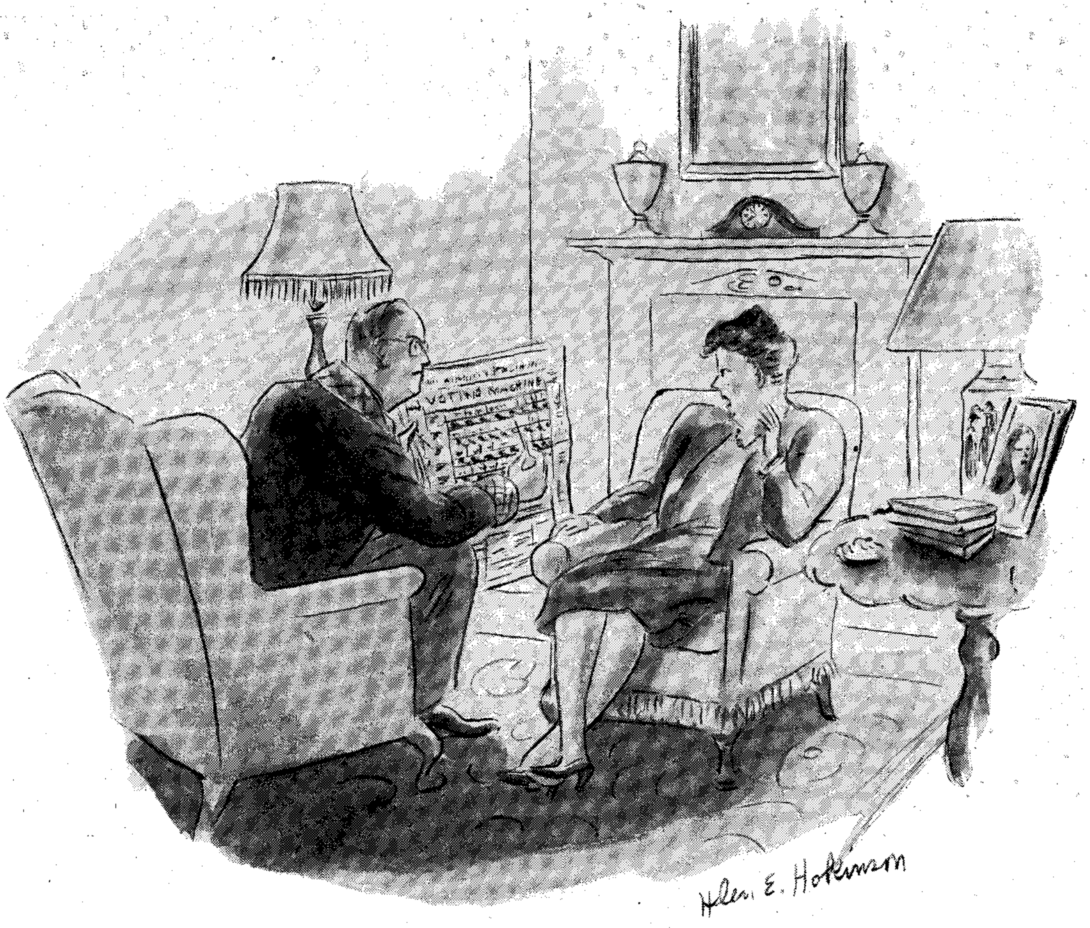
It may be asked, and reasonably, what the rest of the book deals with if such a ringing climax is reached on page 59. The story, simply, is one of adjustment; Ahmed Ben Hassan goes on working his sweet will of Diana with monotonous regularity, and she, in time, becomes reconciled to the idea. To be sure, she does not accept her martyrdom slavishly. She rages, threatens, implores, all to no purpose. Anguished, she demands why the Sheik has done this to her. "Because I wanted you," he returns coolly. "Because, one day in Biskra, four weeks ago, I saw you for a few moments, long enough to know that I wanted you. And what I want I take." All the scene needs to achieve perfection is a sardonic smile and a thin thread of smoke curling away from a monogrammed Turkish cigarette. These make their appearance in short order. Diana quaveringly asks when he will let her go. When he is tired of her, returns Ahmed with a sardonic smile, watching a thin thread of smoke curl away from a monogrammed Turkish cigarette. Small wonder every fibre of Diana's being cries out in protest.

"He is like a tiger," she murmurs deep into the cushions, with a shiver, "a graceful, cruel, merciless beast." She, in turn, reminds the Sheik of still another quadruped: "The easy swing of her boyish figure and the defiant carriage of her head reminded him of one of his own thoroughbred horses. . . . And as he broke them so would he break her." The connubial relationship between horse and tiger, while a trifle perplexing from the biological point of view, settles into a surprisingly domestic pattern. Yet instead of rolling with the punches, so to speak, Diana willfully upsets the applecart by running away. Ahmed overtakes her, and it is when she is being toted home, slung across his pommel like a bag of feed, that she experiences the great awakening: "Why did she not shrink from the pressure of his arm and the contact of his warm, strong body? . . . Quite suddenly she knew—knew that she loved him, that she had loved him for a long time, even when she thought she hated him and when she had fled from him. . . . He was a brute, but she loved him, loved him for his very brutality and superb animal strength."

Naturally, it would be infra dig for any woman, especially a member of the British peerage, to bluntly confess a *béguin* for an obscure tribesman. Hence, there ensues an interval in which Diana plays



cat-and-mouse with the chieftain, instead of horse-and-tiger, and arouses his wrath by her ladylike reserve. “*Bon Dieu!* . . . Has the vile climate of your detestable country frozen you so thoroughly that nothing can melt you?” he mutters thickly, contemning even the weather in his scorn. “I am tired of holding an icicle in my arms.” Eventually, though, his dear nearness, scorching kisses, and equally fiery rhetoric produce a thaw, and Diana favors him with a few caresses of signal potency. Strange to say, their effect is not precisely what one would imagine: “ ‘You go to my head, Diane,’ he said with a laugh that was half anger, and shrugging his shoulders moved across the tent to the chest where the spare arms were kept, and unlocking it took out a revolver and began to clean it.” Perhaps I was unduly stimulated, but after that torrid buildup, dilettantism with a pistol seemed no substitute for a volcano.



“Oh dear, I hate voting for an assortment.”

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For all practical purposes, nevertheless, and halfway through her narrative, the author has proved to everyone’s ennui that pride crumbles before primitive passion. Given another setting, the boy and girl could now trot around to the license bureau and legalize their union, but here, in addition to the lack of such facilities, there is still the embarrassing racial barrier confronting Diana. Bewitched as she is by her swain, she cannot quite blink at the fact that he is an Arab, a grubby little native by her social standards. To nullify this obstacle, the author puts some fairly ponderous machinery in motion. She introduces a lifelong chum of the Sheik, a novelist named the Vicomte Raoul de Saint Hubert, who also happens to be a crackajack surgeon. Then she causes Diana to be kidnapped by a rival sachem, from whom Ahmed rescues her, sustaining a grievous wound. As he hovers between life and death, watched over by the Vicomte and Diana, the gimmick is unveiled:

“ ‘His hand is so big for an Arab’s,’ she said softly, like a thought spoken aloud unconsciously.

“ ‘He is not an Arab,’ replied Saint Hubert with sudden impatient vehemence, ‘He is English.’ ” Yes, he continues, stunning Diana, if not the reader, his father is the Earl of Glencaryll. This news provokes a truly classic reaction from Diana: “Oh, now I know why that awful frown of Ahmed’s has always seemed so familiar. Lord Glencaryll always frowns like that. It is the famous Caryll scowl.” To soothe the literal-minded, there is a thirteen-page exegesis of the hero’s background, complete with such reassuring details as a formal European education and a mother of noble Spanish birth. Diana doesn’t really care, for she realizes that her woman’s intuition, assisted by a bit of roughhouse from the Sheik, has guided her aright. When, on his recovery, he undergoes the mandatory change of heart and offers her freedom, the horse turns into a phoenix and rises reborn from the ashes: “She slid her arm up and around his neck, drawing his head down. ‘I am not afraid,’ she murmured slowly. ‘I am not afraid of anything with your arms round me, my desert lover. Ahmed! Monseigneur!’ ”

If my examination of “The Sheik” did nothing else, it confirmed a suspicion I have been harboring for over two decades; namely, that the relief manager of a small cigar store in Providence about 1922 showed the most dubious literary taste of anyone I ever knew. To add to his other defects—he was shiftless, scheming, and transparently dishonest—he was an incorrigible romantic, the type of addlepate that, in later life, is addicted to rereading the books of his youth and whining over their shortcomings. Altogether, an unattractive figure and, I fear, a hopelessly bad lot. But then I suppose there’s no point in being too tough on the boy. You can’t judge people like him and Diana Mayo by ordinary standards. They’re another breed of cat.

—S. J. Perelman

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Correction

Last week’s “Independent” carried the news of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Antes. The name of the child was incorrectly given. The new arrival has been named Marcia Ruth. The “Independent” regrets having initiated the child into print with a wrong name, but she must learn that the American press is infallible.—*Parish* (*N. Y.*) *Mirror*.

Furthermore, she must learn it the hard way.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

THE taxi-driver cut straight down to the sea and along by the rain-swept promenade, where a few solitary walkers, manfully seeking health or laying up virtue in their own minds, butted, heads down, against the slanting wind, their raincoat collars turned up and their dogs scuttling, as though blown, across the glassy asphalt. Beyond them, the long strip of gray English Channel was dotted with specks of white foam that looked like thousands of paper sailboats uneasily rising and falling on the swell. When the taxi had drawn up outside the nursing home and Cynthia Dodd stood paying the driver, the wind blew so violently up the avenue that she was almost surprised to see the white curtains hanging decorously straight inside the windowpanes, instead of being twitched askew.

Clutching her hat, she struggled into the glass shelter of the porch, and instantly, while she rang the bell and smoothed her hair, she had a feeling that her brothers and her sister were there already. Their presence seemed to percolate through the black-painted wood of the door, with its brass nameplate. And, sure enough, when she was admitted to the hall, where the principal piece of furniture was a sagging sofa that had the air of having been curved out by the bodies of a succession of anxious people slumped down among its springs, there, on an arm of the sofa, were two masculine hats she recognized as her brothers'. With the extraordinary sense of character possessed by hats even when abandoned by their owners, the tweed hat shouted of Freddie, the black Homburg admitted discreetly to knowledge of Edward. Monica's headgear, if it had not accompanied its wearer into the matron's sitting room, would have been, in its mashed felt way, equally revealing.

Miss Halliday, the matron, appeared in a doorway. "Ah, here is Miss Dodd!" she said brightly. "Come right in—Major and Mr. Dodd and your sister are waiting for you. What a terrible day! Not too wet, I hope?"

"No, thanks. I had a taxi from the station. Hello, Monica," said Cynthia.

Her brothers and sister were gathered around the matron's gas fire. They greeted one another amiably but without enthusiasm. Meeting seldom, they generally parted as speedily as possible, and with a certain amount of relief. On such occasions, Cynthia found it difficult to think of herself and these three middle-aged adults as having at any time constituted a tight little unit known as a family, with a shared roof, habits, sentimental associations, and terms of reference. Like passports to prove that they had once had common nationality, they all had eyes of the same light, piercing blue—their father's eyes. But life had dealt so variously with this inheritance—in Edward's case blurring it with myopia, in Freddie's with fine red veins—that it no longer seemed to connect them.

It struck Cynthia that her relations and Miss Halliday welcomed her arrival as though hoping she would bring something to the situation that hung on the air of the neat and deadly room. Looking from one to another as she took off her gloves, Cynthia asked, "How is Mother?"

"We're really very pleased with Mrs. Dodd," Miss Halliday said. "Really *very* pleased. Dr. Huggins will be along any minute now, and then he'll tell you the situation exactly. We felt that it would be best if we could get you all to run down for a little conference with us here on the spot."

"Been telling Miss Halliday that it was a bit of a shock," said Freddie. "We thought that Mother was nicely fixed up here. Under Dr. Huggins' eye, I mean, and all that."

"If only she had our old home still, Miss Halliday, everything would be simple," Monica said.

Monica looked warm and worried, thought Cynthia, as though she had literally run, as Miss Halliday phrased it, all the way from Hampshire, and was wondering who was going to give her husband and the girls their tea. Vestiges of everyone's interrupted everyday business seemed to have trailed into the room with them. Grasping handbags or gloves, they sat forward on their chairs like strangers brought together in a railway waiting room by some accident on the line.

"When do you want us to move her?" asked Cynthia, and Miss Halliday's eyeglasses flashed her an approving beam that said, At last, someone who talks business! Yes, I was right, this is the one to concentrate on. "Naturally," she said, "we don't want to rush you, Miss Dodd. You'll want to make arrangements, I know."

"I suppose there's no chance of a full recovery, is there?" asked Edward. "No likelihood of a sudden improvement or, for that matter, any great change at all?"

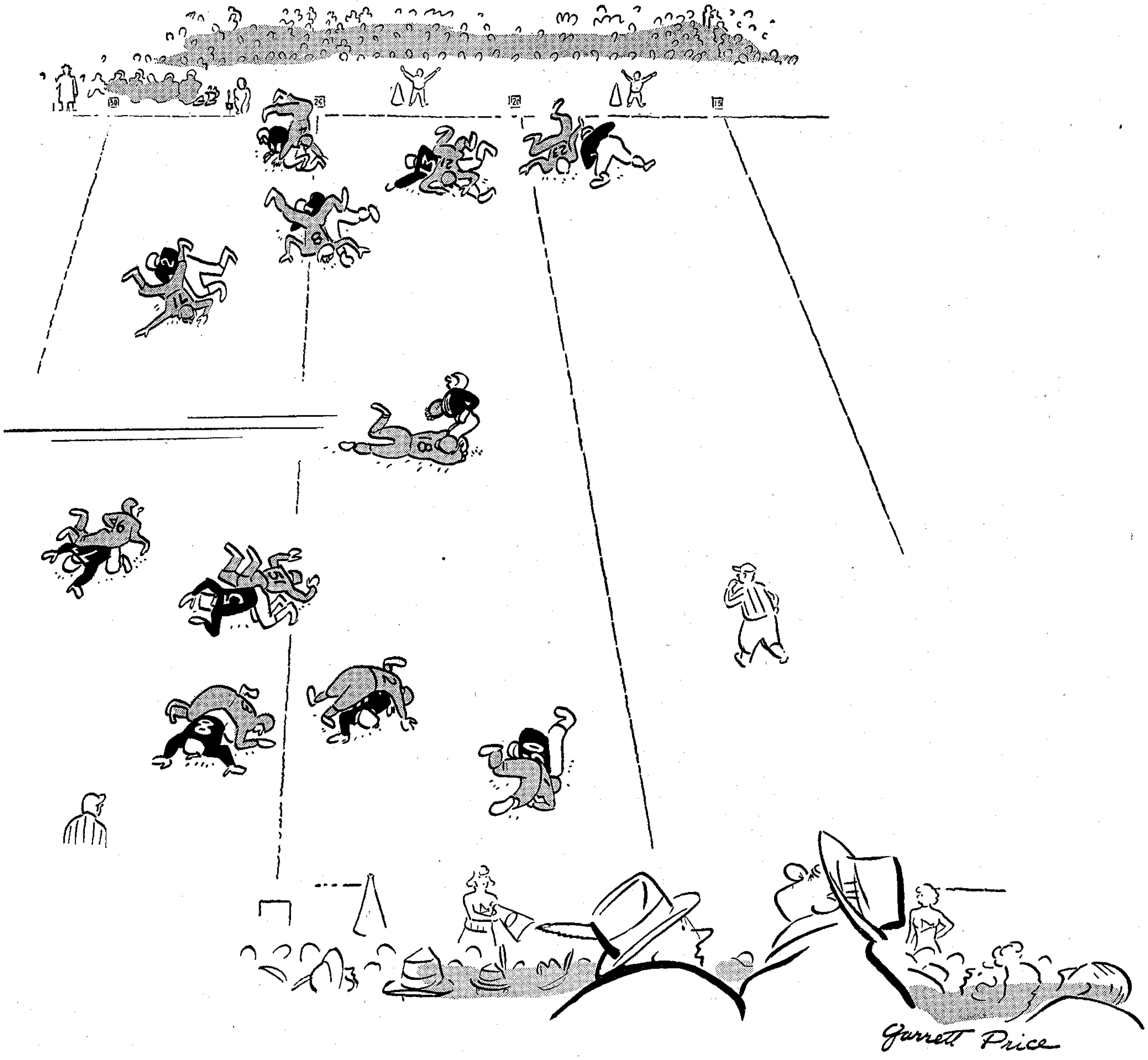
"At Mrs. Dodd's age—" Miss Halliday was beginning cautiously when the wind suddenly threw itself against the house, rattling the windows, and an electric bell rang sharply in the hall.

"That will be Dr. Huggins," said Miss Halliday. "He'll explain everything you want to know, Mr. Dodd. He has one patient to see before he comes in here, so if you'll excuse me for a few moments . . ."

Her exit seemed to make quite a stiff little breeze of its own.

"I call it really disgraceful," Monica said indignantly, almost before the door had closed.

"No, I can see their point perfectly," said Edward, taking off his glasses and wearily



"Best blocking team in the country."

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pinching the bridge of his nose. "They're short of beds, and there are too many really ill people waiting for them. They won't keep old people like Mother, who have nothing particularly wrong with them except that they're old."

"Mother has been *desperately* ill, Edward!" Monica cried.

"I know. But she's got over that amazingly well, and now there's nothing to do except—well, I suppose, to wait. They won't let her do that here. You can't blame them."

"Would they take her back in her hotel, do you suppose, if we got a trained nurse?" asked Cynthia.

"I doubt it," Edward said.

"My God, what a world for the old, eh?" said Freddie. "Difficult to live and damned awkward to die, seems to me. Better have something settled by the time Huggins comes down, hadn't we?"

"I'd love to have Mother," Monica said rapidly, "but I don't at the moment see how I could. I haven't got a soul to help me, and I don't think George would let me try and cope with any more. Besides that, now that Janet is home, there isn't an inch of spare room. Of course, Mary could turn out and go into the little sort of attic with Nannie, and the nurse could—but, even so, it wouldn't work. It's a hopeless house to have an invalid in."

"I'd say it was a good deal better than my place," said Freddie. "We've got a couple of land girls living in, and it's cold as the devil, too. I can't get the coal to heat it for more than a couple of months. Marjorie had one go of flu after another last winter."

"At least you have plenty of milk, which is more than we have in Hampstead," said Edward.

Freddie nodded grudgingly.

"I'm afraid I can't say a thing," Cynthia said. "You know the size of my flat. Cigarette, Edward?"

"Thanks, no. Of course you're out of the question with only one room," said Edward irritably.

"I don't really see why Nannie couldn't look after Mother perfectly well without a nurse," said Monica. "She's with her most of the time here, as far as I can see."

"Probably she could," Freddie said. "Huggins will be able to tell us that. But who's going to have them? That's the question."

"We'd practically fixed up to let a fellow called Yates, in the B.B.C., have half the house," said Edward. "He isn't the noisy type, and it helps nowadays, I don't need to tell you. We can put him off, of course. Nothing has really been settled."

The others looked at him uneasily.

"Old people must be kept warm," said Freddie. "That's the trouble. If things were normal, I wouldn't hesitate."

"I know what you mean, Freddie," Monica said. Her face was flushed. "Everything is so terribly difficult nowadays. George and I seem to be slaving every minute of the day trying to keep the place more or less going. It sounds ridiculous to say that I can't take on any more, but I don't believe I could."

There was a gloomy silence. Cynthia said abruptly, "I think I'll go up and see Mother now. There may not be time after we talk to Dr. Huggins." She glanced at her watch. "I want to catch the four-ten back to London."

"That's the one I'm trying for," Edward said. "I've got a meeting this evening. Yes, you go on up, Cynthia. Monica and I saw her for a moment before you came."

"I'll come, too," Freddie said. "It might be better to hear what Huggins says before we decide."

THE light from a Victorian stained-glass window on a landing scattered ruddy warmth on Freddie's tweeds and slightly drooping cheeks, so that he looked auburn and mournfully doggy, with his red-rimmed little eyes, as he growled, "These places! Hope Marjorie has me put down before I ever land up in one of 'em." In the passage of closed doors, behind which there were separate exhausted silences, a vase of mauve carnations and a tray on which stood a glass and a plate of fruit rinds were like footprints in the soft mud beside some vast, silent river, proving that life still existed there.

"Wiltshire is damp in the autumn," said Freddie. "I'm sure Huggins will say so. Is it Number Fifteen? When I was down last . . ."

They found Nannie, their old nurse, who had stayed on as maid to Mrs. Dodd, sitting by the window, getting the light for a bit of sewing.

"I thought you'd be up," she said, taking off her glasses and putting her finger to her lips. "She's asleep now. It tired her seeing the others."

She drew back the screen from the bed.

"Don't wake her," Cynthia whispered.

Mrs. Dodd lay on her back, with her hands folded on her chest. Her face looked yellow between the two wisps of gray hair that Nannie had braided as she used to braid Monica's hair, tying the ends with ribbons. There was a bowl of fresh purple violets beside her, probably brought by Edward, a discriminating flower giver. The mantelpiece and bed table were crowded with family photographs, the usual selection, Cynthia noticed, arranged by Nannie in all the hotel rooms her mother had occupied since the house was sold, as though Nannie insisted on uniting the family in double leather frames, however carefully they avoided each other in the flesh. Here the pictures were again, in the bleak nursing-home room—the faces of men and women, fat babies, loving dogs sitting panting into the camera, all of them saying that Mrs. Dodd had existed. It was rather touching, Cynthia thought, the way poor old Nannie always trotted the entire gallery of pictures out and stuck them up as though they were something without which Mrs. Dodd could not be decently seen, like her stays or her teeth.

"How is she?" asked Freddie in a hoarse whisper.

"Only fair, dear. Not much change. Sometimes she has worse days than others."

Mrs. Dodd's hands rose and fell on the polished skin of her chest. She had always been a stout, commanding woman, but now she looked strangely frail and refined, as though she had left all the attributes of the flesh outside the door of this room, as heaps of clothing are left by bathers on the shore.

"You know that they're turning her out, Nannie?" Freddie said, speaking louder.

"Oh, I know, dear. Oh, it's a regular shame. Such a worry to you all, I'm sure," the old woman said trustingly.

Perhaps Freddie's voice had penetrated a little, for suddenly Mrs. Dodd moved and, without opening her eyes, said in the unfamiliar voice her illness had left her with, "Nannie?"

"Better go now," Nannie whispered. "I shan't say you were down, too. It might worry her."

"Nannie?" the struggling voice asked again.

"All right, my duck, I'm here," replied the old woman quickly, as Cynthia in her childhood had heard her answer a hundred times in the night. The voice stopped. Freddie closed the door softly.

THEY did not speak on the way downstairs. As they went into the matron's sitting room, they heard Edward saying cheerfully, "I really think it might be the very thing," and Dr. Huggins saying, "Well, I sent a case like your mother's to Mrs. Draper's before. She used to be a nurse, you know, and now she takes just one or two elderly people into her home. Nothing very pretentious, but quite cozy— Oh, how do you do, Miss Dodd? How are you, Major Dodd?" he said as Cynthia and

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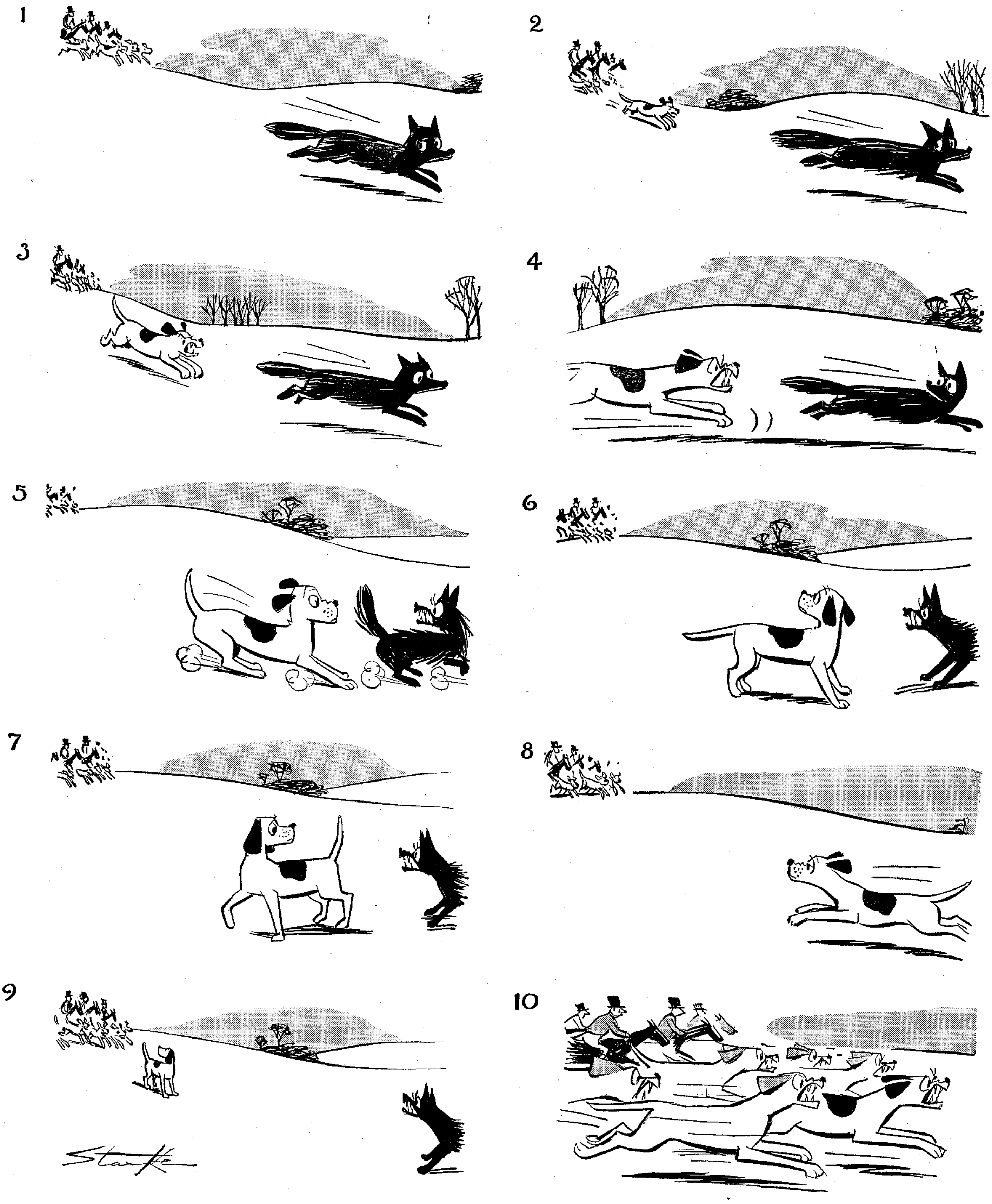
HOW DO YOU SAY "HA-HA" IN FRENCH?

There are several people who I can claim I am glad I am not, without being accused of pride and effrontery,
And one of them is the bartender of a French restaurant in an English-speaking country.
The conversation of the customers isn't calculated to keep a bartender young,
Even when they converse in their mother tongue;
How much more dispiriting it must be when, after the second Martini,
They request a third because the first two are not finished but *finis*.
They select a *Maryland*, or cigarette,
And instead of "Gotta light?," it is "*Avez-vous une allumette?*"
When they cry "*Garçon*" after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow or New Rochelle or Nineveh,
It is moot whether they want the waiter or Mrs. Miniver.
Somehow, in a *bistro*, or French eatery,
Everybody suddenly discovers they can talk like Sacha Guitry,
But they really can't,
And if I were the bartender, I should poke them in the *œil* with the *plume de ma tante*.

—OGDEN NASH



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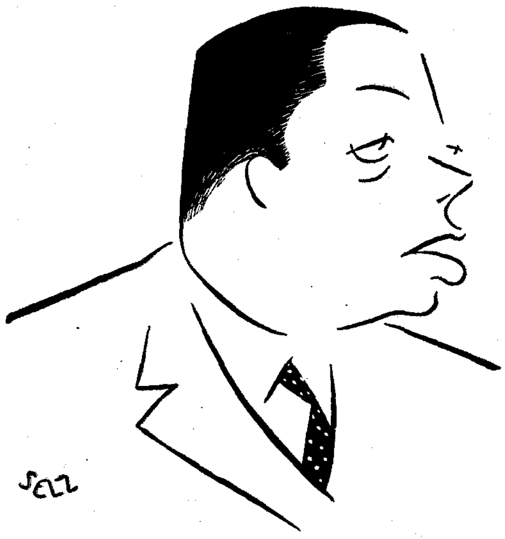
Freddie came in. He turned back to Edward. "How about hopping into my car and going round right away to fix it up with Mrs. Draper? She lives quite close."

Monica stood up, buttoning her coat and picking up her bag, as though already heading thankfully for George and the girls. There was a faint congratulatory bustle in the room. And Cynthia found herself thinking with relief, too, of the train back to London, of the drawn curtains of her own room, with its walls too solidly built to feel the wind that blew here with such mournful, disturbing force off the sea. Nannie is the only decent one of the lot of us, the only one who will be there with love at the end, she thought bitterly, even while she stood listening to Edward explaining that Dr. Huggins had come to the rescue with a really excellent suggestion.

—Mollie Panter-Downes



PROFILES

AIDER AND ABETTOR—II

JO MIELZINER, the stage designer, started sketching New York life when he was ten or eleven years old. The great spectacles were, of course, the excavation scenes. On Saturdays and after school, he joined crowds of excavation-fanciers watching the gifted machines scooping up the stubborn bedrock of Manhattan. He was almost equally enthusiastic about firehouses. For variety, he lurked at busy corners and sketched street scenes. He received his early training from his father, the late Leo Mielziner, who had a portrait studio in Washington Square. Leo, who was also an instructor at the Art Students League, was a crusader for a theory, a sworn foe of superfluous detail. He wanted his pupils to avoid the photographic reproduction of particulars and to concentrate on elements that expressed character, mood, and action. To save his pupils from acquiring the camera eye, he forbade them to make any prolonged inspection of a subject. They were taught to gaze for a short time in a casual, relaxed way and then go away and draw what they remembered. When Jo first tried this technique on the free shows of Manhattan, he found that he lost his impressions on the way back to his father's studio, so he began to carry a sketchbook and jot down hints in a kind of art shorthand.

There is no quicker way of making acquaintances than by sketching in public. Detectives in up-to-date mysteries go around sketching in order to scrape conversations with suspected assassins. Whenever Jo started to draw, he attracted a crowd. He could steal a public from a steam shovel. Every time he answered one question, he inspired ten more. He discovered that he had to choose between the career of conversationalist and that of artist, and he finally adopted the policy of pretending not to hear. This baffled his cross-examiners and enabled him to get on with his work. After long practice, he was able to fix impressions in his memory without sketching on the spot. With specimens of the metropolitan panorama fresh in his head, he would hurry to the studio and paint them. When he discarded his sketchbook, his work began to improve. His men, women, and children became natural. He thought at first that his talent had suddenly blossomed, but he later realized that the improvement was in his subjects. The sight of the sketchbook had caused whole neighborhoods to pose, and instead of painting ordinary people, in their ordinary attitudes, he had generally painted unpaid artists' models. Most of his excavators, firefighters, loungers, and passersby had been stiff and stylized. The primeval instinct to look one's best had caused them to straighten up and square their shoulders. But when Jo gave up his notebook, their faces, spines, and joints, and even their clothes, lost their artificial air and took on genuine personality.

As Jo developed a faculty for making permanent mental records of instantaneous impressions, his brain became a reference library of animated pictures. When he decided to become a scene designer, he thought that his specialized talent and his memorized material might be wasted. But visual sharpshooting continued to be his hobby. He has a cheeky eye; he processes people at a glance, automatically helping himself to the form and fashion, color and characteristics of everybody he encounters. In time, his hobby unexpectedly became the most valuable part of his equipment for the theatre. When he read a playscript, he sketched the people in it for his own amusement. He created his figures partly out of the playwright's imagination, partly out of his mental portrait gallery. He didn't design a scene until he had painted all the big moments of the play. He thus got the habit of directing the whole show in his imagination and letting the characters and action suggest the scenery. His method eventually made him an all-round collaborator as well as a designer. His water colors are dress rehearsals on paper. He sometimes makes as many as fifty or sixty sketches for one play, and they often have considerable influence on directors, actors, and costumers, and on the general strategy of the production. After digesting the script of "Mister Roberts," for example, Mielziner called on his recollections of his own experiences as a marine in 1918 and 1919 for vignettes of sailors in a comatose condition from the monotony of life on non-combat ships. He examined hundreds of recent snapshots of sailors in a wilted-vegetable stage of relaxation. Then he covered sheet after sheet with studies of shuffling, lurching figures that had lost their centers of gravity because of boredom. Not only the Mielziner sailors but even their pants and shoes were case histories of general debility. After painting many studies of mass apathy and inertia, he began to design the U.S. Navy Cargo Ship AK 601 under, over, and around them.

Mielziner's art training made him an anti-Belasco man when, in 1924, he started to design for the Broadway theatre. "Belasco realism" was the camera eye applied to scenic design. The great old potentate of Broadway loved realistic detail and couldn't crowd too much of it into his scenes. His prestige was immense, and nearly all producers wanted to be Belascos. Detail ran riot; stage settings became county fairs and old curiosity shops. The leaders of the anti-Belasco revolution contended that the mania for piling on the props, exhibits, and effects was contra-dramatic. They held that instead of concentrating on the actors, the audience spent most of its time gasping over the scenic triumphs and wondering what Belasco would think of next. The most sensational crime the Old Master committed in the name of realism was that of frying bacon and eggs on the stage and beaming the smell at the audience with electric fans. The actors had to compete with the aroused appetite of the spectators. After a few minutes, the appetizing effect disappeared and the actors had to compete with a stale kitchen odor, which hung on till the end of the play. It was obtrusive and objectionable stagecraft, according to the moderns. Belasco had only one point in his favor—his plays were usually successes.

The moderns were coming into fashion in 1924. Mielziner, who had studied design under leading moderns in Europe and under Lee Simonson and Robert Edmond Jones in this country, was unquestionably a modern. "Modern" is a magical word of salesmanship, and Mielziner had a stirring, thriving career from the beginning, in spite of receiving some bad checks from producers and other melancholy experiences. He occasionally found himself working free of charge for producers who looked on scene design as a prize contest. Some of them had a habit of engaging a number of designers for the same play. Broadway was overrun with designers. Hundreds of magazine illustrators, commercial artists, cartoonists, department-store window dressers, interior decorators, and studio painters were eager to make their mark on the stage. It was a common thing for half a dozen young fellows, each believing that he had landed an outright commission and that his fee was as good as money in the bank, to work furiously for weeks to achieve something that would startle Broadway. The producer might help himself to the ideas of all six, but he would finally hire one man and throw the others out on their ear. Several times, Mielziner was chagrined to discover that he was only one of the losers in a sketching tournament after he had put much time and effort into a job for which he had been led to believe he had been formally engaged.

Mielziner was handicapped by a youthful appearance. Today, at forty-seven, he looks about thirty-five; at twenty-three, he looked about sixteen. "I don't want you, I want your father," said Al Woods the first time he saw Jo. Woods' picture had been painted by Leo Mielziner, and, noticing the name "Mielziner" in the papers in connection with stage settings, the producer thought he would like to have scenery done by the eminent portraitist. When Jo appeared, Woods suspected that a father-and-son switch was being worked on him, and for some time he was very wary, but he eventually hired the son. One of the young designer's greatest disappointments was that even after he had been engaged because he was a promising modern, he was frequently unable to get a producer to accept the modern conception of the high mission of the scene designer. Mielziner wanted to devour and digest the playscript, assimilate the mood and atmosphere, and create an ideal environment. Producers were sometimes annoyed at his zeal. One of them refused to let him even look at the script. The producer put his feet on his desk, described the scenes, and said, "Now you know all you need to know. Go ahead and design it." Channing Pollock let Mielziner have a script overnight and then took it away. When the young enthusiast explained that he wanted to have the script constantly at hand while he worked, the theatre man smiled at the youngster's absurdity and said he was sorry but he couldn't spare a copy.

Another trial to the artistic spirit was the practice of sending to the warehouse for used scenery. Mielziner would toil and brood and ransack his brain to make a scene a living part of a play. On seeing the drawings, the producer would cackle with delight and say, "You can forget this scene. I remember a set in the warehouse that fills the bill." This practice gradually died out, for economic reasons. The cost of trucking, warehousing, and handling scenery became so heavy that at the end of a run producers gladly gave it to anybody who would take it away. Mielziner happened to visit the picturesque old panic-town that sprang up along the Hudson River in the Seventies after the crash of 1929. He was admiring the tin, sailcloth, beaverboard, and drygoods-box construction when his eye was taken by a little jewel of a shanty. It was a stunning hut, beautifully painted in blues and greens—an innovation in domestic architecture, since it had a Venetian Renaissance interior for its exterior. It was somewhat storm-beaten, but that improved it. It suited Mielziner's taste in every way, and he soon saw why. It was a drawing-room scene that he had designed for "The Masque of Venice." It wasn't bad building material, either, being fine-quality Belgian canvas, water-

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"THROUGH THE DEAR MIGHT OF HIM THAT WALKED THE WAVES"

For the sea, too, has its roads:
Beneath the swell, the restless whelm, her womb,
Flanked by those skeleton stone forests, where
Polyp and holothurian trail their tentacles.
The sea too has its alleys, highways, forums;
And thither throng
The sad, pale population of the drowned,
Riding the slow ground currents like sleepwalkers:
Slim boys tricked out in shells and weed; old men
Out of long-foundered ships, whose coffers
Gape—a sardonic smile of gold and rubies;
Those who went down with bags of dates and raisins,
Or crates from Jaffa; the solitary airman
Who fell, a black bolt from a sky of fire,
Into the silent sea; the Punic sailor,
Clutching his statues of the Cabiri,
Which once, upon his prow,
Gazed home to Carthage with dull wooden eyes,
And could not save in that last storm off Gades;
And here comes sidling by
A Portuguese lady with long bony hands,
Who sailed to join her bridegroom in Brazil,
In ragged satin (and a barnacle
Grows on her finger like a signet ring).

Here are the chiefs of Lyonesse, the bell ringers
Of Ys, that famous town, and, grave
In their strange figured breastplates, senators
Of lost Atlantis—
With all that former world which the first Flood
Had borne away when, under God's small stars,
In his great loneliness,
Noah weighed his anchor and set forth
On the dark sea. So, drifting past,
All names, known and unknown, she has sucked in:
The poor youth carried down the Dardanelles,
The poet, sunk without trace off Mexico,
And the drowned Lycidas. . . .

This was the world that once Alcyone saw,
When in her sleep the phantom spread its wings,
And showed her dripping husband's dreary form.
Shelley was once a guest here, and the winds
And waves that carried his quenched ashes from the shore
Mingle them with it yet.

Poe in his dreams beheld the steep black wall
Of the gyrating maelstrom draw him down
And down and down into oblivion;
And Melville never could forget this nation,
But through his turgid water-world of thought
Still moved a white and awful shape,
The great sea monster, the unconquered evil. . . .

The icebergs, the blue cows of giantland,
Groaned as they clashed together through the night
And the cold mists, while the god Thor went out
To fish for the sea serpent. But it lies
Coiled in the crater of a sunk volcano,
Watching with cruel and unwinking pupils
The little fishes, red and blue and yellow,
Go speeding past, with eager teeth to tear
The flesh of some young parricide, sewn in his sack,
And washed some three miles out from Ostia.
And there the mermaids' heartless song
Will madden and distract
The drowned man's slumbers in the deep-sea cave;
And there the kraken waves its livid arms. . . .

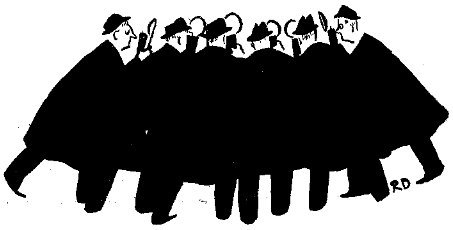
"Oh, I would I were a halcyon-bird,
Beating with dark wings over the sea,
Whom the young ones carry when his years are done,
That bird of Spring . . ." Carry me to those feet
That tread unharvested Gennesaret's
Whitening wavetops like the mountain dawn—
Above this monstrous world of squid and skate,
Sea anemone, echinus, and crinoid!
For I would see, outlined against the stars,
The Eternal Man measure with confidence
The treacherous foam-paths like a glassy pavement,
Who with His clear eyes looks down and sees
The sandy bottom and its life of slime—
All those dumb goggle-faces—
Assume the ordering of adoration.
And now His hand (which shall, at the end of Time,
Capture Leviathan, and draw him forth
With bright gold scales glittering in the sun,
And land him gasping on the beach, to feed
Five thousand of the faithful)
Is stretched above the waves, to pluck
The failing Peter from their cold embrace.

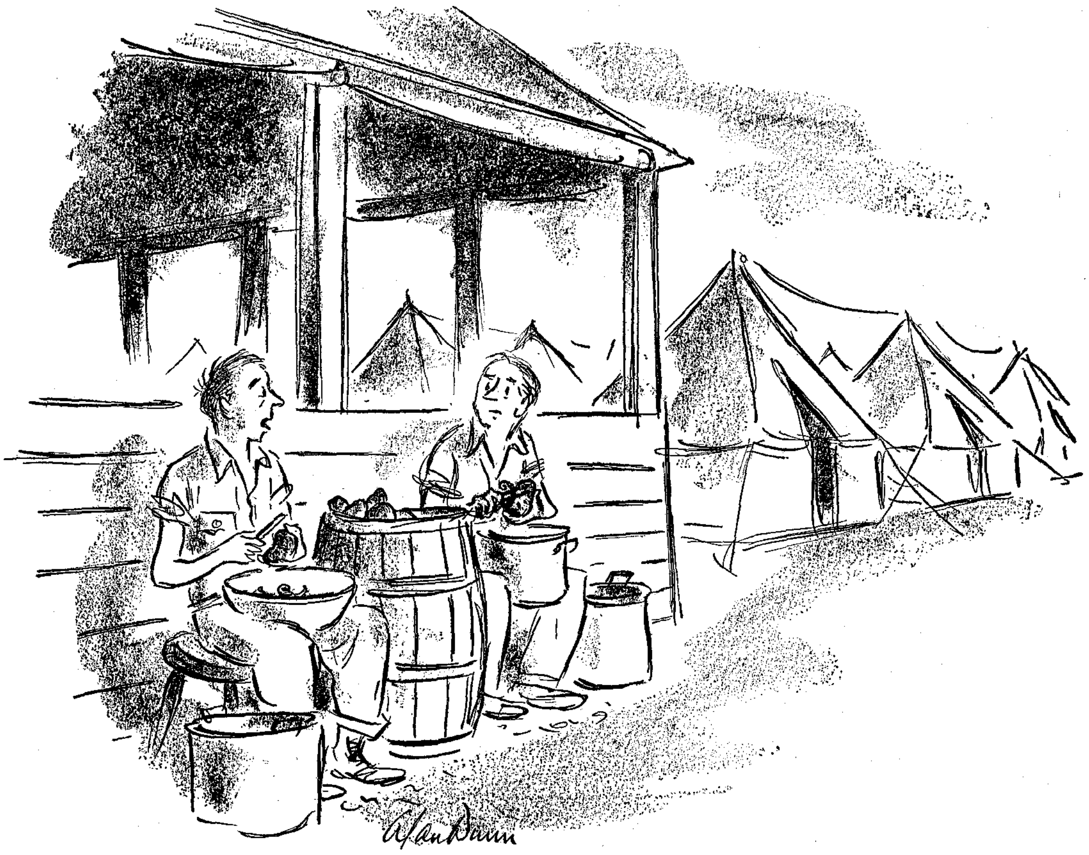
—John Heath-Stubbs

• •

proofed by several coats of oil paint, and it made a fairly cozy domicile.

WHEN Mielziner was planning the set for his first Broadway play, "The Guardsman," in 1924, he made a tour of the second-hand shops. For this play, he had to furnish the home of a retired stage star with trophies of the theatre—thrones, divans, tapestries, whatnots, and other props that would naturally be seized by a matinée idol when the stage was looted at the end of a run. Touring the second-hand shops became one of the fascinating departments of his calling. The twenties were the fat years for bargain-hunters. The tax-eating palaces of Manhattan were being demolished by the hundred to make way for skyscrapers, and the spoils of the old brownstone civilization were put on the auction block, where the second-hand dealers picked them up. The Red scare, which then still had the terror of novelty, probably speeded the process. Rumor had it that Fifth Avenue heads were to come off first. It became bad form to flaunt midtown châteaux before the sans-culottes and the tax-gatherers. The old show places were abandoned for apartment houses, and the furnishings were knocked down to the highest bidder. The sudden flood of grandeur went to the heads of the junkmen, and they all became antique dealers. Turning scholars overnight, they were infatuated with words like Jacobean, Georgian, Renaissance, Regency, Quatorze, Quinze, Empire, and Late Ming. Big dealers always





"I thought that bomb was going to revolutionize warfare."

claimed to know all periods and to have all periods in stock. Mielziner called one day on a man who, late in life, had risen from ash heaps and rummage sales to archeology and antiquarianism. Mielziner said that he was after some old furniture for a show. "What period?" asked the dealer. "Circa 1820," said Mielziner. "Well, you came to the right place," said the dealer. "I just got in a truckload of the finest Circa you ever saw."

Mielziner did most of his business with the Antique King, a veteran of ten thousand auctions, who had pushed his way up from the ranks of old-iron and three-legged-chair men until he had become New York's leading jobber in aristocratic household stuff. On his way up, he had developed knowledge and taste. It was a pleasure to deal with the old connoisseur. He always knew exactly what Mielziner wanted and exactly where to find it in his museum, which occupied five large floors and a basement. Mielziner often prowled around the place by himself. One day, looking for something in bad taste for one of the scenes of "The Masque of Venice," he found precisely what he needed—a swan bed, the giant fowl ruffling colossal gold feathers in all directions. He hurried to tell the Antique King of his discovery.

"You can't have it," snapped the old man. "Why, that's my gold swan bed! I wouldn't sell it at any price."

Mielziner was seriously disappointed. He wanted the swan bed very much, and couldn't understand the old virtuoso's weakness for such a palpable horror.

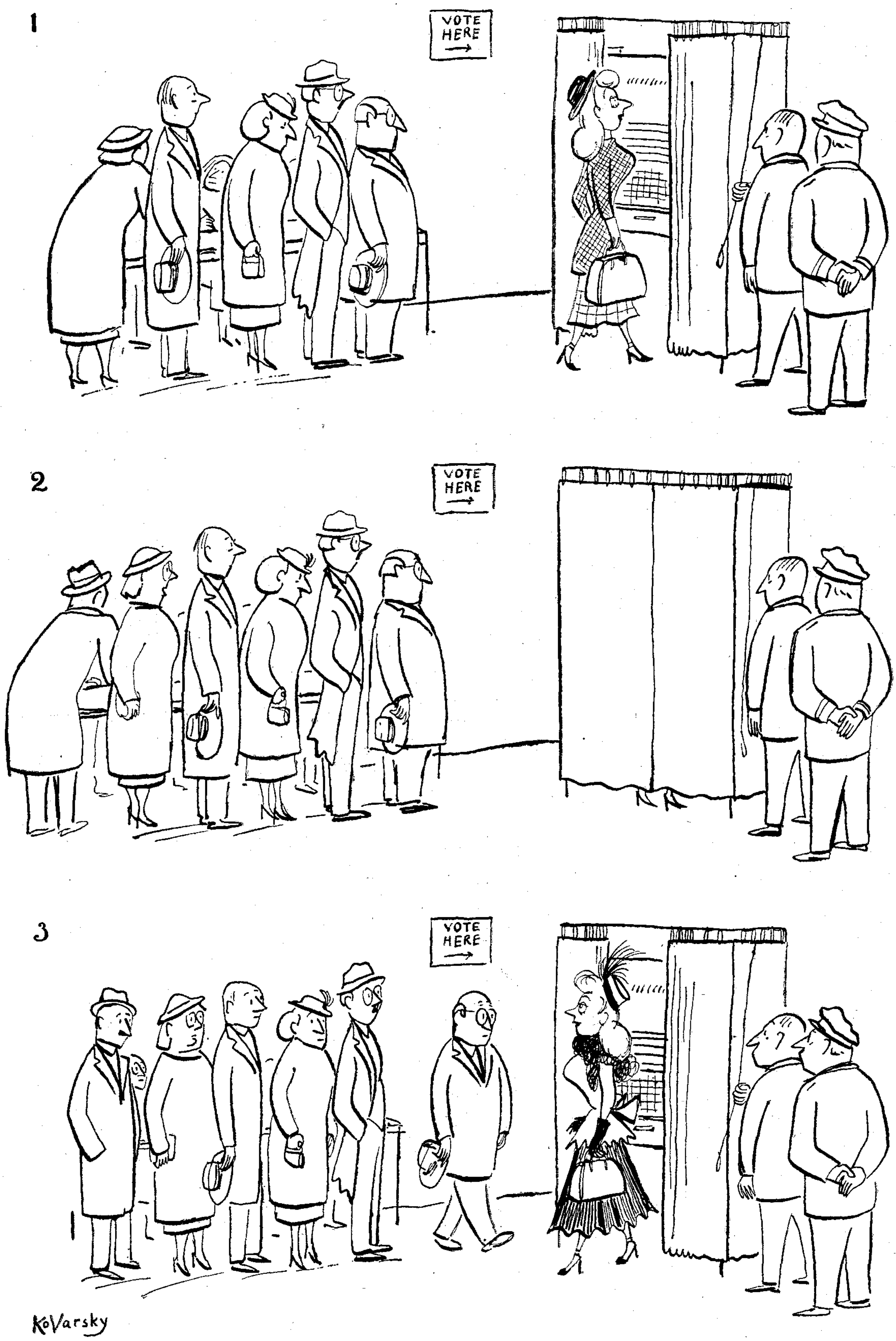
"It's a beautiful thing, ain't it?" said the dealer. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have it for your opening and a week or two after that. Then you'll have to give it back. And I've got to have a hundred and twenty dollars a week for it."

Mielziner was glad to take the bed on those terms. He was puzzled for a long time about the old man's feeling for it. After they had been doing business together for some years, the Antique King took the designer into his confidence and disclosed the secret of the swan bed. The most lucrative branch of the antique business was that of furnishing love nests on a rental basis, and the lovebirds always went crazy over the swan bed.

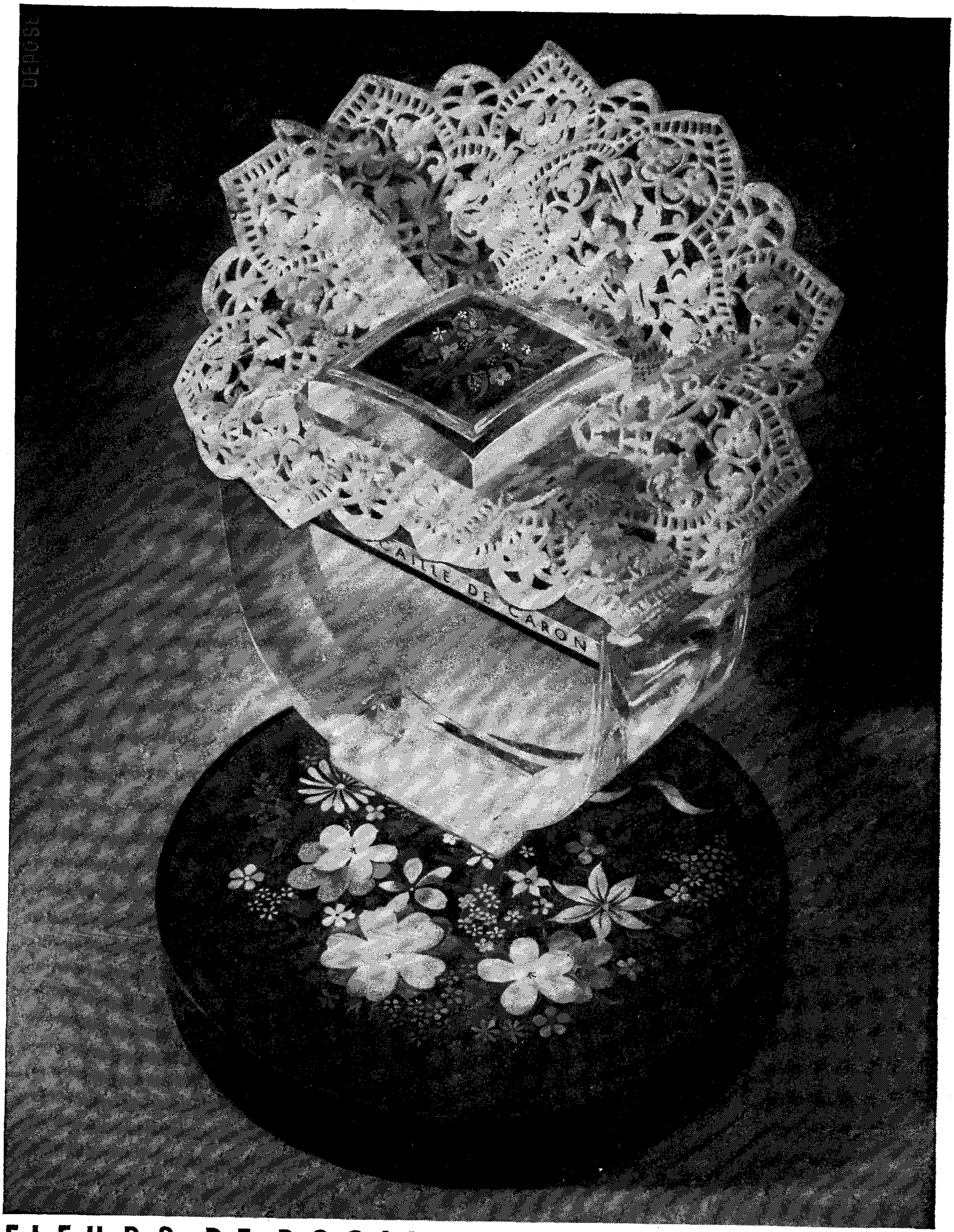
The Antique King tried to induce Mielziner to accept commissions, or kickbacks, whenever he purchased or rented furniture for the stage. The dealer said that everybody else took kickbacks and that it was unethical to refuse them. He accused Mielziner of lacking business morality. When, however, he finally became convinced that Mielziner wouldn't accept them, he offered him a partnership in his business. He painted a prospect of making millions in the love-nest department alone. The old man was an instinctive scholar. He had become an anthropologist through his studies of romance in the boom years, during which the new millionaires decided that they were entitled to as many mistresses as the old millionaires. As New York's foremost fitter-up of expensive hideaways, he had a unique opportunity to study the philandering of primitive man under bull-market conditions. Urging Mielziner to join the business, the Antique King let him in on the trade secrets. "The cream of the thing," he said, "is the turnover. The turtledoves always think the love nest is going to last forever, but on the average it busts up in from four to ten weeks. Then I take my furniture back and rent it again. I've had as much as four years' rent for the same stuff in less than a year." The Antique King was hurt when Mielziner declined the partnership. He couldn't understand lack of ambition in a young fellow. He still liked Mielziner, and, in an effort to cancel the arrears of kickbacks, made him a present of some window draperies, with a golden-bee design, that had hung at Fontainebleau in the time of Napoleon. They had changed hands several times after Waterloo, eventually getting into the possession of former Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, and were picked up by the Antique King at the sale of the Fish belongings. The designer used them for couch covers.

Mielziner never had any reason to regret his decision to stick to the stage. The 1929 crash improved the morals of the country, and the Antique King sold out and retired. About a year ago, Mielziner began to wonder if the love-nest business was having a revival; he encountered an amazing boom in the ugliest furniture of the ugliest period. He had to pay seventy-five dollars apiece for repulsive chairs for a Late Victorian interior. He looked up an old friend in the used-furniture line and asked him why the price of things that nobody could bear had suddenly jumped a thousand per cent. "That's just it," said the dealer. "Nobody can bear them." He explained that unbearable stuff was in great demand to furnish vacant apartments, so that the landlord could say, "I never violate a rent ceiling, but of course I expect the new tenant to buy the furniture." The new tenant bought it, for a terrific price, but couldn't bear it. The dealer got it back for practically nothing and immediately arranged with the landlord to set another trap with it. The same eyesores clipped a number of apartment-seekers in succession. Broadway suffered, incidentally; it became intolerably expensive to put on plays about run-down families, who are the backbone of the drama.

ALTHOUGH he seldom has time for it, Mielziner likes to design a play's costumes as well as its settings. Nearly every job is a rush job, especially when Broadway producers are starring movie headliners and timing plays to fit into gaps in Hollywood production schedules. Mielziner is not smart at delegating tasks and has never achieved factory methods in his studio, but he has an almost infallible sense of what he can accomplish personally in a given time. He was forced to train himself to calmness. At the start of his career, he was torn, for weeks before an opening, by all the emotions of the neurotic. He was surrounded by human tuning forks, who bombarded one another with nervous agitation until all were vibrating and booming in one big aeolian recital. But at his modest fees, Mielziner couldn't afford to throw in a case of nervous prostration with every show. He told himself that he could stand aloof from the general turmoil because his work was not open to last-minute suggestions for improvement; with rare exceptions, time and expense forbid any changes in settings. Despite the fact that he is in the midst of alarms right up to the opening night and for a week or so thereafter, because of his responsibility for the lighting, he gradually developed a detachment. He was at peace with the world the night that everything went wrong at the opening of William A. Brady, Jr.'s, "Earthquake" in Stamford. Even the blanks in a revolver refused to go off at the climax, and as the curtain went down the frenzied producer rushed onto the stage, seized the weapon from the villain, and fired it six times. A near-panic reigned until the theatre manager shouted, "Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen! It's only Mr. Brady killing the cast!"



Mielziner has occa-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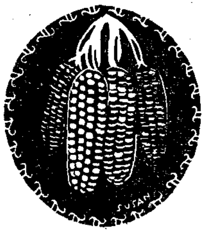
sionally been jarred out of his serenity by his experiences with Broadway geniuses. Billy Rose's secretary one day telephoned to tell the designer to stay at his office a little later than usual, because Rose wanted to drop in and talk to him about some scenery. At 7:45 P.M., Mielziner telephoned back to ask if Rose had left his office yet. "Oh, no, he hasn't arrived yet. He's never here this early," said the secretary. Through working for the tiny Titan, she had got the idea that the universe was running on Billy Rose Time. She explained that "a little later than usual" meant 3 or 4 A.M. Mielziner went to bed, set his alarm clock for 1:30 A.M., and arrived at his office at two. Rose came in at about three-thirty. They talked until five, when Rose had to hurry away for an appointment. He asked Mielziner to stay on the following night a little later than usual. Mielziner demurred, saying that he went to work a little after 8 A.M. and was generally tired out by six. Rose scolded him for his irregular hours but finally allowed him to come for breakfast conferences at sundown.



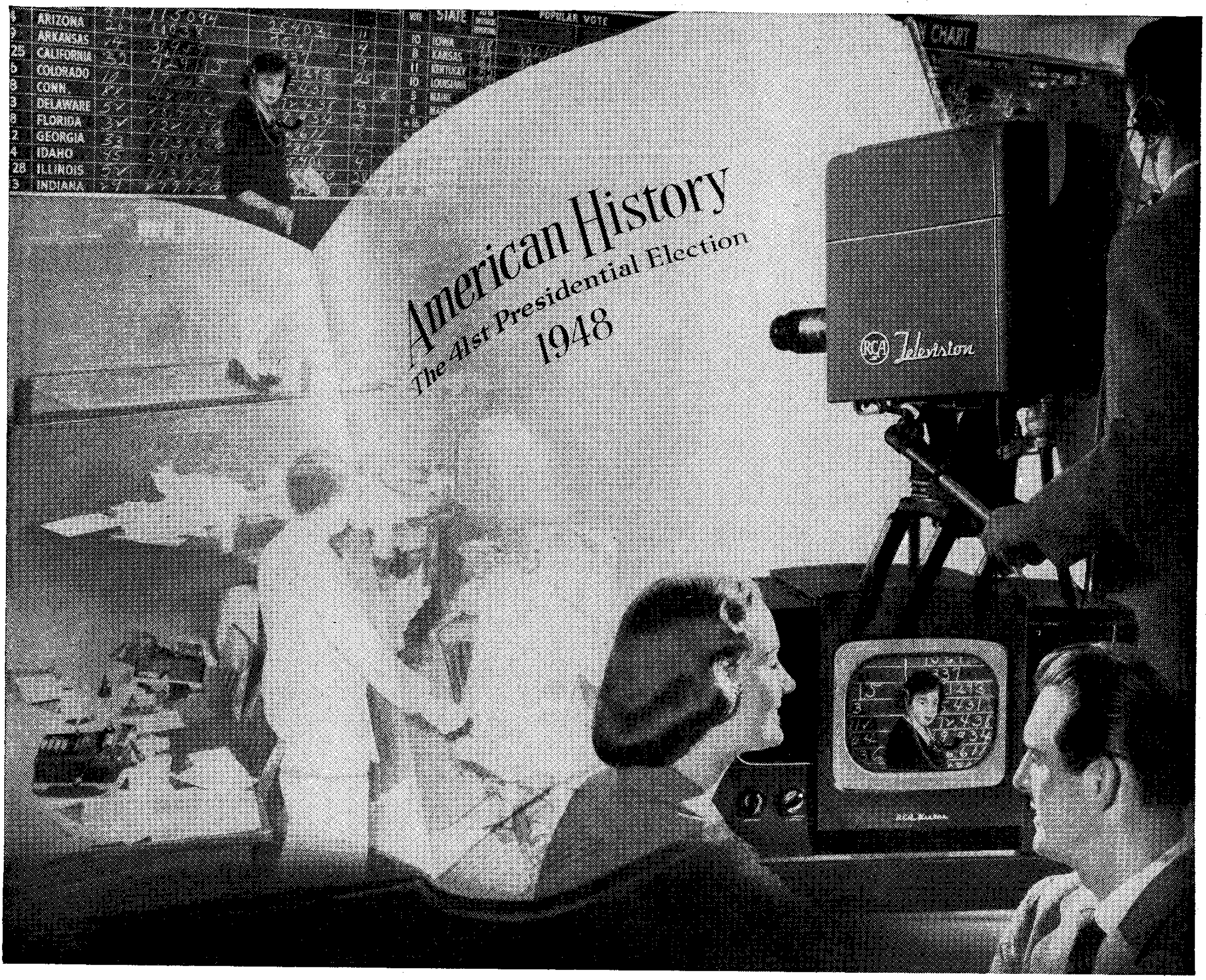
Mielziner didn't know about Jed Harris Time, either. One day he went to the Harris office punctually at 11:30 A.M. to keep an eleven-thirty appointment. Harris arrived punctually at four-thirty. He was always five hours late to the dot, and you could set your watch by him. "Did I keep you waiting?" inquired Harris anxiously. Mielziner said that he had been browsing in Harris's library and had read a wonderful play. "What was that?" asked the producer. " 'Uncle Vanya,' " said Mielziner. Harris said nothing. Two days later, it was announced that he had shelved a contemplated production and was going to produce "Uncle Vanya," which he proceeded to do.

When Mielziner had taken his first portfolio of sketches to Harris, the producer had dropped them on the floor and kicked them about until they were conveniently arranged. Then he crawled around on his hands and knees, examining them with blazing eyes and nostrils slightly dilated. Mielziner was happy over his reaction. Harris rose, kicked the drawings into a pile, and asked, "What do you mean by bringing me this garbage?" Mielziner didn't know that this, coming from Harris, was a vote of confidence. It meant that Harris thought Mielziner had possibilities and was worth encouraging. Noticing that the young designer took it the wrong way, the producer patted him on the back and said, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I know you can do better—much better." After that beginning, Mielziner got along well with Harris and found him one of the most stimulating men of the theatre.

IN his first years on Broadway, Mielziner received some good notices. His first big blaze of favorable publicity came with "Anatol," in 1931. Having an affection for Vienna, where he had lived while he was studying scenic design, he was able to do the Viennese scenes for this play with great warmth and interest. Rapturous reviews of Mielziner settings have been fairly frequent since that time. For a period of fifteen years, which ended when he joined the Army Air Forces as a captain, in 1942, there was never a time when a show with Mielziner settings was not running in New York. In the season of 1937-38, ten Mielziner-designed shows opened and six of them were going simultaneously.

Mielziner has been married three times. He and the present Mrs. Mielziner, the former actress Jean Macintyre, have been married ten years, and have three adopted children. Mielziner joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1936. When, as a boy of fifteen, he entered an art academy, he stipulated to his parents that he would try to catch up on general culture by extensive reading. He carried out the bargain pretty well. G. K. Chesterton was one of his favorites, and through reading and rereading Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" he got interested in Catholicism. His own religious background is rather confused, for his family was part Jewish, part Unitarian, and part Catholic. Under the influence of Chesterton, he became one of Monsignor Sheen's converts.

In the recent war, Mielziner was assigned to camouflage work. After three years of planning fake cities and other geographical illusions, he retired with the rank of major. Since his return to Broadway, he has designed the sets for, among others, "The Glass Menagerie," "Carousel," "Dream Girl," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Happy Birthday," "Another Part of the Forest," "Finian's Rainbow," "Allegro," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Command Decision," "Mister Roberts," and "Summer and Smoke." He is now working on sets for Maxwell Anderson's "Anne of the Thousand Days"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and Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman."

Mielziner looks back on his first ten years of Broadway as a sort of apprenticeship. It took a decade of experience to enable him to read a playscript with the kind of intelligence that a director or producer ought to have. In late years, he has frequently been engaged not only to plan the settings but to aid in planning the whole presentation. He began to receive offers from the movies fifteen years ago, but he has declined them all, because of a conviction that he would not be allowed to make anything like the contribution to a picture that he makes to a play. His notion is that the designer is ousted from his own jurisdiction in Hollywood. Mielziner divides his work into three main parts: design and color, lighting, and directional collaboration. As he sees it, lighting would be taken away from him in Hollywood and given to the cameraman; color would be given to the Technicolor man; directional collaboration would be thrown out the window before he started. He would be left with nothing but the giblets of his occupation. Mielziner, who feels that the all-around mission of the stage designer is "to aid and abet the actors," wants to have more and more to do with the show, rather than less and less. He envies Louis Jouvet, the versatile Frenchman who designs scenery and costumes, does the lighting, produces, directs, and acts. Mielziner's surmise is that he would be considered a dangerous egomaniac if he teemed with suggestions in Hollywood as he does in New York.

In the theatre, Mielziner is listened to even by poets. For example, in producing Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset," in 1935, a question arose as to the proper background for blank verse. The stage directions of the poet placed the audience on the East River and caused it to gaze at a scene of cluttered wharves and dilapidated buildings. Mielziner felt that poetic flights would be dragged earthward by such a vista. The eye and ear would be in conflict as the audience looked at ugly detail while listening to imaginative verse, he said. He contended that a background of serenity and space was needed for the unhindered appreciation of soaring lines, and he proposed to locate the audience on shore, with a view of the river and a nighttime sky. Guthrie McClintic, who was producing "Winterset," agreed with him. Anderson preferred his own idea, but he was willing to discuss the subject. The discussion lost itself in a maze of metaphysical abstrac-

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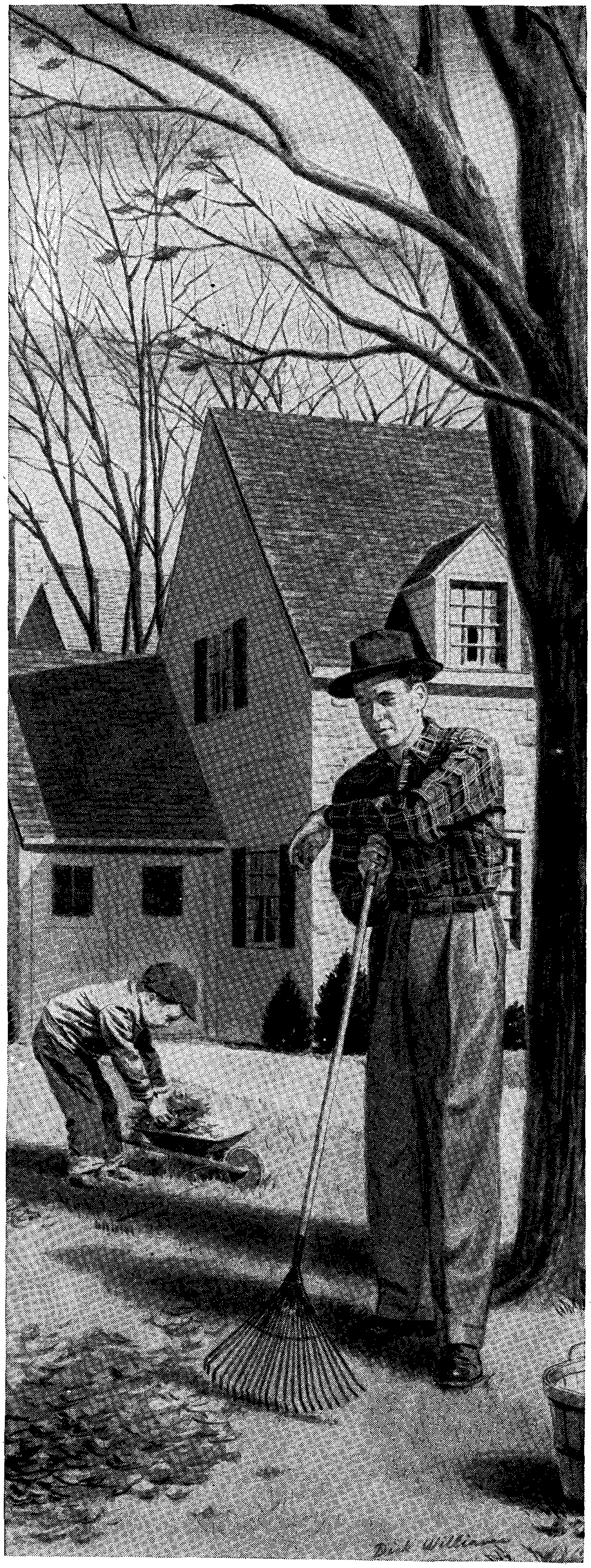

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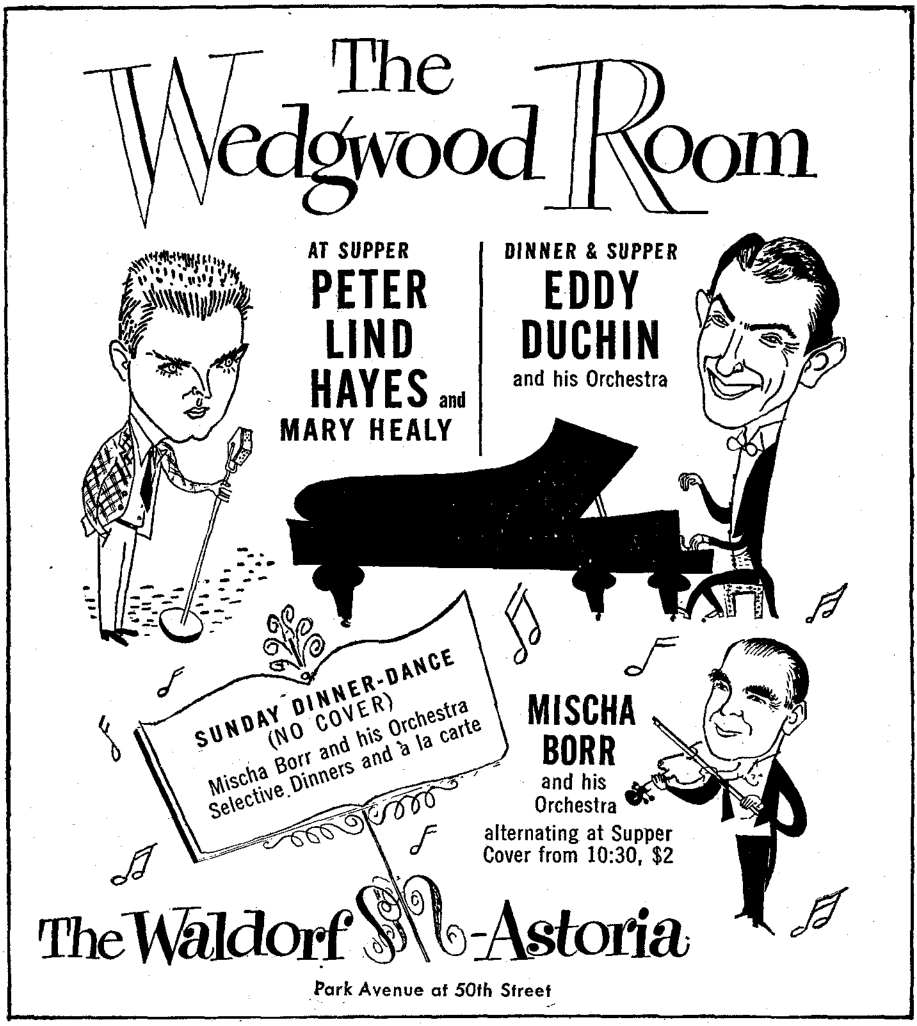
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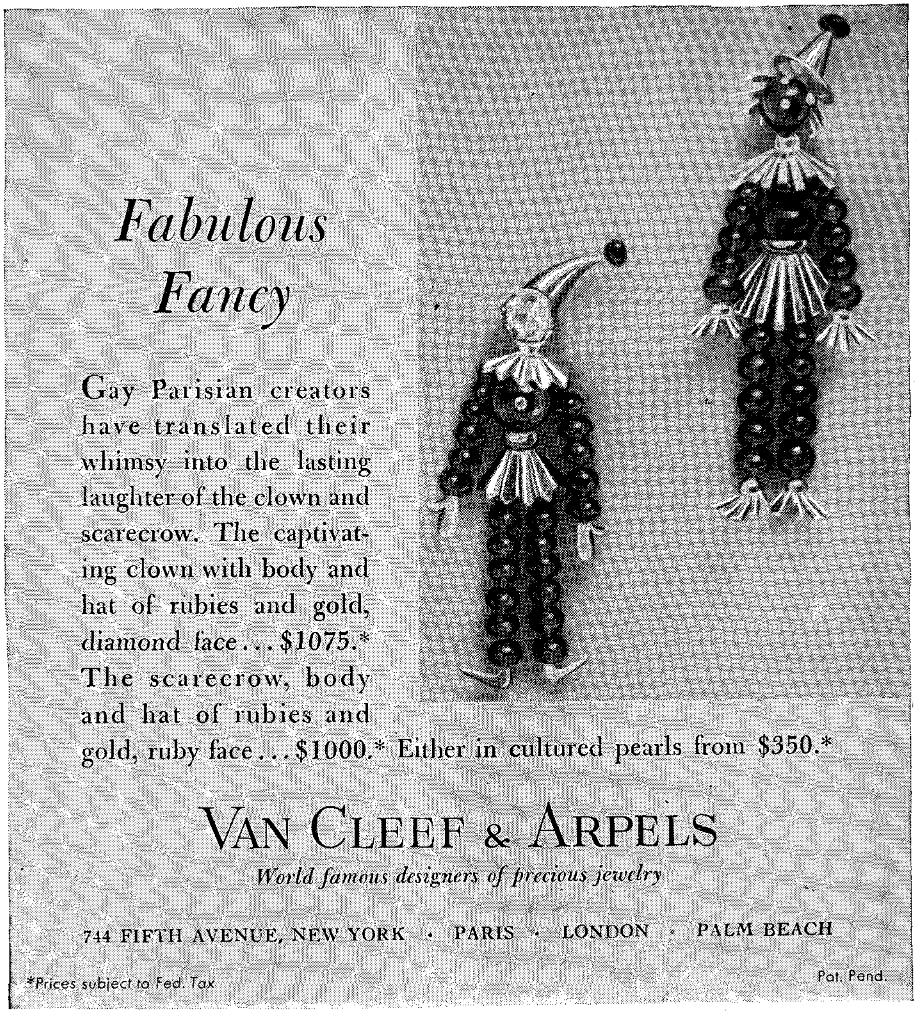
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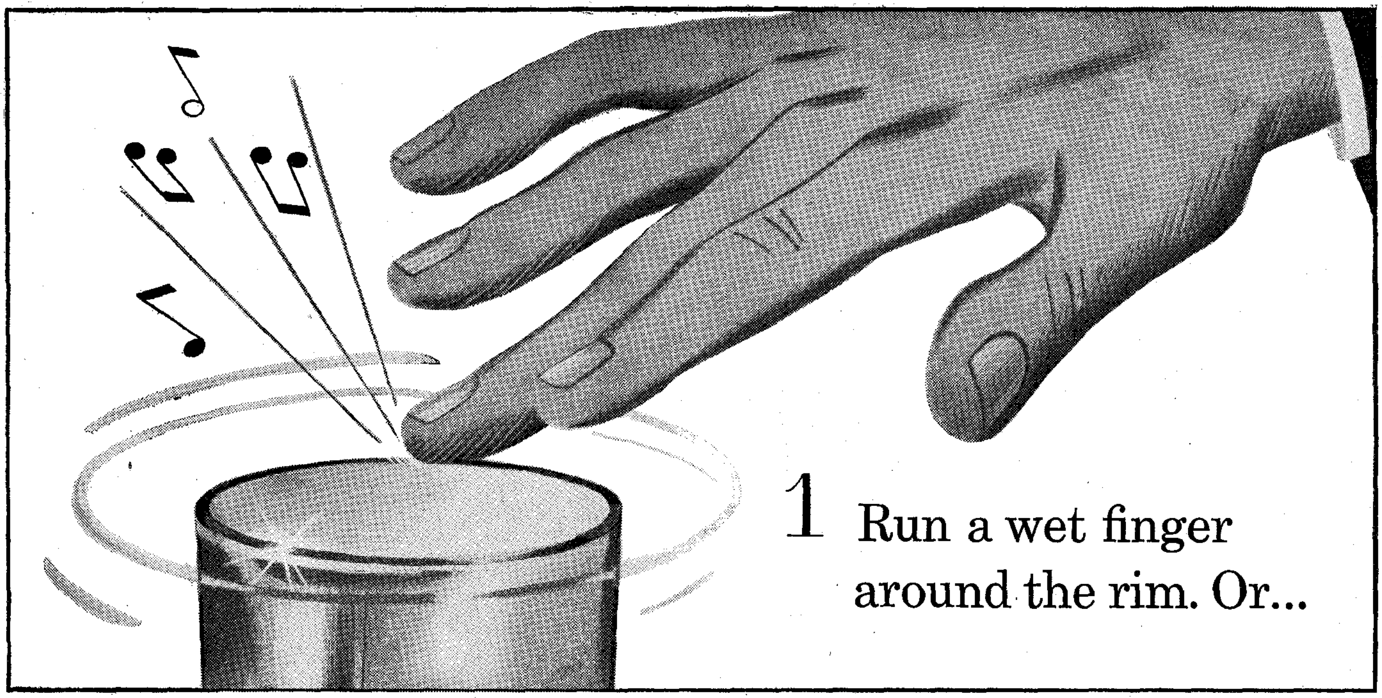
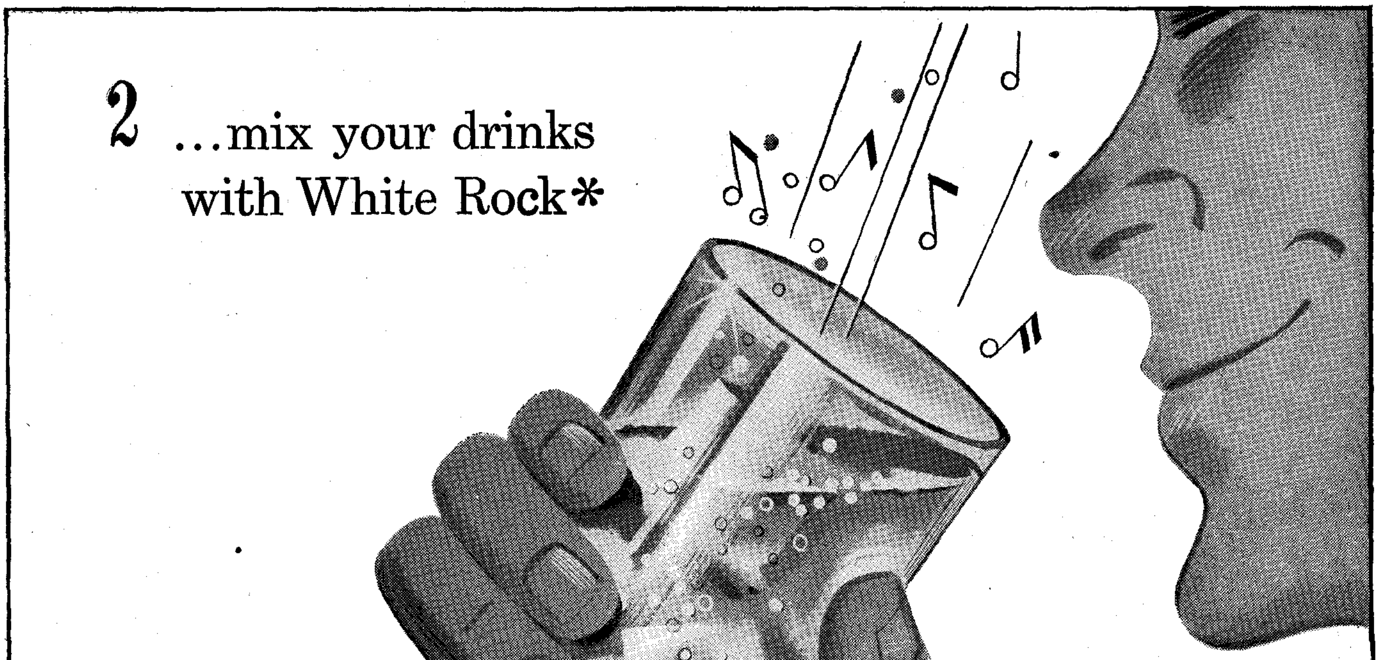
tions, and McClintic said that the only thing to do was make field tests of the different backgrounds. The three men took a taxi to Brooklyn at 2 A.M. and started to wander along the piers. The Brooklyn waterfront was a police problem at the time. Larceny and murder had been going on there with considerable vivacity. The artist, poet, and producer had hardly arrived before two policemen asked what they were loitering there for. The trio explained that they were seeking to determine the best aesthetic and spiritual environment for poetic drama. It was a new alibi to the cops. Whether the suspects were nuts or well-dressed thugs, this was a case for vigilance. With the police at their heels, the three men tried out blank verse on the wharves, tenements, and warehouses, then on the water and sky, and then they reasoned about the nature of the soul and the proper method of addressing it with emotion-transmitting and vision-conjuring phrases. The patrolmen were noticeably relieved when the three dubious strangers took off in a taxicab. McClintic and Mielziner thought the sky and river had scored a decisive victory. The poet was not wholly convinced, but he finally said, "Well, I guess you know more about it than I do. Do it your way." He was well satisfied when the sky-and-river scene was mounted on the stage. The whole affair is an example of the kind of amiable collaboration that, in Mielziner's opinion, is not typical of the old-fashioned Oriental despotisms of Hollywood.

For a more recent instance, Tennessee Williams, a dramatist with poetry in his makeup, had cherished ideas of his own for the scenery of "The Glass Menagerie," but he gave some of them up when Mielziner advised against them. For example, Williams wanted, on one wall of the play's single setting, a portrait considerably larger than lifesize, to symbolize the domination of the deceased head of the family over the minds of the living. When Mielziner originally read the stage directions, he liked the idea. Experience, however, had taught him that stage directions often read well but develop serious flaws when translated into stage design. On further study, he became certain that the oversize portrait would have a good dramatic effect at first but that, like the Belasco bacon and eggs, it would continue to inflict itself on the attention of the audience after it should have become a passive part of the background. The characters talked a good deal about the former prosperity of their family,

Two ways to get music out of a glass



1 Run a wet finger around the rim. Or...



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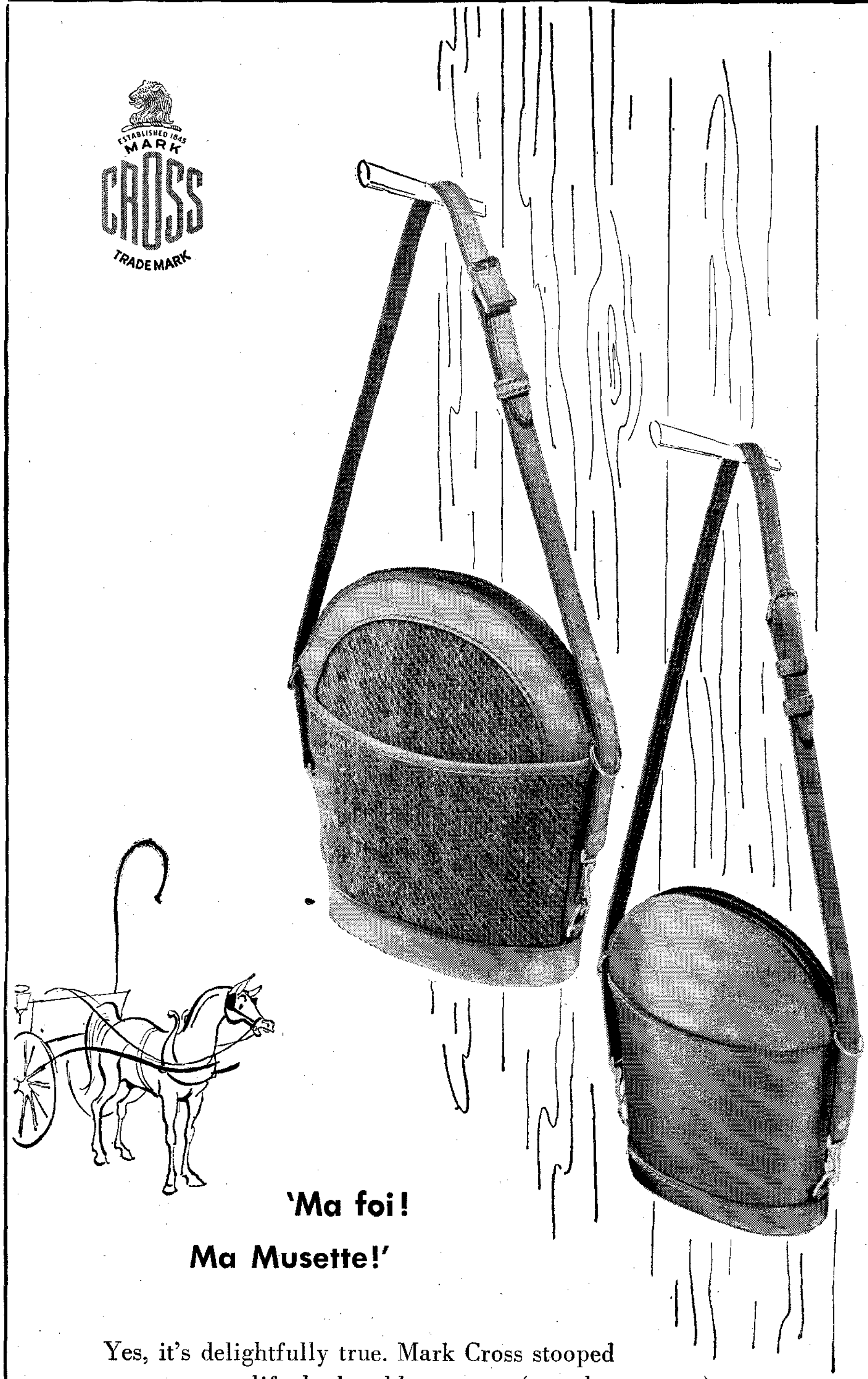

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recalling particularly a wonderful blue rose that had blossomed in their palmy days. The playwright wanted to illustrate their memories by projecting magic-lantern pictures of the blue rose and other old scenes on a panel, but Mielziner argued that this device would monopolize the attention of the audience and handicap the actors. Williams yielded on both points, but he still has a mental reservation in favor of using projected pictures to give visible form to reminiscences and thus dramatize nostalgia.

In recent years, Mielziner has been increasingly interested in the power of scenery to transmit psychological suggestion. The typical Mielziner setting is intended primarily not as an eye-filling spectacle but as an array of clues, hints, symptoms, innuendoes, keys to personality. One of the house-lovely magazines not long ago asked Mielziner to write an article treating stage design as a branch of interior decoration. He was outraged. The enormity of the suggestion caused him to burst into a heated monologue. He pointed out to the editor that the mission of scene design is to give the inside information, the lowdown, on the characters on the stage, while interior decoration tells nothing about its customers except that they have money enough to hire an interior decorator. An interior decorator can lavish a million dollars' worth of distinction on an oil-rich Digger Indian. The customer goes to a decorator to buy an atmosphere of elegance, taste, gaiety, dignity, or AAA credit rating. The scene designer's business is generally to puncture such pretensions. For Lillian Hellman's "Another Part of the Forest," Mielziner started off by designing an interior decorator's dream, a beautifully furnished old Southern mansion, and then carefully disarranged and cluttered it, so as to suggest that the characters didn't quite belong there. He told the editor that interior decoration is static and unrevealing, whereas stage scenery must sometimes run amuck in order to allow the audience to peer into the emotional centers of a character. Mielziner used conjurers' illusions and Coney Island crazy-house effects as part of a slapstick psychological study in Anita Loos's "Happy Birthday." A bar stool that climbed into the air and waved to and fro; a bottle that winked, hiccuped, and talked; expanding and contracting furniture; and walls that bloomed into hanging gardens were glimpses of what goes on in the brain cells of a teetotaller who suddenly takes to drink. Four worm drives had to be

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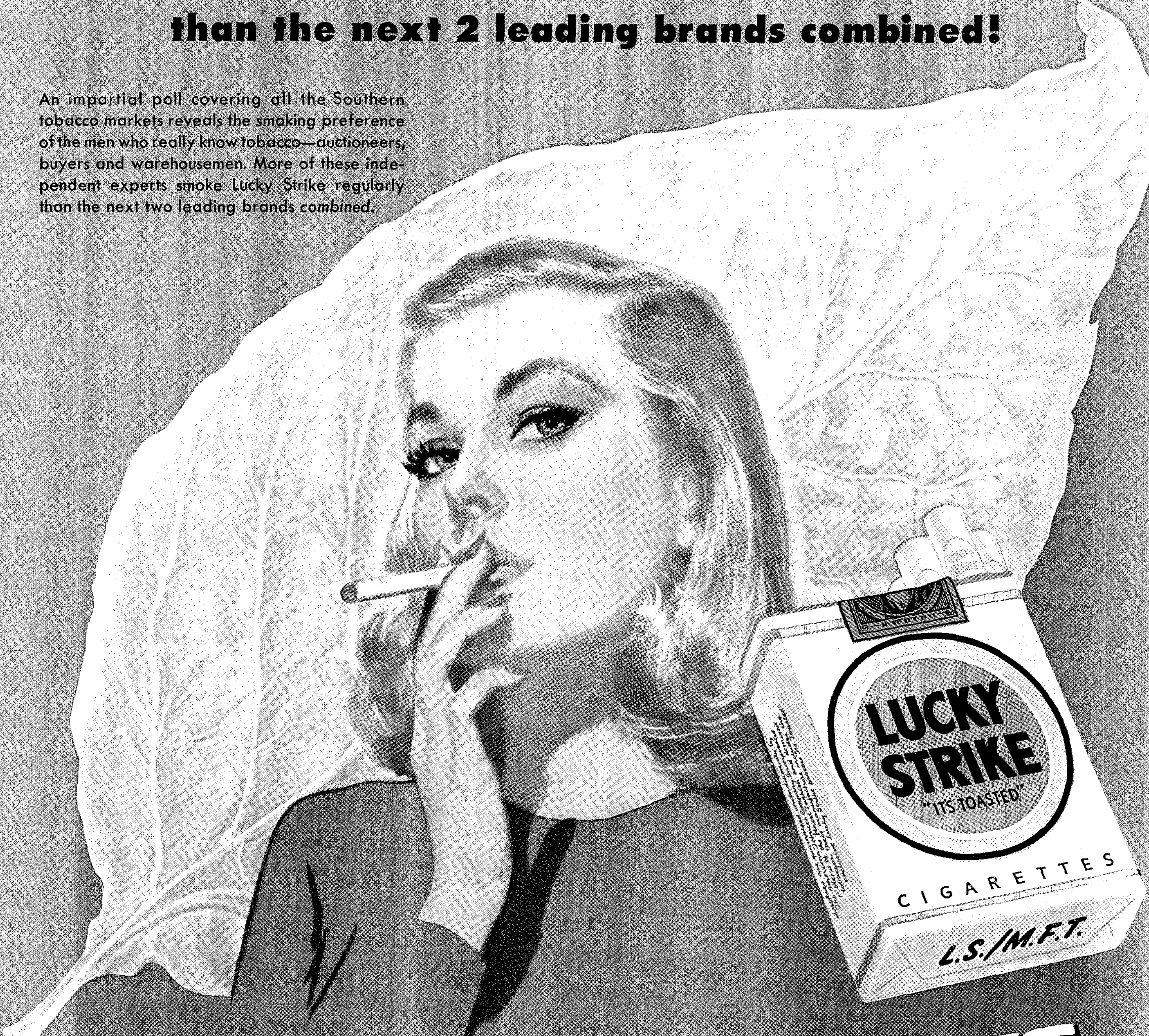

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So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw introduced into the legs of the stool to work it into an alcoholic frenzy. A compressed-air bubble, a concealed light bulb, and a miniature phonograph speaker enabled the bottle to do its act. In "A Streetcar Named Desire," Mielziner took a door that was a first-class item of interior decoration in its original state and worked on it long and painstakingly to make it both a document of family history and a character analysis of the people in the play. The door had been rather ornate, like the family, but had become seedy, like the family. Heavily smudged with handprints, it testified that the lady of the house had lost interest in appearances. Scuffed by heel marks and slightly askew from rough handling, it testified that the man of the house had the temperament of a kicker and a slammer. The old door is supposed to diagnose the family as the old watch in the Sherlock Holmes story diagnosed the character of Dr. Watson's deceased brother.

If the methods of stage design were applied to interior decoration, the artist would begin, Mielziner pointed out to the editor, by studying the weaknesses, vices, and obnoxious qualities of the customer, with the purpose of causing his surroundings to mirror his character. If the client were rich and vulgar, the designer would create a scene of horrors in the spare-no-expense style. Mielziner started to unfold his conception of a domestic setting for a client who was pompous and phony, but the editor had by then decided that he didn't want the article after all. —ALVA JOHNSTON

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Mielziner.*)

•

Col Hans Christian Adamson is slowly recovering from the effects of the 21 days he spent on a raft in the Pacific. After his long hospitalization the doctors started to recommend places where he would find his convalescence pleasant. One suggested Nevada, but Adamson already had tried it. Another advised New Mexico, but the patient seemed unexcited—and kept doodling figures: "La 40 deg. 40 Min. 19 sec. N, Long 73 deg., 58 min., 33 sec W."... The doctors, who knew that Adamson had spent time on the raft calculating longitudes and latitudes, checked on the figures he was doodling so longingly. It was the longitude and latitude of his home at 277 Park Ave.... They sent him home.
—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

According to *our* reckoning, he should have been sent to Wing Lee's Chinese Hand Laundry, 745 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, near Polhemus Place. Will the doctors kindly recheck their figures? This seems to us important.

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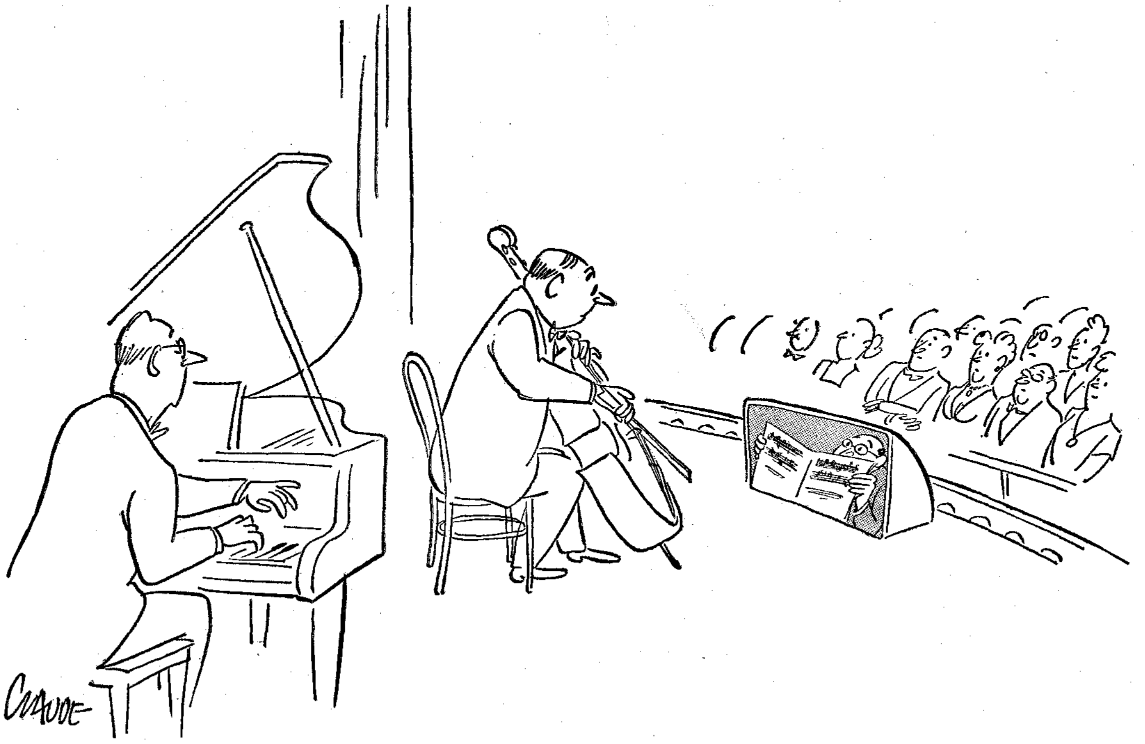
THE THEATRE

HELLO, MOM

SEVERAL years ago, to intrude a rather personal note into these observations, I had a hand in editing the stories upon which the plays called "Life with Father" and "Life with Mother" were eventually to be based. Since the late Clarence Day was an unusually precise writer, this involved little beyond adjusting his punctuation to fit the whims of a magazine perhaps unduly preoccupied with commas, but at least it served to fix the pieces firmly in my mind. So equipped, I think I can say that the principal difference between the two plays is that in the first Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay simply rearranged Mr. Day's text to fit the needs of the theatre, preserving a lot of it verbatim, while in the second the dialogue, excluding a couple of hundred "Gahd"s and "damn"s, is almost wholly theirs, as are considerable stretches of the plot. Mr. Crouse and Mr. Lindsay are good imitators, and their characters in "Life with Mother," at the Empire, often sound amazingly like the originals, but there is unquestionably a change in quality, a slight broadening or vulgarizing, as if the whole family, and Father especially, had gone down just a little in the social scale. To some degree, the same thing might be said of the episodes the playwrights have invented to supplement the rather unsubstantial story they have chosen as their central theme. These complications are ingenious, but somehow or other they don't seem exactly the kind of things that would have happened to the Days, the pattern of whose lives, while not strictly that of polite comedy, was certainly not that of vaudeville. None of this is meant to imply that the work at the Empire isn't an extremely funny show or that the people in it aren't as engaging a group as you're likely to meet this season. The only point I want to make is that this time Mr. Crouse and Mr. Lindsay have moved so far from the spirit of their source, sometimes almost to the extent of appearing to parody it, that something unique and important, the authentic recreation of a personality and an era, seems to be missing. This is probably a captious and oversentimental objection, but I can't help feeling it is one that Mr. Day himself might easily have shared.

The sequel, to get down to the facts, has to do with Mother's determination to get an engagement ring out of her husband, though they have been married no fewer than twenty-two years. This resolve is based partly on her conviction that Father put something over on her when she was too young to know her own rights, but much more on her resentment over the circumstance that he once did indeed give such a ring to a girl, who, though now a terribly silly old widow, still wears it around. Naturally enough, Mother wants this ring and no other, and in the end she makes him get it for her, just as she previously made him get baptized. This, of course, is a fairly slight notion for a play, but, as they were in "Life with Father," the adapters have been resourceful in their handling of only barely relevant subplots and picturesque subordinate characters. Clarence, Jr., has an engagement-ring problem of his own that works in very neatly with his parents' dilemma; Cousin Cora, a holdover from the previous play, has acquired a nasal Middle Western husband, who struck me as a fine comic inspiration, though hardly one that would have been apt to occur to Mr. Day; there is some intricate business about the stock market, which again reveals Mother as a great financial mystic; there is a very nice bit involving another young Day and his terrible determination to recite "Incident of the French Camp;" and, finally, there are Father's difficulties with telephones, iceboxes, doctors, drunken coachmen, and, above all, with Cora's unspeakable mate, who starts out by criticizing his horses, his garden, and his choice of food ("You know what sweetbreads *are*, don't you?"), and winds up by calling him a Wall Street swindler. Altogether, it is a full, rich evening, and you'd probably do well to order your tickets now for next March.

As they did before, Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast, and neither Father's irascible disposition ("Damn everything an inch high and a year old!") nor Mother's scatterbrained charm has diminished at all with the years. There are several other veterans of the 1939 company on hand—Dorothy Bernard, Ruth Hammond, A. H. Van Buren, and John Drew Devereaux—and they, too, still perform almost perfectly. Of the new members, I think Robert Emhardt is excellent as the atrocity from the West, Gladys



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CHICAGO

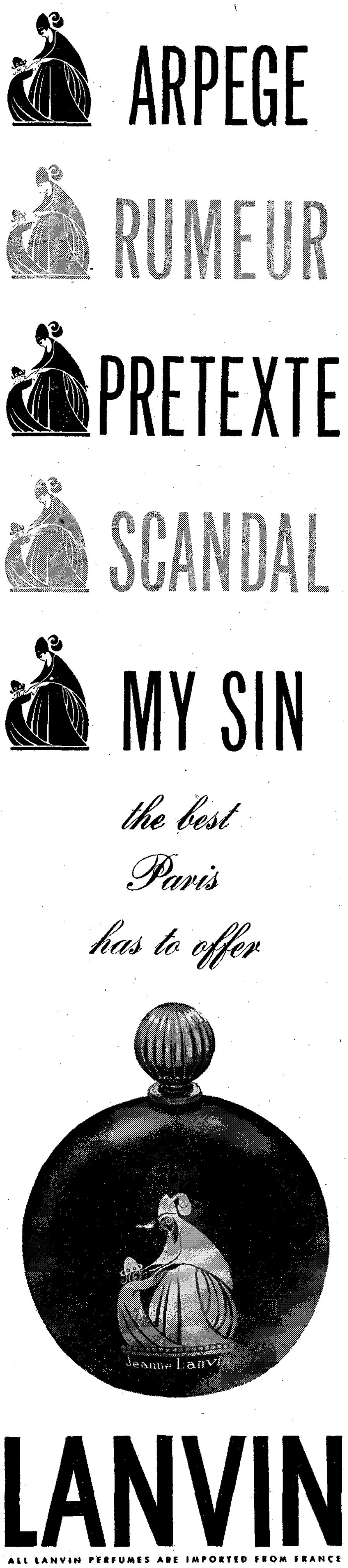
Hurlbut incredible but amusing as Father's old girl, and a child named Robert Wade really fascinating as the tiny elocutionist. Donald Oenslager has designed an extraordinarily cheerful and spacious set for the first two acts, which take place at the Days' country house up in Harrison; for the third, back in that historic morning room on Madison Avenue, Stewart Chaney's original scenery is used. It seemed like coming home again.

THE heroine of "The Leading Lady," of which Ruth Gordon is the author and was the star, is Gay Marriott, an actress ornamenting the American stage during the McKinley administration, who has on the whole a very discouraging time, being once even reduced to proposing marriage to a critic. Her other experiences, though naturally not as mortifying as that, are bad enough. In the beginning, she is celebrating the opening of a play in which she is appearing with her husband, Gerald, an idol of the period, who has elevated her from a position as chambermaid at the Palmer House to that of his co-star. At this party, attended by Clyde Fitch and a lot of other celebrities, whose names I didn't quite catch, the critic's notice is read aloud, and when it appears that he admires Gay rather more than Gerald, that illustrious old mountebank calls her a slut and drops dead. That is the condensed essence of the first act. In the second, Gay tries to go on alone, but her spiritual dependence on her husband has been such that she is lost without him, and she has three flops in a row. After she has been dismissed during the rehearsals of still a fourth piece, a young playwright, who loves her, offers her a part in something he has written for Charles Frohman, but nothing comes of that, either, because he insults Gerald's memory and she throws him out of the house. So much for the second act. In the last, she has decided to give up the stage, the auctioneers have taken over her furniture, and there is obviously nothing left for her but a job teaching elocution in a girls' school, a fate, of course, worse than Siberia. Fortunately, however, the playwright is still around and, in a scene that sounds as if it had been written while Miss Gordon was under the drier at her hairdresser's, he sets her free from Gerald's spell, and the presumption is that she will not only marry him but also star in his works, which, judging from a brief sample submitted, threaten to be purest goo serene.

Every now and then Miss Gordon has illuminated her play with flashes of wit, usually in the course of discussions of acting technique carried on by two old troupers, who were very crisply played by Ethel Griffies and William J. Kelly, but more often her mood is sentimental and the conversations she produces are as innocently baroque as the set in which they took place, a fine museum of nineteenth-century horrors assembled by Donald Oenslager, apparently quite a busy fellow these days. I am no man to deny, at least publicly, the romance of the theatre, but somehow it is not a theme that works out particularly well on the stage, as George Kaufman and Moss Hart demonstrated not so long ago in "The Fabulous Invalid." For one thing, a play about actors is almost inevitably a succession of clichés based on their mystical suspension between two worlds, their volatile dispositions, and their lunatic attachment to their trade; for another, the writer is too close to his subject and has a tendency to get choked up, to the detriment of both his thought and his prose. Miss Gordon is unquestionably an intelligent woman, as well as an accomplished comedienne, but this time she escaped neither the clichés nor the catch in the throat.

In addition to the author, Miss Griffies, and Mr. Kelly, the cast included John Carradine, who, as the critic, looked like Robert Louis Stevenson and talked like Alexander Woollcott; Ian Keith, who, as noted, expired early in the evening; Wesley Addy, as the playwright; and Mildred Dunnock, as one of those sharp-tongued but fiercely loyal retainers who seem to be almost standard equipment in plays of this kind. They were all standard equipment, as it happened, and the fact that they sometimes fleetingly resembled human beings is a high tribute to their art.

AS my elders in the critical profession, by now a negligible minority, have often remarked, it is not considered good form to complain about the story that goes with an operetta, on the ground that it is a conventional device for spanning the intervals between songs, and so immune to rational literary judgments. The spectator is just supposed to enjoy the music, admire the girls, the costumes, and the scenery, and laugh at the jokes, however sorry, and the courteous reviewer is expected to govern himself accordingly. Therefore, I will say of Rowland Leigh's book for "My Romance," at the Shubert, only that it was taken from a play written in 1913 by Edward Sheldon, which I never saw; that it has something to do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with a complicated love affair between a New York cleric and an Italian opera singer, equipped with an almost impenetrable accent and a small monkey; and that it is probably the damnedest nonsense you ever listened to in your life. Of the matters that are open to legitimate comment, I regret to say that my opinion is scarcely more complimentary. Sigmund Romberg's score, except for a number called "In Love with Romance," seems strangely uninspired; the romantic stars, though they sing nicely, act with an abandon that emphasizes the foolishness of their roles; the comedy, though a good deal of it is entrusted to Luella Gear, an undisputed expert, is distressing, even by operetta standards; and the scenery and costumes, designed by Watson Barratt and Lou Eisele, respectively, are ornate but not especially fetching. The public for this form of entertainment is notoriously indulgent, but I can't believe it is quite indulgent enough for "My Romance."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The royal family went to Balmoral, their Summer home in Scotland, in July and Elizabeth went with them. She spent the lazy Summer in quiet seclusion, walking about the grounds, taking short automobile rides, planning her baby's arrival.

In the normal course of things, she will return to London with her mother and sister about the middle of October. It will be a quiet, unostentatious journey.

About a month later, perhaps on the very anniversary of her marriage, the Year of Elizabeth will reach its historic climax.

Rabbits sometimes produce in a single year five or six litters of from three to 10 young at a time.—*Birmingham* (*Ala.*) *News-Age-Herald.*

No lazy summer for *them*, walking about the grounds.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Thorpe was equally phlegmatic. Nobody hit harder than Jim, but he never worried; and he never was injured carrying a football. Once he was asked, "How did you avoid getting hurt?"

He didn't answer. Instead he inquired, "How could anybody get hurt playing football?"—*Bill Fay in Collier's.*

"Football's too rough a game," said the famous Indian [Thorpe] from Shawnee, Okla., Hollywood, Canton, and Chicago, who was merely better at it than any other human being.

"I still have the effects from it," he went on.

"Bruised up. Ribs caved in. Ankles and knees buckled. I don't think they should play after college and I really don't think they should play at all!"—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

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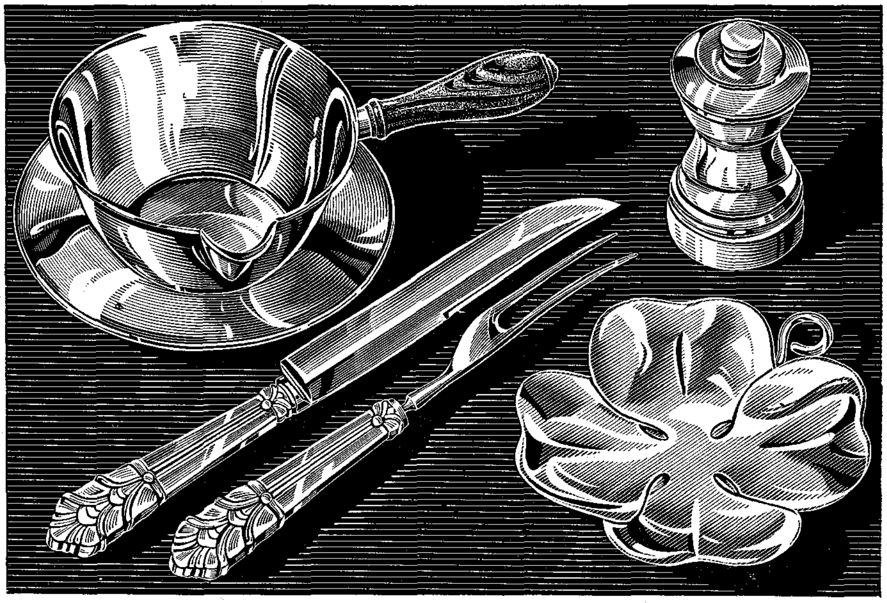

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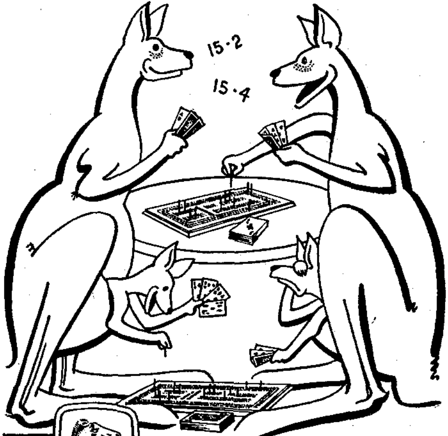

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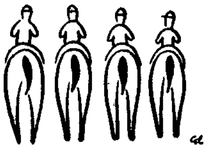

THIS is a pretty late date for me to start composing paeans in honor of Tea-Maker, who ran twice at Jamaica last week, but I like to take my time about such matters. Tea-Maker hardly measures up to Citation; nevertheless, he has his points. He is five years old, but for one reason and another (the best one being that Mrs. Ambrose Clark, who owns him, wanted to make a jumper of him, as she does most of her horses, and he just wouldn't jump), he never raced, even in steeplechases, until last March. Dolly Byers, the old steeplechase rider, who trains him, entered him, at Camden, South Carolina, in a couple of those gay little jaunts over the hurdles, and Tea-Maker lost his rider in both. His final appearance as a steeplechaser was at Delaware Park in June, and he finished down the course. As a rule, when racers are no longer any good on the flat, they are put to jumping. In the case of Tea-Maker, the custom has been reversed—and with notable success.

Since finding his racing legs, at Saratoga, in August, Tea-Maker has won six times, at from six furlongs to a mile and a half, usually at good prices. Some of the payoffs on him in the two-dollar mutuels were $103.30, $37.40, $63.70, and $24.10. (Citation's best price this year, horseplayers will tell you glumly, was $2.80.) By all odds, Tea-Maker's finest performance to date was last Saturday's, in the Mount Kisco Handicap, at five and a half furlongs, when he finished second to Grey Flight, beating Buzfuz, Knockdown, and Blue Border, the Greentree Stable's problem child, who runs only when in the mood. Grey Flight, who is as quick as a mink in getting off the mark, took a long early lead, but Tea-Maker, after going wide on the turns, was wearing her down fast in the last furlong. Don't be surprised if he pops up in the Daingerfield Handicap, at two miles and a sixteenth, later on in the meeting, and goes well in it, too. Lots of people are walking over to the paddock these days to have a look at Tea-Maker. He is a medium-sized dark-bay gelding with a fine head and an almost lordly bearing. He isn't noticeably narrow-chested or slab-sided, yet when racing he still wears a breastplate, which is a rigging

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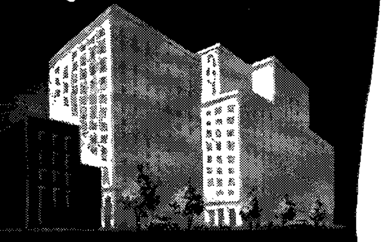

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that light-bodied steeplechasers wear to keep their saddles straight. Maybe it's to remind him that he was a jumper once.

I DARESAY that the victory of the Woodvale Farm's colt Sport Page in the East View Stakes, at Jamaica, was a welcome relief to his supporters. He won his first start, early in the summer, but he didn't win again until last Saturday. In the meantime, though, he finished second in the Saratoga Special, the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and the Hopeful, and was third in the Futurity. (As a matter of fact, he lost by a nose to Swap Out, earlier last week.) Well, his luck finally turned. The last quarter of the East View was a slam-bang affair, but Arcaro, who rode Sport Page, managed to get him home a nod ahead of Illuminable, who had rougher going and wasn't nearly as well handled by his rider, Permane. Also, because of one of those slips even the most careful horsemen sometimes make, Ed Taylor, who owns Illuminable, failed to claim a five-pound allowance in weight to which his horse was entitled. Had he done so, I've no doubt that Sport Page would have been second again. Arcaro was as pleased as anybody over the outcome. This was his last ride hereabouts this season; it seems that he's been having pains in one of his arms, and he's going to take a long holiday. He has one more riding engagement, though—Citation, in the Pimlico Special, at Baltimore, on Friday. *That* shouldn't be much of a chore.

A CHEERFUL note for forward-looking horseplayers is that the Long Island race tracks are going to have the daily double next year for the first time since 1945. Colonel Martingale is all for improving the pari-mutuel handle.

—AUDAX MINOR

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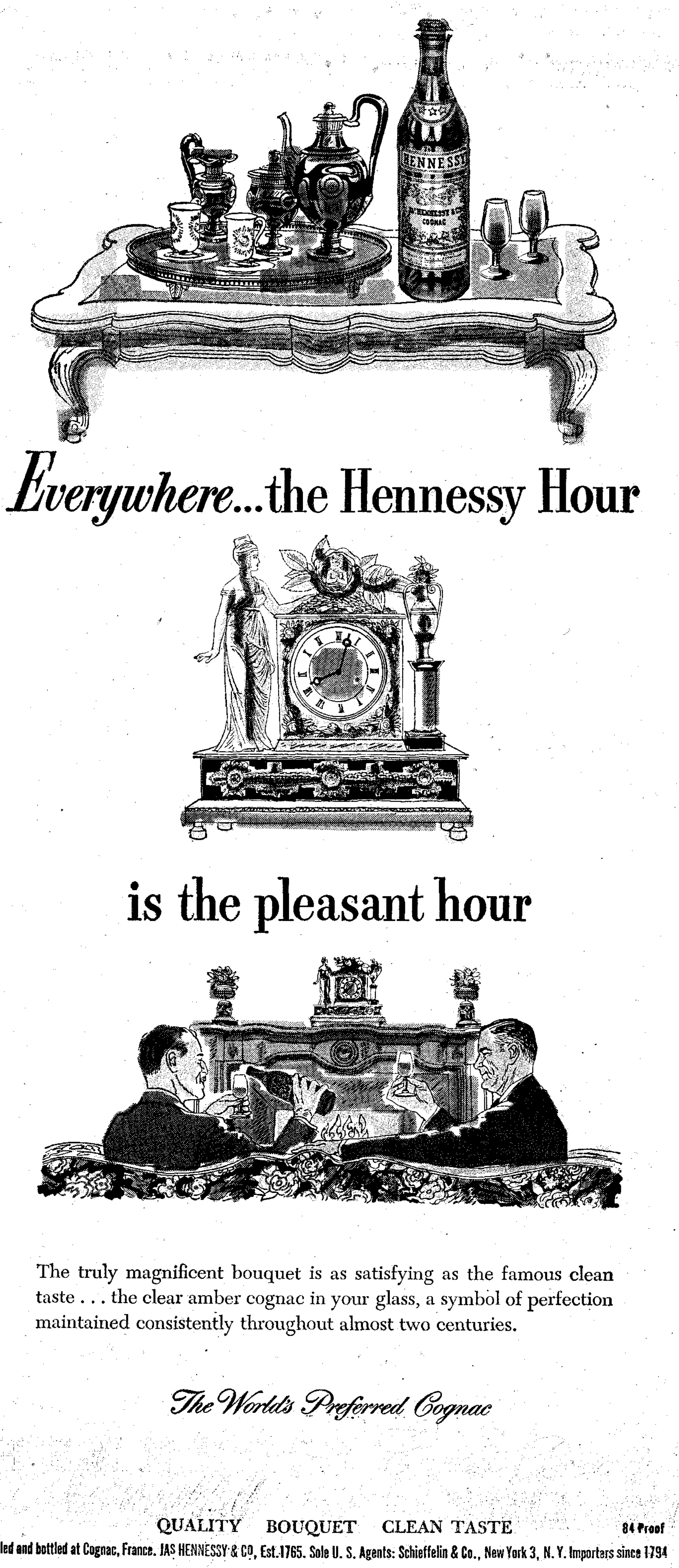
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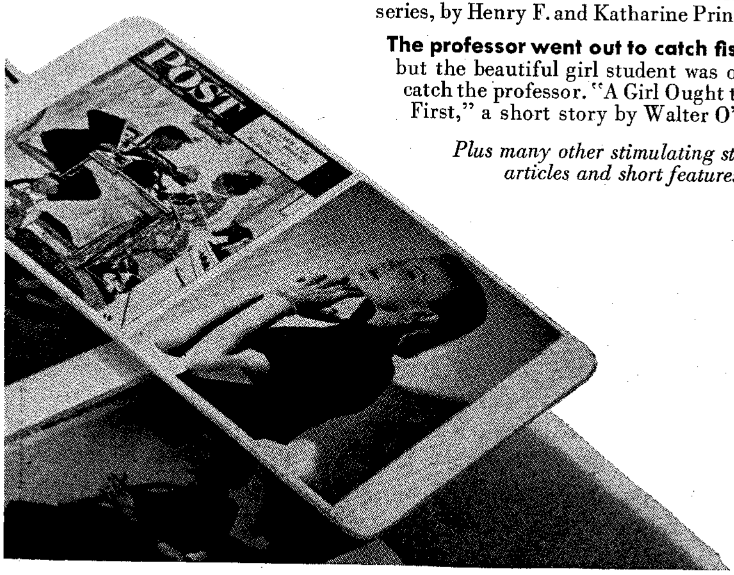

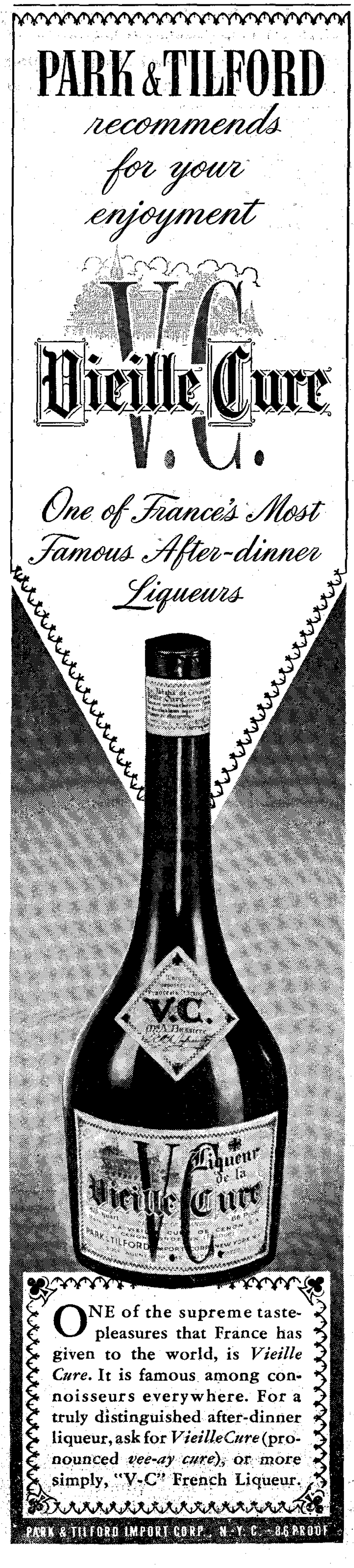
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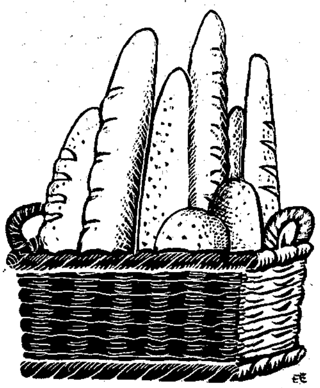
FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE

THE French West Indian possession of Martinique—the northernmost of the Windward Islands, three hundred miles off the coast of Venezuela, in the chain of the Lesser Antilles—has been variously, accurately, and with not too much originality referred to as the garden spot of the Indies, the pearl of the Indies, and the land of beautiful women. Elaborating on the theme of the island's women, a local popular song called "La Martinique" proclaims: "Here they are pretty, here they are chic." Some of the most spectacular tropical scenery in the Caribbean is to be found on this island, which is only forty miles long and twenty-one miles across at its widest point, and it certainly makes the garden-spot idea more applicable to Martinique than to many another place that has claimed a similar distinction. For those who like it warm, the island is ideal, since the average temperature is eighty-three. Martinique is famous for its mountains, its natural sulphur springs, the fact that the Empress Josephine was born here, and its rum—now, as always, its only important export except for sugar. Less widely known but of more interest, perhaps, is a way of living being practiced by the members of the island's economic aristocracy, the French colonials—members of French families long established here—who appear to be affectionately striving to revive the atmosphere and customs of a bittersweet era in American history. Indeed, those who know only by hearsay what Long Island was like in the times of Harding and Coolidge would find it enlightening to look in on Martinique these days and examine for themselves a way of living that was peculiar to the United States during the twenties. If one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's gilded characters should visit this island now, he would probably feel thoroughly at home, for his double is everywhere.



This double, who is a Frenchman, wears a white dinner jacket and owns a fast imported French car, and his home is in the fashionable Fort-de-France suburb of Route Didier. Breadfruit and frangipani, instead of smilax, frame his outdoor bar, but otherwise the picture is in focus, for he is surrounded at cocktail time by provocative women who have a kind of doomed prettiness about them, and for the delectation of his male guests there are lewdly painted highball glasses and those trick ones that spill liquor down your shirt front when you try to drink. I have recently heard him discussing the two-demand bid, the politics of Jimmy Walker, and the success of the *Jalna* books, and he has a neurotic compulsion to drink a new cocktail, much in demand, called an Alexander. In his manic moods, he may jump into a swimming pool wearing all his clothes or fill a friend's bathtub with aspic. He favors the wire-haired fox terrier. The island he lives on has a population of two hundred and sixty thousand, but ninety-nine per cent of the inhabitants are Negroes or mulattoes, and under the circumstances he is fretful, vastly outnumbered, and subject to fits of melancholy and loneliness. He feels lost, and out of touch with his mother country, where he has been once, when a child, to visit relatives, and he is as vague about the British islands of St. Lucia, twenty miles to the south of Martinique, and Dominica, twenty-five miles to the north, as he is about New York, which his parents, but not he, visited some twenty years ago. He works at, and is unhappy in, a job he inherited in his family's import-export firm in Fort-de-France, the island's capital, and he has yet to become alarmed over a puzzling manifestation called Communism, which has only just turned up here. By training, he is a Catholic and a heavy drinker. His preference in games is Murder, in sports ping-pong. If he is married, he lives in one of Route Didier's newer villas, built along the lines of 1928-modern architecture, and rarely leaves his home except to go to his office or on an occasional champagne picnic. If he is single, he frequents the Lido, a few miles up the coast, which is his favorite—and, in fact, his only—rendezvous for dining and dancing, and where there is a view of the Caribbean and an out-of-bounds atmosphere that recalls the roadhouses of prohibition. The décor of the Lido—latticework and strings of colored lights overhead—is comfortably démodé, and empty bottles are usually floating on the surface of its pool. He and his current girl friend

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are likely to dance at the Lido until dawn, then fall asleep in his car, and on several occasions I have seen them pull out silver hip flasks. On quiet evenings, he may take in one of the old American gangster films, which enjoy long and profitable runs in Fort-de-France.

Columbus discovered Martinique in 1502, or possibly even earlier. The French discovered it in 1635. They found the Carib tribesmen who inhabited the island a far from hospitable lot and almost immediately set up a garrison of seven hundred men to teach them manners. By 1674, when Martinique officially became a French colony, the Caribs had been all but exterminated and the island's population totalled perhaps five thousand inhabitants. Both the Dutch and the British later tried to take it over, and on three occasions the British succeeded in doing so, holding it at one time for as long as eight years. Its present black population is descended not from the Caribs but from slaves imported from Africa. (Martinique formally abolished slavery in 1860.) Through the years, many gradations in the color of the islanders have evolved, and a secondary language, Creole—a sort of patois based on the old Carib tongue, with a French or English word injected here and there—has also come into being. It has a staccato sound and, except when sung, is curiously unpleasant. French as spoken by the average native of Martinique is careless and flat, and in the speech of the colonials there is also an accent, though less noticeable. According to a local legend, Martinique got a lasting lesson in the humanities when much of its activity was centered in St. Pierre, once a prosperous seaport town. A French sailing vessel put in there, and the townspeople invited all but one of the crew, the only Negro on board, to attend a performance of an opera, to be followed by a ball. The captain of the vessel, upon learning of the snub, declined to attend, and in his place he sent the Negro, investing him with full authority over the rest of the crew for the evening.

This is said to have happened some sixty years ago, at a time when the English expatriate Lafcadio Hearn, the last of the lotus-eaters, was in residence. A timid, kind, and affectionate man, he endeared himself to the natives, who are timid, kind, and affectionate. In humble and exquisite prose, Hearn, in his journal, reported on the heat, the natives' faith in sorcery, and eleven-o'clock breakfasts. Occasionally, he would walk in the country, but the fer-de-lance, a poisonous snake that abounded on the island in those days, worried him, and so did the summer floods, which frequently swept away women washing clothes on the banks of streams. He was careful to spend the better part of his time in bed. In Hearn's journal there are few references to rum and none to the race problem. The roe of a shallow-water fish or an invasion of ants was sufficient material for him, and his sympathy and discretion have been honored in the public library at Fort-de-France, where his volumes outrank both Balzac and Hugo four to one.

On the morning of May 8, 1902, St. Pierre was dealt a mortal blow when the volcanic Mt. Pelée, five miles away, erupted with a gigantic explosion. The city and its forty thousand inhabitants were wiped out in ten minutes. For a time, it was thought that the colony could not survive this catastrophe, and there was talk of abandoning the island. Today, St. Pierre is a mere bend in the road, its ruins concealed by vegetation, and real estate in the vicinity is the cheapest on Martinique. In 1933, funds were raised for the building of a museum to house relics of the disaster. A neat, practical building overlooking the sea, it occupies the site where, according to another local legend, Lafcadio Hearn composed his sketches of Martinique life. A charred piece of wood, supposedly part of his favorite mangrove tree, is preserved under glass, along with various kitchen utensils and some burned biscuits, as reminders of St. Pierre's domestic life.

To the despair of France and the dismay of tourists, Martinique remains aloof and unexploited in the heart of the West Indies travel belt. Hardly anybody comes here except on business, and few visitors stay on unless they have friends on the island who can put them up. Martinique has only one even passable hotel, *pension* accommodations are sketchy (passengers on the few cruise ships that stay here more than a day usually return to the vessels at night to sleep in their cabins), and the American Consulate is manned by a staff of six who are never too busy to warn off hopefuls who write for tourist information. The Alcoa line's ships that put in here every three weeks anchor well out in the harbor, and those tourists who venture ashore must make their own sightseeing arrangements for a one-day glimpse of Fort-de-France. A ship of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique reaches Martinique from New York about once a month. The island's last tourist booklet was issued in 1935; the most recent picture postcards in the local shops show photographs of the Normandie when it paid a visit here in 1938. There is no airport. To reach Martinique by plane from the United States, it is necessary to go on to Trinidad or St. Lucia and then fly back by an Air France seaplane, which lands in the harbor of Fort-de-France. The Americans in Martinique are few and unfrivolous. The only ones in permanent residence are the members of the consular staff, a Baptist missionary and his family, and a roving Seventh-Day Adventist who services the island impartially with religious literature and copies of *Time*.

Twice a month, a flag bearing the emblem of an amphibious Pegasus is hoisted over the terrace of the château that Air France maintains in Route Didier to take care of its transients and personnel. The flag indicates that a flying boat will arrive from France the next day. At the cocktail hour on the day before it returns to the mother country, an extraordinary amount of excitement is generated in the château's bar by businessmen, young women, colonials, officers and cadets off the French training ship Jeanne d'Arc, when it happens to be in these waters, and the members of the flying boat's crew, all of whom gather there to drink and play dice and watch the big orange sun disappear into the Sea of the Antilles. Declarations of passion are made, appointments in Paris are arranged (to be quickly forgotten), and, at last, the camaraderie that flares over rum punch is dissipated by the Air France dinner gong. A phonograph is playing an old Maurice Chevalier song, and members of the departing company are singing a still older song, one version of which goes:

If I die, I want to be buried in a wine
  cellar,
My feet against the wall
And my mouth underneath the spigot.
And my mouth,
Yes! Yes! Yes!
And my mouth,
No! No! No!
And my mouth underneath the spigot.

People from France who visit here seem fond of implying that life on Martinique is rough and romantic and that Fort-de-France provides opportunities for mysterious off-color diversion. They say that because of this the island takes a sinister hold on sailors who have been ashore here for any length of time and that they are never good sailors again. Their reasoning seems murky, inasmuch

Others may boast larger cars, costlier homes . . . but nobody can smoke a better cigarette!

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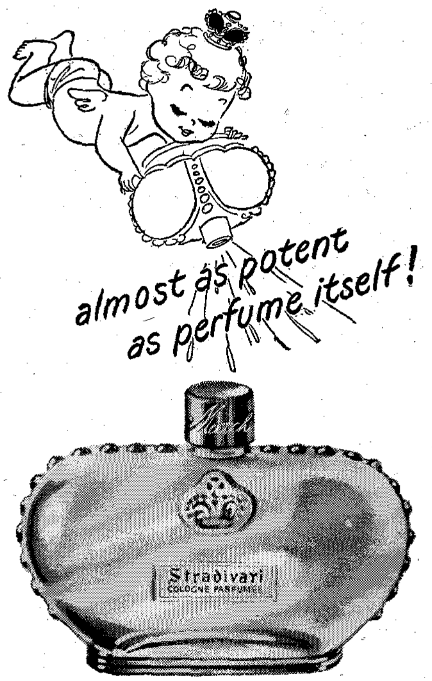
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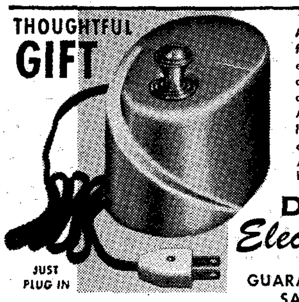

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as seafaring men throughout history have sampled the pleasures of far more notorious ports (assuming, for the sake of argument, that Fort-de-France warrants being called notorious at all) without any noticeably deleterious effect upon their professional skill. What is it, then? Rum? The climate? But sailors have also been subjected to the perils of alcohol and tropical weather elsewhere and have then sailed expertly away. At this point, the French simply shrug.

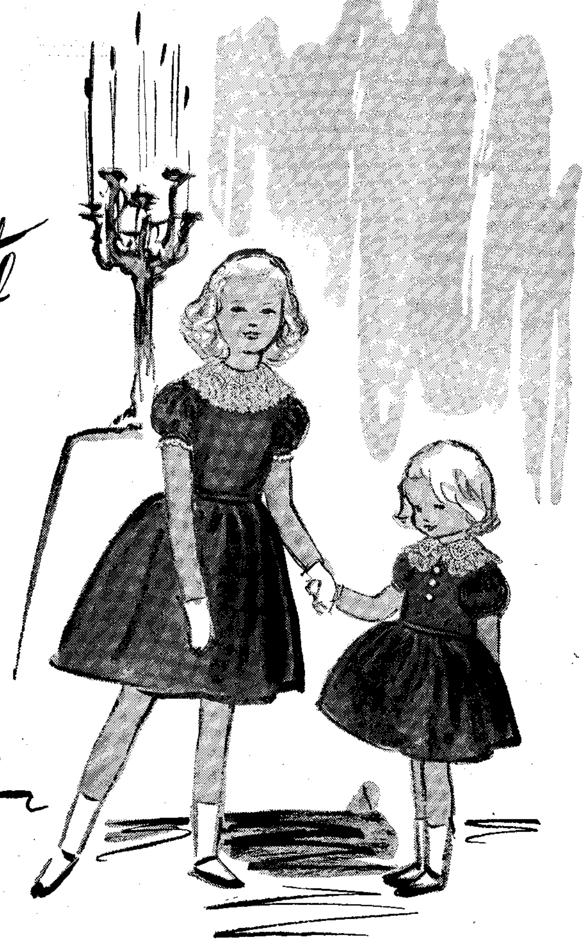
When I asked one French visitor to Martinique why his country takes a distrustful attitude toward the colony, he tried, rather gropingly, to explain the situation by saying that France feels that Martinique has boiled its potatoes and now must eat them. This, it developed, was an allusion to the island's political position during the war, when, under the aggressive administration of Admiral Georges Robert, her citizens became passive, and in some instances unwilling, accomplices of the Vichy regime. So far as the Martiniquais were concerned, the war still seemed very remote and the issues involved blurry when, early in 1940, Robert, who had been the Paris-appointed civil administrator of the island for some time, suddenly assumed dictatorial powers. His hand was strengthened in June of that year by the arrival off Fort-de-France of the French cruiser Emile Bertin, with a large but unspecified amount of French gold. The cruiser had escaped from Halifax Harbor, where she was being detained by the British, and, once at sea, had proceeded—under orders from no one, so the rumor went—to Martinique. Her arrival here not only was a source of personal gratification to Robert but created a stir among his subjects, for the story of her escape, as told by Martinique citizens at the time, was one of Anglo-Saxon villainy thwarted by the heroic and Gallic Emile Bertin. The exploit's lustre soon wore off, however, for Robert's regime was presently recognized by Vichy, which prompted the United States to demand that the gold be placed in the custody of the Allies. Instead of complying, Robert put his treasure under guard at Fort-de-Saix, an old landmark outside Fort-de-France, at which point Cordell Hull cut off supplies to the island, thus creating a food shortage. Meanwhile, at considerable peril, disillusioned de-Gaulliste sympathizers began leaving the island. To do so was illegal at the time, so many of them arranged to be smuggled off at night by not necessarily friendly boatmen, who very often reported that their passengers had "fallen overboard and drowned" before reaching St. Lucia or Dominica. Both the gold and Robert have since been returned to France. At last reports, the Admiral had been sentenced to ten years in prison by a court that, owing to his age (he is in his seventies), recommended that the government suspend the sentence.

Martinique has not only caused concern for her morals among the French; as in so many tropical colonies, her citizens are inclined to indolence and to produce no more than is necessary to meet their personal needs, with the result that she is costing France money. The island is no longer a colony; in 1947 she and Guadeloupe, her French neighbor to the north, were made French departments and are now under the Departmental rule of a *préfet*, like Pas-de-Calais or Seine-et-Oise. To the distress of the islanders, after making this change, the French government began to levy taxes on them. People here seem hopeful whenever talk goes around, as it occasionally does, that the United States is studying Martinique's strategic value with a view to incorporating the island into her system of defense. If the United States should ever acquire Martinique from France, the islanders would no doubt rationalize American democracy as they once rationalized Vichy and as they are currently commencing to rationalize Communism, in their own hospitable, irrational way. As for the Communists themselves, during their relatively brief period of political maneuvering here they have succeeded in electing fourteen members—more than any other of the island's five important political parties—to the General Council, Martinique's governing body, and the most up-to-date estimates credit them with having made about thirty-two hundred converts. It is well known here that many of the natives who participate in the Communist street parades also turn out for Sunday Mass and for traditional church festivals such as *La Fête-Dieu*. Quite possibly these islanders are the only devout Roman Catholic Communists in the world.

GAUGUIN, Mme. de Maintenon, and Thornton Wilder have visited Martinique at one time or another, and *National Geographic* photographers still appear for important festivals and for their own revaluations of the island's scenic beauty. The photographers make much of Martinique's vegetation, particularly its flowers, one variety of which restlessly changes color again and again during a season. Other aspects of the island worth noting are its arm-long lobsters, whistling birds, and good manners. People who are introduced at a party must shake hands a second time if they encounter each other anew in another room. To preserve the proper relationship between hostess and guest, in some homes servants are not allowed to serve food directly to guests but must set it before the hostess, who fills each plate herself. Martinique men wear nightshirts and sometimes offer the left hand to be shaken. They never carry umbrellas, although it rains almost all the time from June to October and the annual rainfall is eighty-seven inches, as compared to New York's forty-three. August has the heaviest rains, and in Fort-de-France it can rain on one side of the street and not on the other. In the offices of the older business firms, it is not unusual, nor is it a sign of friskiness, for the boss to kiss his secretary at closing time. In some homes, electric refrigerators are considered pieces of furniture and are often kept in the dining room. Needlework, taught in the convent schools, is in evidence everywhere, even on bicycle seats, which frequently have initialled linen covers. The Martiniquaise of the older generation still wear the turbans and hobble skirts that were fashionable here a century ago, and in hot-weather little boys wear only a vest. Many Martinique women of the poorer classes are afflicted by a disease that causes a swelling of the ankles and legs. At night, Fort-de-France is filled with the sound of barking dogs.

Martinique has six newspapers, one radio station, and about four hundred head of cattle. Drinking water is not subjected to boiling or chemical treatment, although there is no reason to believe that the sources of supply are purer than those in other parts of the world. The mongoose, imported from India since Lafcadio Hearn's time, has done away with poisonous snakes, as was hoped, and with a large number of Plymouth Rock hens, as was not. Martinique is proud of its beguine music, as well as of its soundless mosquitoes. The cheapest drink is white rum, at twelve francs a shot, and the most unusual is *Pastis*, a blend of herbs and Pernod. Peppers, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, limes, avocados, guavas, mangoes, and coconuts are all indigenous to the island. A popular new sport is fishing with an underwater gun. There are several beaches (all of them difficult to get to), two movie theatres, and one raucous dance hall, the Select Tango. Butter, shoes, and razor blades have been hard to find lately. There has

Celeste



Right out of a Gainsborough

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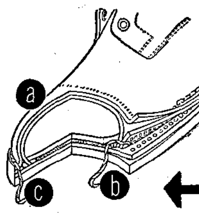

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also been a shortage of housing and of guitar picks. The jeep is a fairly recent arrival, and so is the hot-water heater; so far there is only one of the latter on the island, owned by Air France. There is little unemployment. Many of the beautiful women of whom Martinique boasts are addicted to grenadine, Nelson Eddy, and the waltz. French champagne, purchased in Martinique, is used as Bingo prizes by some members of the American Air Force stationed on St. Lucia. The dollar is selling for four hundred francs on the black market (the official rate is three hundred), and prices are going up. So are wages. A sugar-cutter, who before the war could count on being paid something like twenty francs a day, now makes at least a hundred and eighty, but he has to pay twenty-two francs for a kilo of potatoes, which used to cost only two. A meal in a restaurant that a couple of years ago would have come to eighty francs now costs a hundred and fifty. During a single month not long ago, American cigarettes climbed from seventy-two to two hundred and twenty-five francs, or from twenty-four to seventy-five cents, a pack at the legal rate of exchange. In the same month, seven Guadeloupe citizens were tried for a particularly untidy murder, and the mayor of the town of Schoelcher shot and wounded a Communist. Lafcadio Hearn wouldn't recognize the place. —T. E. DOREMUS

•

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THE ANSWERS

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Happy landing!

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Crack-Up," by F. Scott Fitzgerald*]

Then there was a pair of white flannels bought with the first money ever earned by writing—thirty dollars from Mencken's and Nathan's old "Smart Set".—*Page 59.*

Even having a first story accepted [by the old "Smart Set"] had not proved very exciting. . . . I spent the thirty dollars on a magenta feather fan for a girl in Alabama. —*Pages 85 and 86.*

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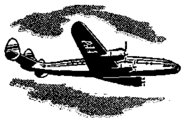

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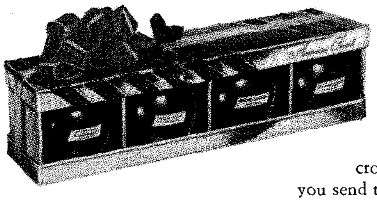

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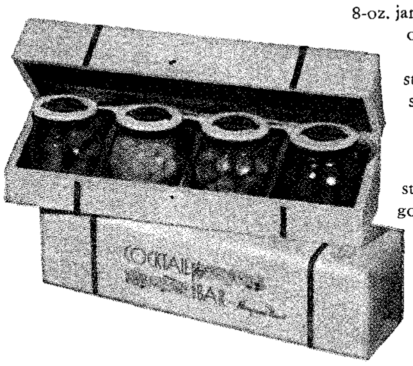

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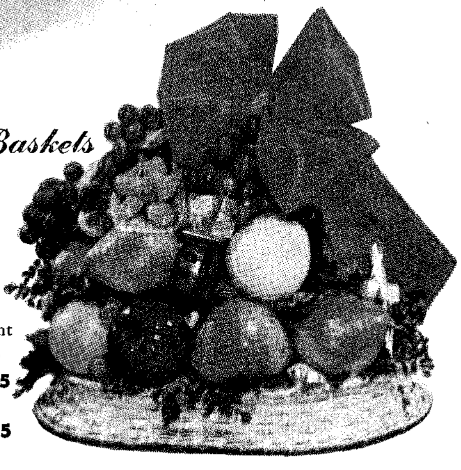

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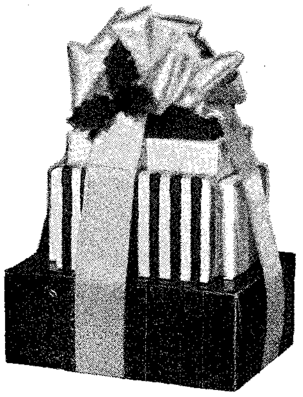

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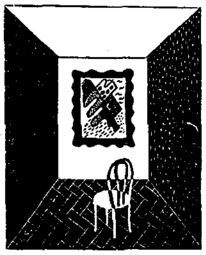
THE ART GALLERIES

Marsden Hartley's Maine

MARSDEN HARTLEY died in 1943, just as the first faint stirrings of the recognition that was due him were beginning to appear. A year later, the Museum of Modern Art, a trifle belatedly, gave him its official approval with a one-man showing, and since then, though he has had no further exhibitions of much consequence here, he has gradually come to be accepted as one of the leading figures in American painting of the between-wars period. Now Paul Rosenberg is exhibiting some twenty paintings of his in a show that I think is well worth seeing.



Only paintings done in the last few years of his life, from 1934 on, are included, but this, I feel, is no disadvantage, for Hartley seems to have been one of those men who mature slowly, and a good part of his early career was spent in what must now and then have seemed to him to be ill-directed experiment. He tried Cubism and Expressionism—adhering in both these phases to the German schools rather than to the more popular French—and for a while, too, he was heavily influenced by Cézanne. This was not all time wasted, to be sure, for the structural disciplines he got from the Cubists contributed a great deal to the formal strength of his later painting, just as his essays into Expressionism added to his boldness and confidence in the use of color. But his work still lacked coherence and that feeling of unified purpose that goes with a fully integrated individual style, and it was not till the late nineteen-twenties, when he turned largely to Maine for his inspiration, that he found the manner and subject matter that seemed uniquely fitted for his talents.

The canvases in the show are, as I have indicated, all of this period, and the earliest of them, a small landscape called "Dogtown Commons," reveals that he was already rather well established in his new method of painting. Strongly outlined angular contours, harsh colors, and a compositional plan that grew increasingly flat and devoid of perspective were its main characteristics, and he used it at first principally to depict the chill bleakness and granite uncompromisingness of the new environment. Later on, as his understanding deepened, a sombre poetry crept into his pictures, and as his interests widened, his scope broadened accordingly. Despite its small size, the show covers fairly well his major subjects. Hartley studied and painted Mount Katahdin with almost as much assiduity as Cézanne devoted to his Mont Sainte-Victoire, and the one example in the current collection ("Mount Katahdin—Autumn Rain") is an exceptionally handsome and well-handled one. Other landscapes include "Church at Headtide," notable for its deft use of chalky whites, and the darker, pine-shadowed "Robin Hood Cove—Georgetown, Maine." Hartley, in general, paid less attention to the sea than to the people who lived by it, but there is a study of surf against rocks called "Evening Storm—Schoodic, Maine" that makes one feel that since Winslow Homer there has been almost no one but Hartley who could really paint a wave breaking. His many paintings of fishermen and their lives—a field in which he eventually attained his greatest poignance and power—are represented by the ominously ghostlike "The Lost Felice" and the equally moving "Fishermen's Last Supper." Mixed in with these are such pieces as the strikingly patterned "Give Us This Day;" the little still-lifes called "Flounders and Bluefishes," "Lobster Pots and Buoys," and "Ladies' Gloves;" and the small but extraordinarily evocative picture of a schooner putting out to sea called "Off to the Banks." All of them are perhaps lesser pieces, but they help to round out the man's concept of Maine.

NEW art groups periodically come into being, made up usually of younger artists and motivated in the majority of cases by loneliness and an understandable conviction that if you're out to make a stir in the world, you will get farther by mass action. The latest one to jog my attention is the Spiral Group, now exhibiting at the New School for Social Research. The "spiral" part of the name, as I understand it, has no special significance except an implication of onward-and-upward, and the ten members of the organization, though mostly abstract in style, are held together by no more positive a cohesion than a willingness to live and let live in experimentation. Yet the show as a whole is a thoroughly interesting one, and there are some remarkably effective pieces among the forty canvases that are

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included. Four or five of the artists have had one-man shows before, and of their work I liked particularly John Sennhauser's large, economically handled, airy-looking abstraction called "Lines and Planes No. 2;" Seymour Franks' more densely patterned "Secondary Growth" and "Eros," both also abstractions; and Margaret Mullin's somewhat Surrealist "Birthday" and "Woman in the Doorway." The others of the group are less well known to me. Among their offerings, I'd note especially Augustus Goertz's "Boardwalk" and "Window" (both done with great feeling for balanced design, and considerable textural assurance), Joseph Meert's gentler, mistier "Bird's Nest" and "Structure," and Michael Loew's cool, handsomely executed "The Table" and "Still Life."

THERE'S a greater than usual number of sculpture exhibitions at the moment. In a show called "Sculptor's Holiday," at the Associated American Artists, Anita Weschler abandons (I hope only temporarily) the more or less realistic work she has been doing in favor of a series of semi-abstract compilations of slivers of driftwood, tree branches, oddly shaped bits of rock, and so on. In a few, such as "Fair Harbour" and "Prometheus," the shapes and the textures combine to produce a reasonably plausible suggestion. But most of them are so awkward and arbitrary that they seem almost a parody of this kind of composition. . . . At the Bertha Schaefer, Michael Lekakis is showing some new sculptures, mainly small, which, though slightly rigid in design, indicate a feeling for balance and volume. I liked best the small "Dancer," in bronze, and the slightly bigger and somehow imposing "Abstract Figure," in rosewood. . . . C. Ludwig Brummé, at the Clay Club, is fluent in style and expert in handling. On the whole, there are too many easy simplifications in his work, and his primary pattern tends too often to the merely bulbous. I liked, though, "Owl" and "Fragment," which are more direct and incisive in treatment than some of the others, and "Torso in Movement" represents an adroit solution of a quite complex artistic problem.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

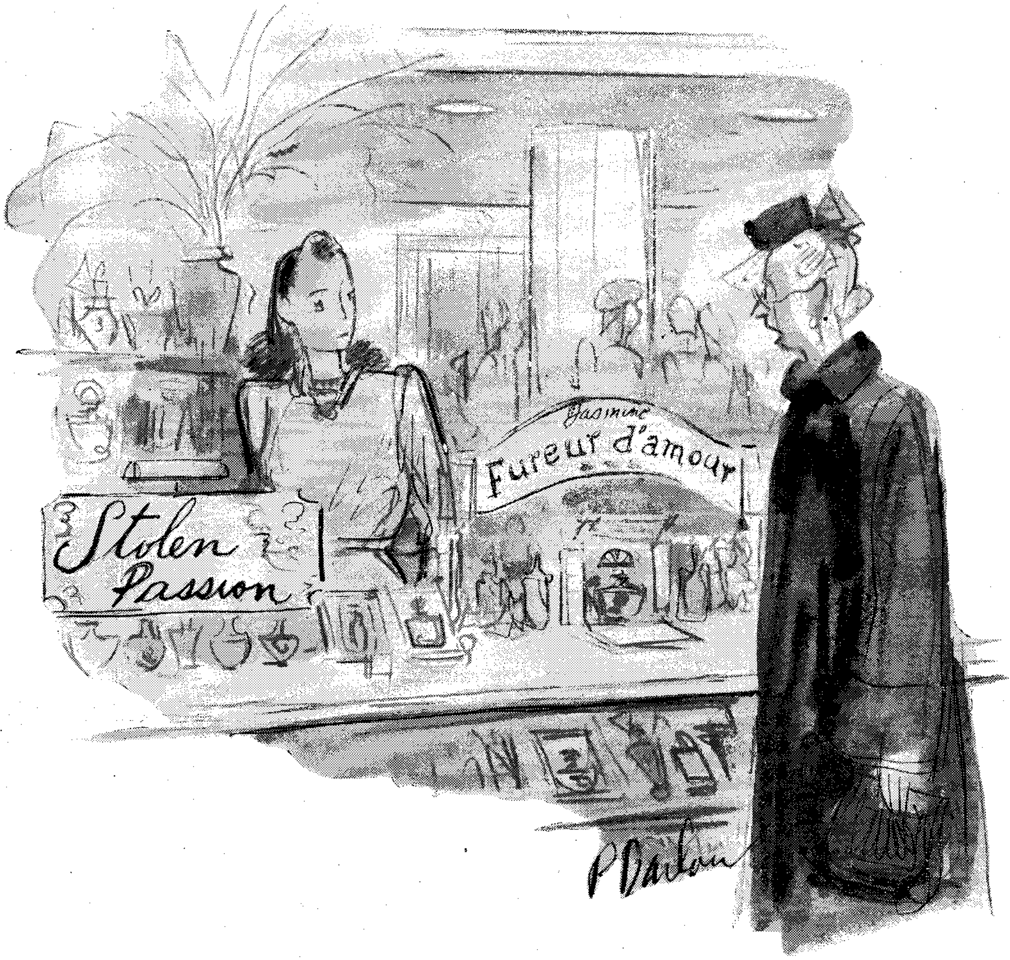
THERE may have been times, these last few weeks, when women had the uneasy suspicion that the trade had stopped making ready-to-wear clothes and was devoting itself entirely to the production of *haute-couture* custom concoctions. It is a state of mind that has been in evidence in other years, during other outbursts of fall shows by the more celebrated designers. The rest of the industry carries on, though, and there is proof of its activities everywhere about us.

In my fact-finding expedition of last week, I had to go no farther from home base than the very fancy new shop of Rosette Pennington, at 20 East 56th Street, for such proof. The place, you should be pleased to know, is bigger than the old one, but it has been done with the same nice blend of good manners and good humor. The rear of the first floor is called Daughter's Domain, though the styles of many of the nine-to-fifteen sizes make them just as suitable for *grown* daughters. A daytime-through-dinner dress here, in Chinese-red, Kelly, navy, or black rayon faille, has a standing collar, short sleeves, and a flared, gored skirt. It's $35, and so is a double-breasted black rayon faille coat-dress with a collarless neck and a full skirt that has a wide panel front and back. Ingénues who have in mind going out evenings should like a two-piece ensemble in gold, gray, or navy rayon upholstery brocade. This has a bouffant skirt and a short-sleeved tuck-in top. There's a fold below the boat-shaped neckline. Considering that it is only $39.95, it could very easily be called terrific. More expensive clothes, in misses' sizes, are rampant on the second and third floors, and there is a good selection in the $49.95-to-$79.95 bracket. Among them are cocktail-dinner dresses of black rayon faille trimmed with self-cording, and black rayon taffeta dinner dresses equipped with pleated skirts and plunging, heart-shaped necklines. The toreador jackets that accompany the latter have cape collars reaching almost to the waistline and banded with jet and braid embroidery. It was at Pennington, too, that I saw one of the best-looking fitted coats in town. It's of black, navy, or chocolate-brown broadcloth and is double-breasted. If the collar and cuffs are quilted, the cost is $110; with gray squirrel trimmings, the coat is $175.

EDWARD REED, who operates at 49 West 49th Street, can provide you with really good classic, masculinely tailored ready-to-wear suits and topcoats at $58. In size, they run from ten to eighteen. He uses men's woollens in his suits, of which my pet was a brown mixed-worsted invention with a straight skirt and a double-breasted jacket. Some long, loose topcoats in Glenurquhart or horse-blanket plaid wools manage to combine set-in sleeves and a balmacaan look. Button-in linings, in a beige wool, are $12.50.

IN the loft building at 63 West 38th Street, a shop succinctly and accurately called Tall Apparel has assembled a serviceable collection of suits and coats, in sizes ten to twenty, for women ranging in height from five feet seven to six feet two. The management has wisely figured that great height is spectacular enough in itself, so there are few novelty effects in the clothes on view. The jackets of the suits are longish and the skirts are gored and have a small slash in front. Gray sharkskin and gabardine in a variety of colors are the principal ingredients. There are loose topcoats (most tall women, though, don't like tents, which can make them look overwhelming) and there are fitted coats, one of them a double-breasted, interlined business with a turnover collar, self buttons, and, in back, a curved belt, below which fullness is released. This one appears in green or wine broadcloth as well as in the conventional black, brown, or gray. Suits here are $69.95 to $79.95, coats are $79.95 to $99.50.

EUROPE has sent us, along with all the beautiful (and, for once, wearable) Paris fashions, a clever and skillful milliner. Baroness Radvanszky has opened a shop at 867 Madison (72nd), where she devises smart and distinguished custom hats for a ditto clientele. They commence at $32.50, and the average is a fair bit higher. Many of her hats are small, colorful, and adorned



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with feathers. For tailored clothes, she makes a little, shallow sailor with a square brown felt crown and a double, peaked gray felt brim; two condor quills, one shooting forward and the other back, are placed at each side of the crown. Diminutive green velours mushroom jobs with largish crowns and narrow double brims have green and tan wings at the sides; for regal entrances on regal occasions, there is a large black velvet sailor, whose brim is much briefer at one side than at the other, with a long Nile-green uncurled ostrich feather sweeping across the front. Ah!

Gracielle Magda, which is two sisters from Cuba, is in business at 1032 Park Avenue (86th). Its wares, too, are custom and merry. I especially liked the small caps of tomato felt with green feathers trailing down one side as far as the shoulder (these are $27.50, and the lowest price here is $25) and the small off-the-face hats of turquoise felt, with tiny red velvet bows around the bloused crown, and slender turquoise feathers, which look like tiny leaves, zooming high at one side and zooming lower at the other. There is nothing drab on these premises, and the proprietors are coöperative about working out ideas of your own. They are also quite good at rebuilding old hats that have been brought in for drydocking. This type of revision sometimes costs you as little as $10.

THERE are no dull moments at J. & J. Slater, either, though your first visit to their new shop, at 54th and Madison, in what most of us will remember was for all those years the Monte Carlo, may induce a certain nostalgia when you discover that the bar is now just a display counter for Slater shoes and there isn't even a spare bottle of champagne to be drunk out of Slater slippers. I detect here a passion for boots. I will admit that, for the country or with tweeds on an icy day in town, there is a lot of sense in the fleece-lined ones of brown-and-white pony skin or of black, brown, or green reversible calf. These have corrugated rubber soles and crêpe-rubber heels. A narrowish band of crêpe rubber runs all around the pony-skin ones, below instep level, to serve as a miniature and not unhandsome mudguard. They are not overshoes, mind you, but shoes, and they are $19.95, or $19.95 plus tax in the case of the pony-skin ones. Aside from these, most of the boots here run head on into my prejudice against trick shoes for daytime. Slater also has black, navy, or green suède ankle boots for evening, and I don't feel much better about them. They are high-heeled, pointed-toe boots, with a V slit down one side, so that the ankle won't look too big, and they are trimmed with matching rayon satin binding. The newest Slater sandal is very open indeed. It is shown in copper, bronze, or gunmetal kid, as well as in black, brown, green, or wine suède, for daytime, and in black or white satin, for evening; the heels are very high and there is a very small wall last only at the vamp. Narrow straps go across the instep and around the ankle. This, too, is $19.95. One room has been dedicated to Junoesque shoes, in sizes 9½ to 13, and widths from quintuple A to C. None of them look orthopedic, but they are, rationally, low-heeled and conservatively cut; they cost from $16.95 to $24.95.

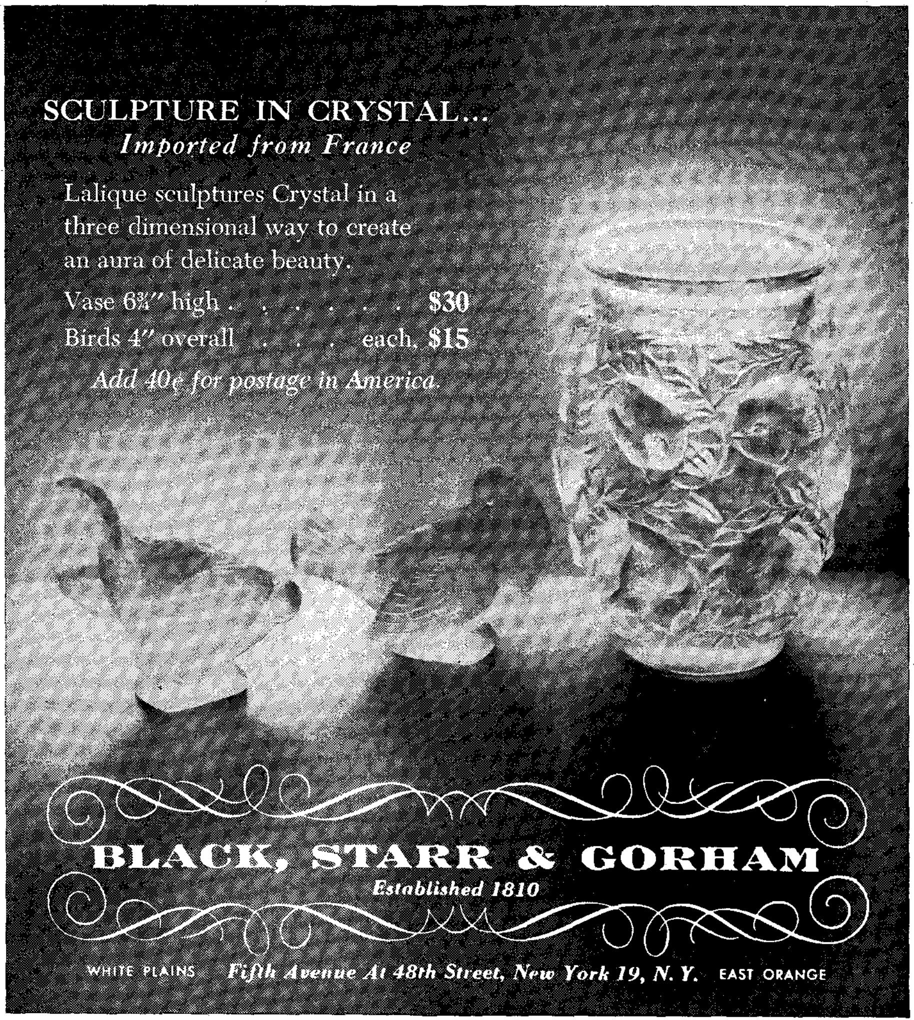
FRANK BROTHERS, at 9 East 57th Street, are partial to bootees, offering somewhat frantic cocktail or dinner ones in black, brown, or gray suède with matching satin cuffs, fastened with three frogs across a wide expanse of open instep; the toes are pointed and the heels high. An "oxford" type for afternoon, in burgundy, black, brown, or gray suède, is less terrifying. The heels are lower and there are only two frogs, and the two-eyelet gray suède oxford is comfortably regulation until it comes to the overpowering gray Persian-lamb collar. It's $39.95. Then, there is a particularly graceful ghillie, shaped like a carriage boot, in black or brown suède with a matching fur top; $37.95, which includes the gold-metal hooks and lacings. But I've decided that these things just don't send me.

WHEN you get to I. Miller, at 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), you will find that rarest, most aristocratic and comfortable of shoes—a hand-sewn pump with elastic binding at the throat to keep it snug without cutting the instep, with a vamp that is neither too round nor too pointed, and with a high or medium heel. This pump, which is yours for $24.95, is done in navy, black, or brown suède, and if it doesn't make you happy, a change in analysts is, I think, indicated. Even when hand-sewing is not involved, Miller prefers closed toes and heels. Elastic is used a great deal here; one black or brown suède slip-on shoe even has an elasticized ruffle on the instep. If it's high style you're looking for, there is a revival of dressy afternoon oxfords, among them a six-eyelet, tall-heeled business of black suède, with black rayon satin lacing, and a two-eyelet type that dates back to the first World War, with a contrasting back—black calf combined with gray suède, brown calf combined with beige suède.

DELMAN is another stronghold of the simple pump. No one knows how to do pumps, high-heeled or medium, any better. The toes are tapered, but not enough to cramp the foot. Delman turns them out in a variety of suèdes; in gold, bronze, or silver kid; in white or colored satin; in imported brocades; and, for the oncoming resort season, in white linen. For afternoon, there are also high-heeled shell pumps with narrow straps crossing the instep and buckling toward the back. These are in suède or in calf, and there are many colors, including rust, wine, green, and blueberry. Delman can make a rhinestone ankle strap look graceful instead of flashy on black or colored suède and satin evening sandals, and he places contrasting fake jewels on the open-toed vamps of satin ankle-strap sandals in black, brown, green, red, or purple. The vamps of some white evening satins are sprinkled with rhinestones. These shoes may be dyed whatever color you want. The bottom price around here is $23.95.

AT 333 East 79th Street, you will find Mme. Thea, who will make you a custom handbag for anywhere from $24 to $60, tax included. The lowest price tag is attached to a handsome drawstring pouch, nearly a foot tall, with a cowhide base. Its reversible calf top is removable, and may be replaced by a canvas top, at $3, for the country. Calf drawstring pouches, around ten inches high, have contrasting suède linings in just about any color; $30. She makes leather belts, too, for from $2 to $15, or fur-trimmed ones in, naturally, a higher price range.

THE traditional "little dressmaker" is probably gone forever, but the expert who can fix up clothes of good material that are now out of style or rectify mistakes you have made in a moment of madness is not yet an extinct craftsman. I give you Alteration Associates, one flight up at 359 Lexington Avenue (40th). They will do almost anything, from pinning a dress for women handy with a needle ($1), inserting yokes to make skirts longer ($7 and up), or depadding exaggerated football shoulders and putting the seams back where they belong, on up to com-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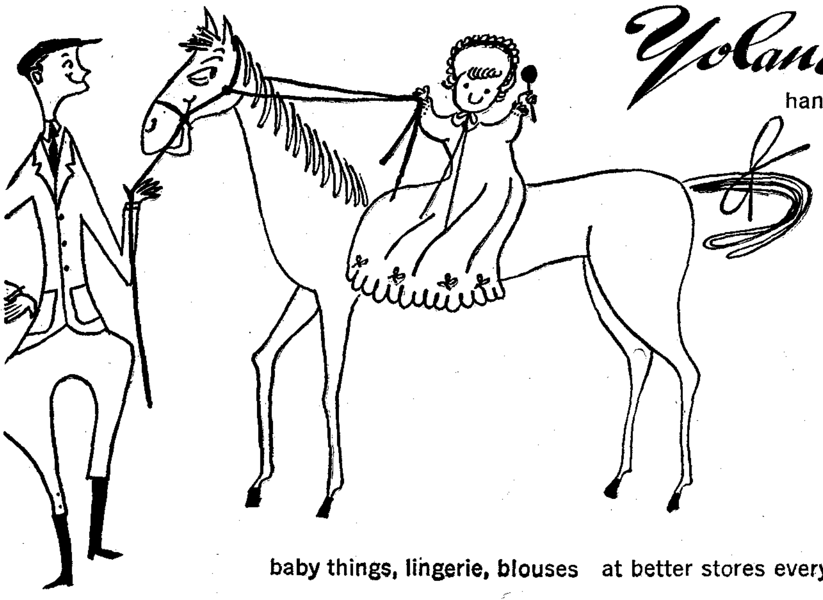

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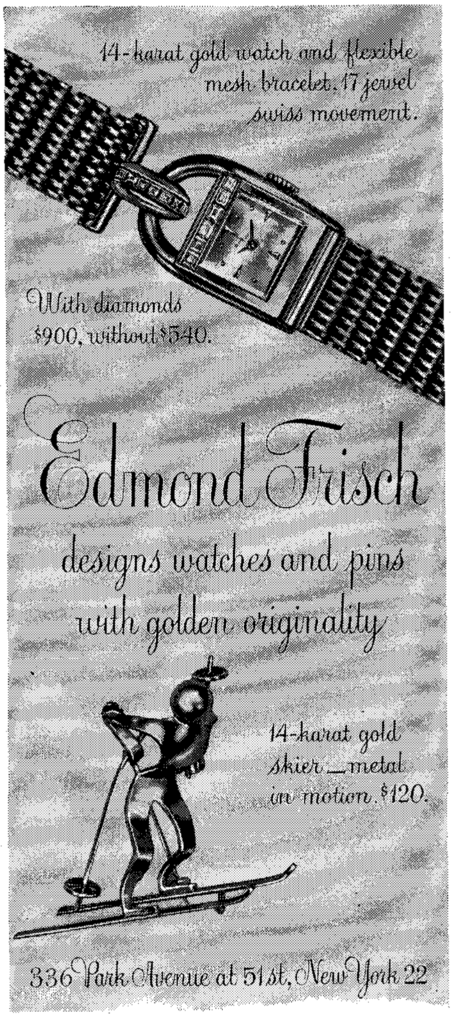
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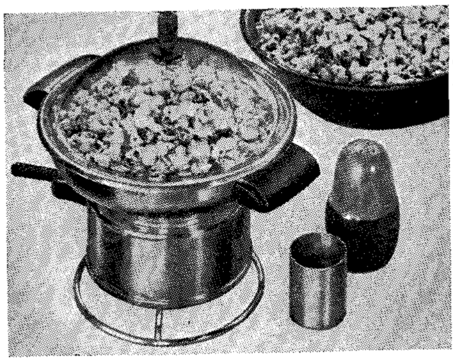

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plete remodelling. This place, I'm certain, belongs in the category of Filling a Long-Felt Want.

THERE'S a spate of new perfumes, most of them not especially original, but nice, nevertheless. Schiaparelli's Zut is one of those warm, luxuriant scents that the profession always says are "good with furs." The bottle is built like the lower half of a girl in tights, and a green-and-mauve ruffled garter encircles the box that contains it. *Zut*, and even *alors!* The price is $40, plus tax. Patou's newest, L'Heure Attendue, is gay; Nettie Rosenstein's Tianne is soft and sophisticated; D'Orsay's new and very sweet floral is modestly named Divine. Matchabelli's lovely fragrance, Stradivari, which is not new, is, however, now also appearing as a lush cologne in a crown-shaped four-ounce bottle; $3, plus tax. Charbert is putting two slender bottles of cologne into a black faille case that can go into your train box. A useful notion for $2.75, plus tax.

Tuvaché has lately become interested in perfuming not just you but your rooms and closets as well. The scents she has stirred up for this new departure are fairly forthright and should be used with discretion in living rooms; the Old Fashioned garden fragrance, for instance, which is dominated by heliotrope, might not be exactly the ticket for a cocktail party, but a little experimenting should tell you how far you can go. The cost runs from $2 to $5, plus tax, for eight ounces of scent, and includes a pink-and-gray sort of Flit-gun arrangement to distribute the fragrance where you will. You ask for Perfumed Air Mist.

Scandia's wonderful lipstick, soft but clinging, now comes in handsome gold-plated cases with jewelled shamrocks and crowns upon them; they're $5, plus tax, at Scandia, 44 East 52nd, and at Saks Fifth Avenue. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Underfoot

ALTHOUGH the manufacturers of textiles and dress fabrics were able to make the enormous switch from prewar to present-day designs with scarcely a hitch, the carpet companies, because of far more intricate looms and methods of manufacture, had to poke along, after their reconversion, with the patterns of a decade ago. They have finally caught up with the new designs and materials, however, so this fall you will see floor coverings that are admirably modern, beautifully made, and, for the most part, handsome to look upon. Many of them are also, I regret to tell you, extremely costly.

What you will meet up with oftenest in the shops is the sculptured carpet, usually shown in an all-over scroll design that appears to have been cut with a rather exquisite lawnmower but is really the result of artful weaving in two thicknesses of deep pile. On the whole, I can't say that I have any great enthusiasm for its decorative effect, and I simply cannot imagine its being any help in a strictly modern room; I may be wrong about this, though, as I have not seen it in such a setting. Carpet people will tell you there is a "definite trend" toward the new, sculptured floor covering, which, of course, means that there is—now, as always—a definite trend on the part of the public to take what it is offered. This season, the offering is emphatically sculptured.

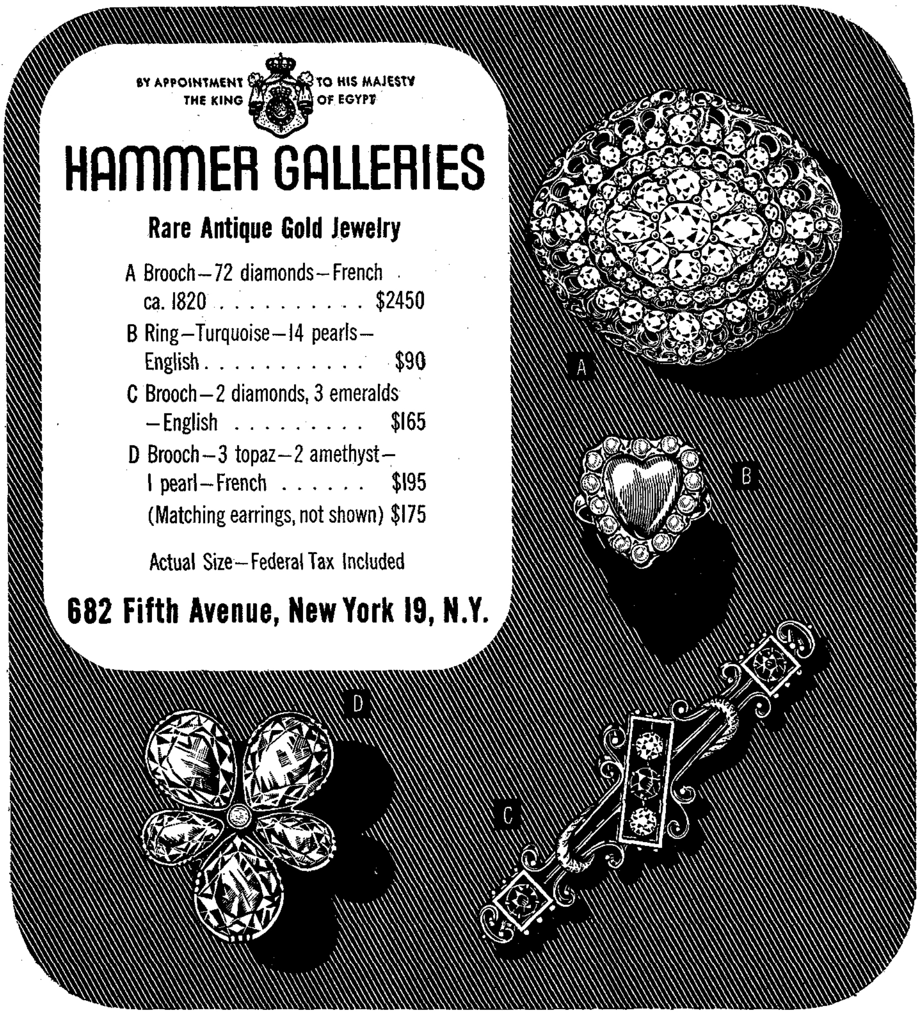
I find my anti-sculptured position begins to crumble, though, when confronted with the Nye-Wait Company's magnificent carpet called Splendante. It is woven in a scroll pattern that stands in sharp relief on an exaggeratedly thick, frosty-looking nylon pile. Although it is obviously as completely modern as any manufactured item you will find today, or perhaps even tomorrow, the very lushness and extravagance of this carpet suggest old-fashioned, rather than contemporary, elegance. Splendante is custom woven only—when enough orders have accumulated, the mill puts through a run of the carpet—and can be ordered from Lord & Taylor or Sloane, at $46.50 a square yard. For this price the happy customer is given, with all the pious solemnity affected by the fancier book clubs, a parchment bearing his name and the recorded number of his particular carpet in the limited edition in which this marvel is issued. (The carpet is included, too, of course.)

Another nylon broadloom—and, I think, a much more livable one—is Nye-Wait's Corique, which has a rich, unsculpted surface that goes with any style of decoration. This also costs $46.50 a square yard, has a charming frosty appearance, a high-and-low weave that gives a barely visible ribbed effect, and has a resistance to abrasion that leads its manufacturer to believe it will last longer than forever. Moreover, its nylon filaments have no attraction for moths, are practically impervious to ordinary kinds of dirt, and, anyway, can be easily cleaned with soap and water. It is sold at Lord & Taylor.

One more floor covering of startling

postwar material is the Adoraweave, which, as you might suspect from its name, is made in California. It is composed entirely of synthetic yarn and may be obtained, through decorators, at Edward Fields, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd). Now, *here* is something that fits perfectly into a modern room; it is woven in close, low loops that form an interesting hard surface, very resistant to wear and grime, besides being especially good to look at. Adoraweave, which costs $12.50 a square yard, is made in thirty-six-inch widths, but the manufacturer will put these together, with invisible seams, in any size you want. Among several lovely colors, there is a rich sable brown that is exactly right with contemporary blond furniture. While at Fields, you should also examine the original carpet Joseph Blumfield has achieved by combining silver and gold threads of non-tarnishable plastic with soft, colored wools. This does not, perhaps, sound like a good idea, and, to tell the truth, in a number of instances I don't think it is. However, several of the designs—notably a mustard-colored hand-tufted broadloom in a pattern of almost imperceptible swirls that are flecked with occasional gold threads—are things of beauty, even though in your more rigorous moments you may feel that you shouldn't be taken in by the glitter. The price of these is $29.70 a square yard.

If, after all these unusual materials, plain wool sounds stuffy and trite, you have only to see the extraordinarily handsome chenille carpets from the Mohawk looms to correct that impression. Of these, a decorative and luxurious carpet, called Theme, has a heavy chenille pile of two different heights, which form a self pattern of random stripes. Mohawk will undertake to produce this design in any elusive shade that a fanciful lady may have seen in a dream. You present a sample of the shade you desire, and the factory, before starting to weave the carpet, submits a tuft of dyed wool for your approval. This broadloom can be woven in any width up to thirty feet and costs around $25 a square yard at Lord & Taylor, Altman, and Sloane. The Mohawk Company also makes some lovely round chenille rugs with fringes and hand-carved borders; they cost from $20 to $35 a square yard, exclusive of the carving, which can be done from the customer's own design. Lord & Taylor have on display a rug of this kind in an enchanting shade of bright green, but since it is custom made, it can be ordered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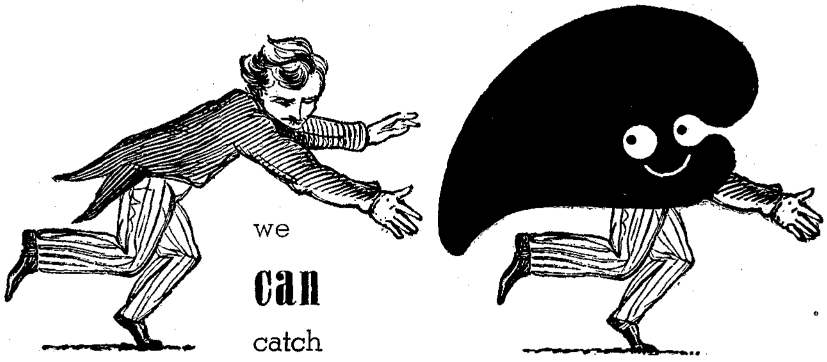
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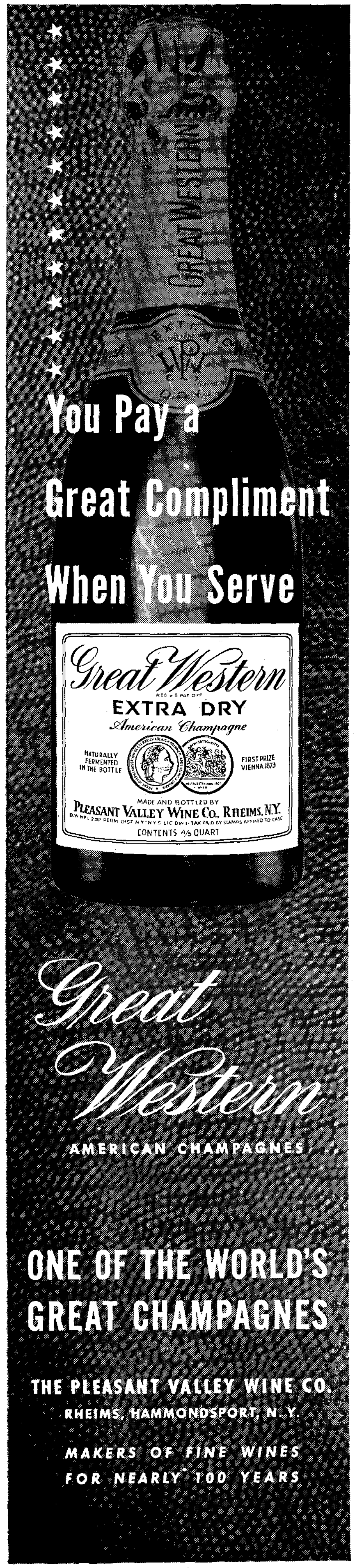

in any shade—and any size—you want.

Far less publicized than Nye-Wait's new nylon carpets is a group of that company's wool broadlooms, of heavy pile, done in numerous warm colors. F. Schumacher, 60 West 40th Street, has, perhaps, as complete an assortment as you will find of these splendid carpets, which range in price from $26.50 a square yard, for one with a firm, moderately deep pile, called Imperial Majesty, to $39.95, for a preposterously thick one called Celeste. A handmade carpet (Collector), available only at Schumacher, has a pile that looks like sheared beaver and can be made in any size or color, at $5.70 a square foot. This impressive weave is also used in a rug that has a pattern of large, widely spaced green leaves, and in a smaller rug, with a bizarre design of wild, bright birds.

To get out of the world of fantasy, as far as prices are concerned, and back to carpets that are easy to buy as well as to look at, Lord & Taylor will show you a remarkably long-wearing broadloom, made by Lee, in the most delightful colors, at $15.50 a square yard. Sloane and Lord & Taylor carry a very modern-looking carpet, manufactured by Karagheusian, with a long, looped-over weave that is quite effective. The pattern (Symphony) comes in many colors—a warm gray and a clear green are, I think, especially good—and costs $14.75 a square yard. At Sloane, you will find some Belair broadlooms of various interesting Mexican patterns, priced from $16.50 a square yard up, that are exclusive with the shop. A particularly pleasing one, in seal brown, has a design of circles in cut pile on a tightly woven ground; $20.75 a square yard for this. Altman has an unusual carpet from the Bigelow Sanford looms, called Sonata, with a thick, clipped pile in a choice of ravishing colors—blue-gray, charcoal, bright green, and off-white, among others—that costs $17.95 a square yard.

There has been considerable ballyhoo this season about the new designs in Brussels carpets, but I am afraid that most of those I examined looked painfully like all the Brussels carpets I ever saw in country parlors—and not quaint country parlors, either. One shining exception is the specimen that is exclusive with Sloane—a light and graceful pattern of widely spaced pinkish flowers and blue conventional figures on a pale-beige ground, which has some of the delicate charm of an Aubusson. This comes in a twenty-seven-inch width and costs $11.50 a linear yard; the seams can be joined so expertly by Sloane's Oriental-rug weavers that the carpet cannot be told from a broadloom. Also among the old-fashioned weaves is a highly original pattern of dandelions in an Axminster, made by Karagheusian, that is like no Axminster you ever saw. From a background of bottle green so intense it's almost black, heroic-sized dandelions, in shades of lime and chartreuse, stand out among slightly smaller flowers, in beige and brown. The effect of this is not only dramatic but somewhat overpowering. It would take a mighty resourceful decorator to cope with it. The price is around $9.50 per square yard, at Sloane.

Two informal floor coverings you should know about are a new reversible carpet of braided wool that comes from California, in hot, bright shades as well as in mixed colors (like an old-time rag rug), and a shaggy washable cotton carpet that is reported to wear as well as wool. The cotton one is at Lord & Taylor, for $9.45 a square yard. The Californian, which is called Hollywool, is to be had at most serious carpet centers, for $12.35 a square yard; on the bedroom floor of Altman's Beacon Hill House you will find it setting off some Early American furniture very becomingly.

UNLIKE most of the places where Chinese ceramics are sold, the shop of Josephine Vallin, 466 Sixth Avenue (11th), not only caters to people already committed to the collection and appreciation of Oriental art but specializes in the sort of Chinese objects that are notable for their decorative as well as their antiquarian value. You don't, for instance, need a collector's interest in the famous T'ang-period horses to realize what a delight one of the specimens to be found at Vallin's would be on the mantel of a modern room. There are four of these graceful animals, of buff ware with a transparent straw-color glaze and with motifs picked out in bright-green enamel, that stand twenty inches high on their hand-carved walnut pedestals; a number of horses with riders measure seventeen inches. The larger ones cost $425 and the smaller ones $200 to $225. It may seem arbitrary to associate with modern decoration these figures that were taken from the graves of wealthy tenth-century Chinese, but the spirited horses, with their heavy bodies and slender legs, their warm coloring, and their vivid movement, give a touch of not too elaborate beauty that perfectly complements most contemporary interiors. Considerably less rare, but quite charming, all the same, are some fifteen-inch semi-cylindrical roof tiles of the Ming period, on which stand small figures of horses and riders. These are done in buff pottery glazed in various colors—green, yellow, and black—and some of them (especially a hurdler whose horse is racing at a wild gallop) are full of life and vigor. These roof figures cost from $45 to $75.

It is as an answer to their everlasting lamp problems, however, that the Vallin shop will interest most householders. You will find here a collection of lovely bases that, quite incidentally, happen to be antiques of considerable rarity. There are a number of those tall T'ang jars, of gray ware with a thin gray-green glaze, that are known as mortuary urns, because, it seems, they were used for burial wine and oil. Some that are fifteen to twenty-five inches high have twelve Taoist figures in high relief around the shoulder of the vase, and others have a dragon, or the sacred bird. All these would make the most striking lamps, which would be perfectly at ease in any background; prices run from $47.50 to $250. Among the other highlights of this uncommon collection are an exceptionally large number of early Ming celadon vases, with the wonderful crackled glaze that comes with age, priced from $49.50, for a twelve-inch pot, to $300, for a vase imposing enough to make the principal light in a library; some richly colored monochrome gallipots of the K'ang Hsi period; and an intensely deep-blue vase—tall and very graceful—with a gold pattern, at $125. This shop also makes lampshades of subtle simplicity and real, as opposed to the usual bogus, Chinese feeling. In fact, people in almost any kind of lamp difficulty (and who isn't?) will find a visit to this out-of-the-way shop rewarding. —S. H.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(NOTHING LIKE A FRESH START DIVISION)

[*From the Times*]

"A Very Remarkable Fellow" had its origin in a George M. Cohan play produced on Broadway in 1933 under the title of "Pigeons and People." On the stage it was a satirical comedy about the experiences of a pigeon-feeding down-and-outer in the home of a philanthropist who took him from a park bench to give him a new start....

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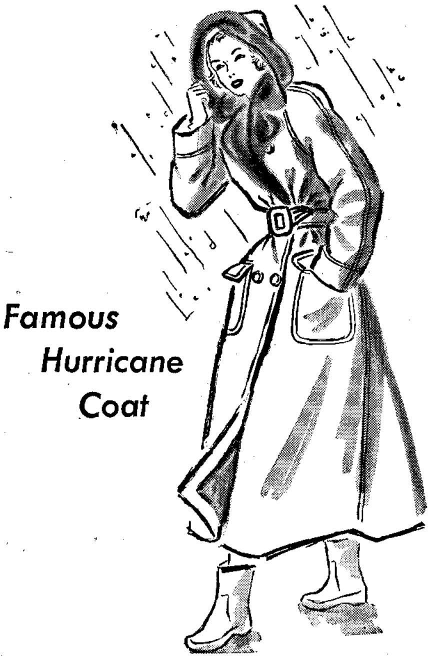

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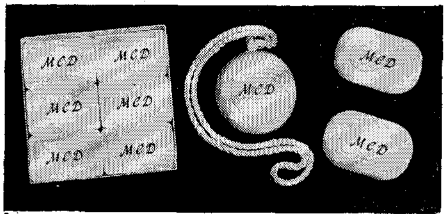

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Katherine Gray

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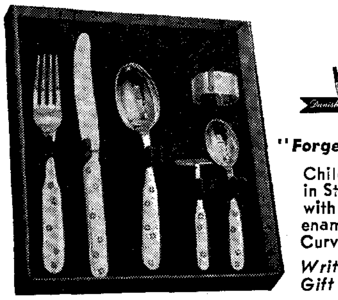

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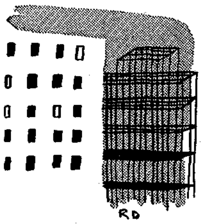
THE SKY LINE

Prefabricated Blight

THERE is now, within the city limits, a good handful of housing projects in various stages of completion. Since the housing shortage is what it is, any truly critical appraisal of these undertakings will have to come, I am afraid, from a non-tenant. Those who are lucky enough to be accepted by the landlords will probably view their new homes through a rosy haze, as a Displaced Person might view Ellis Island. Yet almost all these projects are solemn reminders of how different the postwar world is from what most people hoped it would be.



Perhaps the greatest and grimmest of these housing developments is Stuyvesant Town, the massive palisade of apartments being erected by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company between Fourteenth and Twentieth Streets, in the area bounded on the east by Avenue C and a small stretch of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, and on the west by First Avenue. By the time this group of buildings is finished, twenty-four thousand people will be living on its sixty-one acres. (The original street and block pattern of New York was planned for a density of from seventy to ninety people an acre; this new development will have a density of three hundred and ninety-three.) That makes this community larger than sixteen thousand other towns in the United States and smaller than only four hundred. Instead of lowering the density in the area, the proprietors of Stuyvesant Town, abetted by the City of New York, have established a pattern of greater congestion. If New York were completely rebuilt in this fashion, even Mr. Robert Moses, who has had a lot to do with setting this pattern in housing, would perhaps cry "Uncle!"

When I first inspected Stuyvesant Town, a year ago, the development seemed to me an unrelieved nightmare. Though the buildings are not a continuous unit, they present to the beholder an unbroken façade of brick, thirteen stories high, absolutely uniform in every detail, mechanically conceived and mechanically executed, with the word "control" implicit in every aspect of the design. This, I said to myself, is the architecture of the Police State, embodying all the vices of regimentation one associates with state control at its unimaginative worst. But the entrepreneurs of this enterprise are not commissars; they are the president and directors of a great life-insurance company, and they have performed this feat of regimentation in the name of free enterprise and individual initiative. To encourage the exercise of these virtues and to coax private capital into this large-scale housing effort, the City of New York aided in the acquisition of the land and allowed the new owners to wipe out the existing network of streets, which occupied over twenty per cent of the area, without exacting any payment for the additional land thus acquired, although two small strips, along First Avenue and Twentieth Street, were ceded to the municipality so that it could widen these thoroughfares.

In order to make the Metropolitan's control over this feudal domain absolute and inviolable, a public school and two parochial schools in the territory were also demolished. Now no citizen of New York may set foot within Stuyvesant Town except by permission of the owners, and a private police force is on duty to exercise, if the proprietors require it, this control. And that is not all. Principally, I believe, at the urging of Mr. Moses, as City Construction Coördinator, the city has consented to waive all taxes on the improvements for twenty-five years—amounting to an estimated fifty-three million dollars—to insure housing at seventeen dollars a room per month.

There is no provision in the agreement between municipality and owners to provide housing for the people driven from their homes by the clearing of the land, nor is there a provision that only low-income groups shall have the benefit of this very generous subsidy. Naturally, the Metropolitan Life, like any other prudent landlord, is selecting its tenants on the basis of "desirability," from a group of people who, though mostly veterans, are a fair distance from the ragged economic edge; the construction of six large underground garages for them is evidence enough of that. Only in the Looking-Glass World of Lewis Carroll does any of this make sense.

A YEAR has passed since I saw the first units of Stuyvesant Town, but after a second inspection I find that my nightmarish impression of the project has not dissolved. As things go nowadays, one has only a choice of nightmares. Shall it be the old, careless urban nightmare of post-Civil War New York, planned so that from a third to a half of the interior space of each house and apartment is dark, airless, dismal, so that there is no view worth speaking of from the windows, except by accident, and so that there is a maximum amount of noise from the streets? Or shall it be the new nightmare, of a great super-block, quiet, orderly, self-contained, but designed as if the fabulous innkeeper Procrustes had turned architect—a nightmare not of caprice and self-centered individualism but of impersonal regimentation, apparently for people who have no identity but the serial numbers of their Social Security cards? Since I doubt that the directors of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company really wished to produce this effect, it might be interesting to see how it all came about.

Let's look first at the over-all plan of Stuyvesant Town. To understand that plan, one must visualize the basic unit—an elevator apartment house in the shape of a cross, with four wings of equal dimensions. There are four such units on First Avenue, and three others on Avenue C. But mostly two, three, or four units are joined together into rows, in which there are occasional variations, to round a corner of the site. These rows form, roughly, a series of open quadrangles around the perimeter of the super-block. (Local traffic moves within this area along curving driveways, and curving walks provide pedestrian access. The space wasted by streets in the typical old city plan is here fortunately converted into playgrounds and open space.) The rest of the units, eight in number, form the spokes of an imaginary oval wheel, splaying out from a large green, called Stuyvesant Oval, at the center of the plot. This oval is planted with big oaks and surrounded by a triple row of plane trees, all of mature growth. Except for a few skyscraper apartments, which temporarily have uninterrupted views from their upper stories, nowhere in the more expensive residential districts in Manhattan will you discover any comparable access to sunlight, air, and vista. Nowhere else, either, have the differences in level at various parts of the site served better for handsome plantings of rhododendron, with dark ivy ground cover to contrast with patches of greensward.

Superficially, all this seems like a positive gain, but it will not bear close examination, for neither functionally nor visually have the planners made the most of their site. Far less land in

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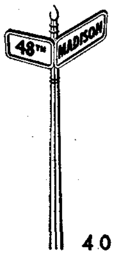

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the area is now occupied by streets, but, on the other hand, all the major open spaces except Stuyvesant Oval are given over to completely asphalted playgrounds, surrounded by spiky iron fences and paved walks, that offer none of the natural resources or the implements for any kind of play except the most mechanical and organized. The needs of different age groups are provided for only by differences in the type of playground equipment. Since most of the families in Stuyvesant Town belong to young veterans and the small fry are almost all under five, the woodenness of the scheme is not yet fully apparent, but once time produces the normal variety of children, from toddlers to adolescents, this failure will become glaring, and the alternative to conflict and frustration will be more regimentation. However they are labelled, the open spaces in this development, it is evident, were not designed specifically at the beginning, as they should have been, for special uses. There should be hedges and windscreens for mothers and infants, digging pits and water pools for the toddlers, and trees and bushes for hide-and-seek and provision for games of make-believe for still older children, and each space should show, by its size and shape, the function it aims to serve. No, these playground spaces are merely leftovers, bleak asphalt wastes, marks of that absence of human interest, of that almost positive distaste for beauty, which characterize this project. Not merely the human scale but human-heartedness is lacking.

If you did not know what the ultimate population of Stuyvesant Town would be, you might think that the provision of open spaces is exceedingly generous, but when the density of population is taken into account, it is plain that what has been allotted does not meet even the most meagre requirements of good planning. City planners everywhere are agreed that one acre of open green space to every hundred people is desirable and that one acre for every three hundred people is the barest minimum standard for health and decency. On this minimum basis, the population of Stuyvesant Town would require, apart from the normal space between buildings, some eighty acres of open land, which is nineteen more than are taken up by the entire project. So, instead of easing the general deficiency of parks and playgrounds in Manhattan—in return for the city's munificent subsidy—Stuyvesant Town actually adds to this chronic shortage.

Visually, the case against this development is just as strong. By the exercise of extraordinary ingenuity, the landlord's Board of Design—let its members remain anonymous—contrived to accentuate the stereotyped character of these buildings by so placing them that one cannot anywhere find a vista that is not quickly blocked by thirteen stories of brick and glass. Once you are inside the super-block, you are walled in. Perhaps the planners had in mind a precept of Camillo Sitte, the great Austrian theorist of romantic planning, who remarked how much more pleasant it is to have a gable or a tower greet the eye at the end of a street than the dull fade-away of an endless vista, but, lacking any variation in roof line or silhouette, any sudden peek at river or sky, what meets the eye within Stuyvesant Town merely accents the prisonlike character of the architecture. Even the pool of quiet green at the center of the development—the happiest part of the whole plan—loses a good part of its repose through the inhuman scale of the architecture.

One must not blame the architects and planners too severely. Once the decision was made to house twenty-four thousand people on a site that should not be made to hold more than six thousand, all the other faults followed almost automatically. For this community of twenty-four thousand inhabitants will not have, within its walls, a school or a library, a church or a community room, a motion-picture theatre or an auditorium, a clinic, a lying-in home, or a hospital, or any of the other essential facilities for its population. Because of the variety of function of such buildings, there would have been an opportunity for fresh form, too, and this, in turn, might have had a humanizing effect upon the whole design. Considering all the benefits it might have derived from beginning at scratch, on a site as large as this, Stuyvesant Town is a caricature of urban rebuilding.

I HAVE reserved my most favorable comment to the last, and at that it must be qualified. The standards of interior space throughout the project are generous; even the minimum accommodations are more spacious than is usual in prewar public housing projects of the same order, and the kitchens, one side of which is so short that they are almost triangular in shape, are marvellously convenient just because of this fact. The living rooms, all twelve by eighteen feet, are more than adequate by New York standards. I would be more enthusiastic about the quality of this living space if the eighteen-foot dimension were window frontage instead of depth. And about a hundred and twenty square feet of costly space is wasted in each apartment on a windowless anteroom, called the foyer, plus the unusable dark end of the living room. This may be low-rental "economy," but only in Alice's Looking-Glass World.

FROM this sad Stuyvesant Town story of prefabricated blight, I turn with relief to Peter Cooper Village, the project's northern neighbor, also a Metropolitan Life venture. Its buildings are two stories taller, but the effect is not so tight and closed-in; the rooms are larger; and, though the rental is quite moderate compared with anything being offered in other sections of Manhattan, the citizens of New York have not underwritten this moderation by subsidies derived from their taxes. The great structures of Peter Cooper Village are set at an angle to First Avenue, and, if one stands on the corner of Twenty-first Street, the succession of high units seems to form a series of receding steps, like a Cubist demonstration of the relation of color and tone to distance—almost the only effect that can be called aesthetic or architectural in either project. Photographers will probably be taking pictures of that particular view for a dozen years. Peter Cooper Village is, aesthetically at least, a little less prisonlike than Stuyvesant Town. But neither form of congestion should be allowed to become a standard for urban redevelopment. —LEWIS MUMFORD

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At 11 a.m., Ely pulls a pair of trousers on over his pajama tops, puts on socks and slippers, and begins work, dictating to three secretaries in relays.—*Redbook.*

All three of them in stitches, we have no doubt.

•

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 28 (AP)—Keeping up a royal tradition, Sweden's 90-year-old King Gustaf V went hunting yesterday at Hunneberg in Western Sweden. After 10 hours on the beat, the King had two elfs to his credit.—*Indianapolis News.*

Elves, please.

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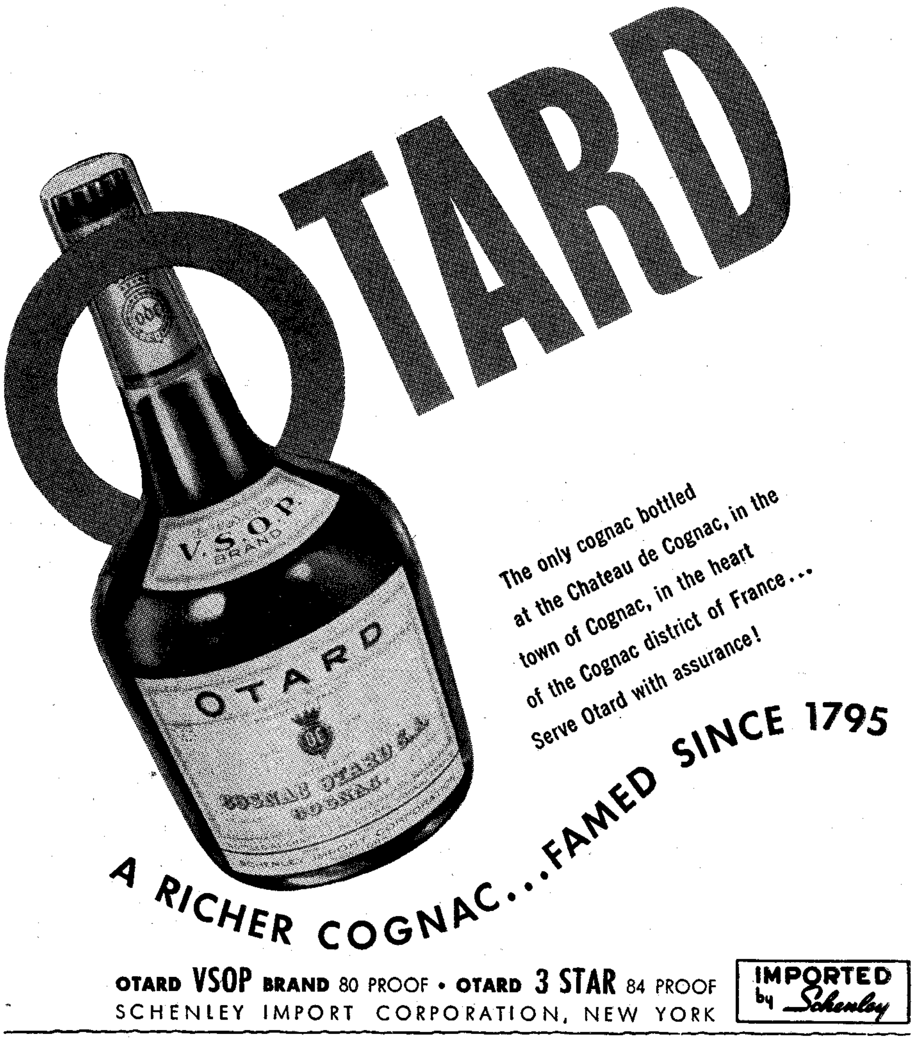
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From an adv. in Vogue, November 15, 1924*]

CAN YOUR DAUGHTER SUPERVISE SERVANTS?

If she marries well, she will have to organize and manage a corps of five to fifteen servants. Does she know what each should do? And how it should be done?



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CINCINNATI AND I

After several seasons of lecturing, I feel that two facts emerge emphatically: first, that I am what my Grandmother Kimbrough used to call "not right sharp" about schedules, and, second, that Cincinnati and I are not happy together.

About a year ago, I had my second lecture date in Cincinnati. My first was in 1946, when I arrived there on February 26th at 8:30 A.M. from an engagement in Pittsburgh the night before. That time, I stayed at the Netherland Plaza. Last year, I was at the Hotel Gibson. I can understand, in view of my demolition of a portion of the Netherland Plaza, why the lecture bureau put me in another hotel on my second trip. But until the morning of October 31, 1947, I thought that the grotesque 1946 Cincinnati incidents were only a kind of three-day northeaster that had blown itself out there. In the light of what happened last year, I am inclined to believe that Cincinnati is a storm center for me and that hereafter I will do better to skirt around it.

The 1946 grotesqueries actually began on February 25th, on the day train from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. I was well along in a six-week tour. It had been strenuous but, on the whole, pleasant and reasonably uneventful. I had had a weekend interim at home in Philadelphia, and was starting out on the middle lap of the tour, rested, and comfortably settled in my parlor-car seat. I was, I remember, knitting when I first smelled smoke.

I craned my neck around toward the back of my chair and sniffed. I could not smell any smoke there, and none of the passengers were sniffing, so I went back to my knitting. Then I smelled it again, and this time I was sure that it came from burning leather. I summoned the porter and said to him that I didn't wish to alarm either him or the other passengers, but did he smell smoke? He chuckled reassuringly, but stopped abruptly to point to a thin line of smoke that was drifting up from the mouth of my black suède handbag, which I had wedged between my chair and the window. It was a bag I kept out of sight as much as possible—a difficult thing to do, considering its size.

I had had the bag made in Hollywood at a famous suède shop, and it wasn't finished until the day I left for the East and the lecture tour. I had ordered a pouch-style bag, with suède drawstrings long enough to go over my shoulder. It was to be eight inches wide and ten inches deep, but when I went to the shop to get it—one of the fifteen last-minute errands that day—I found the saleslady holding it in her hand and looking at it in awe. At the sight of me, she said, "Miss Kimbrough, I don't know if you'll want this. We've got a new cutter, and I think she's exaggerated." We measured the bag, and it was twenty-two inches wide and twenty-seven inches deep. I took it, because there was no time to have it changed, but I kept it out of sight whenever I could.

The porter grabbed the bag and turned it upside down in the aisle. Besides the ordinary things any woman has in her bag—purse, compact, lipstick, cigarettes, Kleenex, handkerchief, theatre-ticket stubs, shopping lists, and swatches of material—there was a large tin of Postum and a folding spoon. I do not like to admit that I cannot drink coffee, and the suède pouch had seemed a good place to hide the Postum I always carry with me. This time it didn't work. The can rolled all the way down the aisle to the men's room.

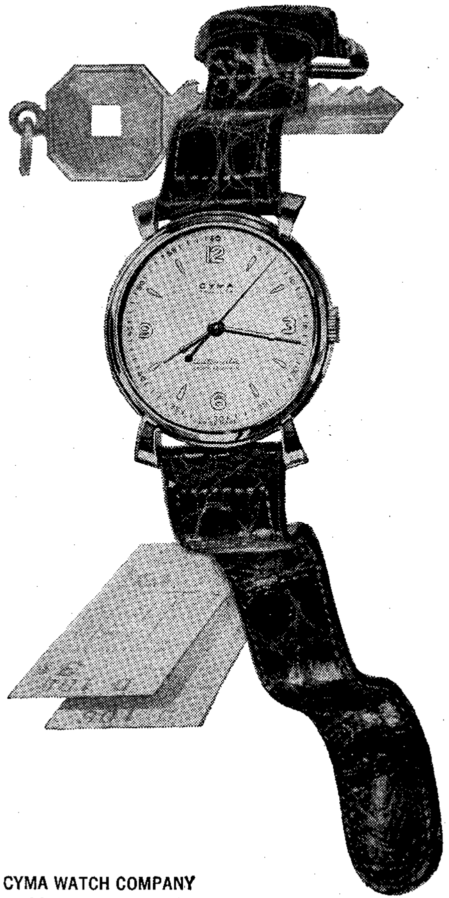
The last thing to come out of the bag was a book of blazing matches that had burned through a corner of the lining and into the suède. It took a great deal longer to gather up the items shaken out in the aisle than it did to stamp out the fire, although the other passengers pitched in and helped. After I had thanked them all and explained about the Postum and the size of the bag, I was glad we were coming into Pittsburgh.

The clerk at the desk of my hotel sniffed a little while I was asking about my reservation, so I felt that I had to explain the episode to him. The bellboy, too, wanted to know about the smell, so I held the bag up for both of them to see. Once in my room, I bathed, dressed (formal evening dress requested, it said on my contract; women's clubs are always explicit), had my dinner sent up, and was called for at half past seven by the chairman of the evening and her husband. He was, he told me, in charge of the backstage arrangements, and he proved to be very genial. I constantly marvel at the patience and coöperation of the husbands of women's-club ladies. This Pittsburgh husband delivered me and his wife at the door of the auditorium and joined us backstage after he had parked the car. He asked me how I wanted the lights, and since I know nothing whatever about lighting, I said that I thought overhead and footlights would be just right, and he said that those were exactly what he had turned on, which I had noticed. His wife interrupted us with the announcement "If we wait for latecomers, the early ones get restless," and strode onto the stage. I followed her.

WE got off to a fine start. The chairman's introduction was hearty, and she remembered it. "It gives me great pleasure . . ." she ended, and we bowed each other into reverse positions, she to the chair I had quitted and I behind the lectern.

About three-quarters of the way through my lecture, I had occasion to illustrate a point I was making by holding up my hands on either side of my face, like blinders, and in doing this I leaned my elbows on the lectern. There was a ripping, crunching sound, and the lectern disintegrated under me. The rim, breaking up into pieces that looked like the kind of kindling wood that is full of nails, flew down into the front row, where the unhappy people dodged in surprise. For a moment, it looked as if I would join them there. As the lectern sank to the floor, its component parts spreading out at my feet, I lost my balance and gave every appearance of an inexperienced diver about to plunge reluctantly over the footlights. But by rotating my arms vigorously—though I was hampered by the tightness across the upper arms of my off-the-shoulder dress—I brought myself back to an upright position. I had, however, lost the thread of my lecture, and so had the audience. I made a few efforts to find it, but it seemed better just to wish them good evening and leave the stage. Their sportsmanship brought me back to take a bow. The janitor accompanied me, and after my bow we both squatted down while he helped me paw out from the rubble my handkerchief, gloves, and bag—not my knapsack but a small evening bag that was harder to find. He helped me to my feet and glared at the audience.

"I told you ladies to tell your speakers



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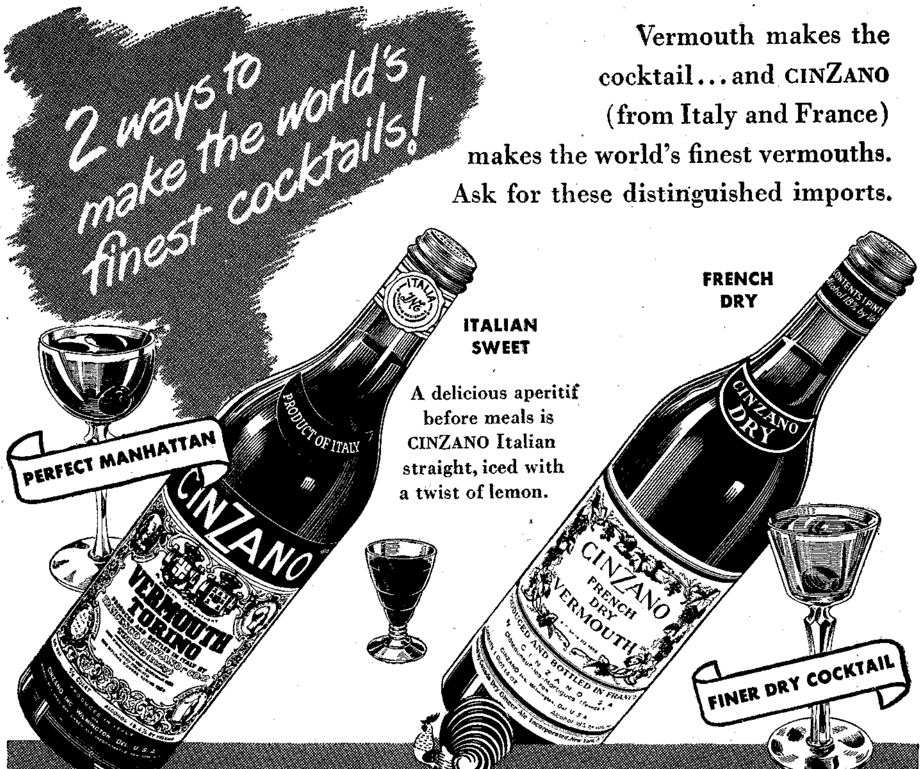

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not to touch that lectern," he shouted. "It's got worms in it."

The chairman and her husband were garrulously distressed all the way back to the hotel. He said she ought to have warned me, but she said that because she'd noticed I didn't carry notes, she'd thought I probably wouldn't lay a hand on the thing, and hadn't wanted to make me nervous.

I BOARDED a late train that night, slept fitfully, and rose early to get off at Cincinnati at eight-thirty. Following the redcap who had my bag, I stepped briskly along the corridor that leads from the train sheds into the main waiting room. The floor of this corridor is of smooth white marble—or of something like marble—and looks slippery. It dips down decidedly the last few yards before you get to the waiting room, and when I reached this incline, I veered to the left impulsively to walk on a black band about two feet wide that extends the whole length of the corridor. I thought it was a rubber carpeting put down as a safeguard against slipping, but it was of the same material as the rest of the floor—apparently just a decorative note. I had hardly set a tentative foot on it when something caught me behind the knees, upended me, and carried me on it smoothly down the slope and into the waiting room, my feet in the air and my hat over my face. I heard running footsteps behind me and a man's voice calling indistinguishable words.

I was slowing down to a stop when a hand grabbed my arm and pulled me to my feet. I pushed up my hat and looked into the anxious face of an out-of-breath Marine. He apologized and explained in a rush of words that his bag—he pointed to the large black suitcase on which I had just been recumbent—was so heavy that when he saw the incline ahead, he had set it down, hauled off, and given it a big boot. Then I had crossed over without warning in front of it. . . . And if there was anything he could do. . . . He hoped I knew how bad he felt to have done such a thing. . . .

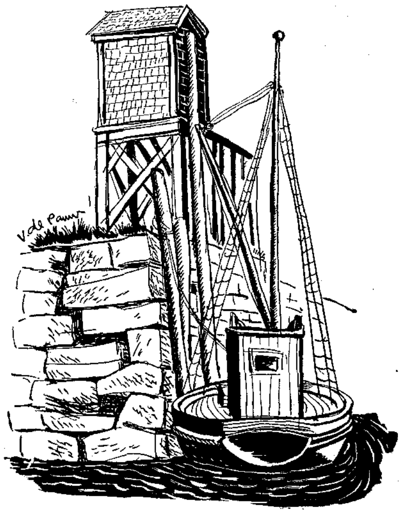
I think he was going to offer to see me to my hotel, but as I was assuring him that I was not hurt, a lady's troubled voice interrupted us. "This *is* Miss Kimbrough, isn't it?" She injected a nervous giggle. "I was just *sure* it was." After she had introduced me to two friends on the hospitality committee who had come with her to meet me, I turned back to the Marine, but he had gone.

We four ladies rode together to the Netherland Plaza in a car belonging to one of them, who drove. I was put in the back seat with the lady who had claimed me, but the driver and her friend in the front seat were so interested to know how I had "*ever* happened to come down into the station on top of that big black bag" that they kept turning around in order not to miss any of the story. I am always nervous in a car I'm not driving myself, even behind the most skillful of drivers, which this one was not, so I was tired when we reached the hotel. The ladies said that they would come back for me about half past twelve to take me out to their club for the luncheon before my speech. The driver broke in with a suggestion that if they came a little early, she could point out the sights as we drove along, and perhaps take in one or two places not directly on the route. In the face of their enthusiasm, I could hardly say that if I were given my choice, I would prefer to start out right then on foot, however far the club might be. I promised to be ready when they came, and they drove off, waving.

The luncheon was no more shrill than any women's gathering. The hostesses were charming and hospitable. My speech passed off uneventfully, and we had tea afterward. My three ladies would have taken me out to dinner, rounding up some of the other "girls" to go along, but I told them about my Great-Aunt Wilmina, who lives near Cincinnati and who was coming in to have dinner with me at the Netherland Plaza, so they drove me back there. When I left them, I said emphatically that I wouldn't dream of allowing them to go to the inconvenience of driving me to the train; I was leaving early in the morning for Louisville, and it would be much simpler for everyone if I got a taxi. They were prettily reluctant, but I was firm, and we parted with a rondo of goodbyes and thank-yous.

AUNT WILMINA came to dinner, and I saw her off in a taxi at nine-thirty. When I got back to my room, I was tired, and very thirsty after a day of talking. I felt that I could drink an entire quart of ginger ale, and perhaps two, so I telephoned for two quarts, and a waiter brought them. I asked if he had an opener, and he told me there was one in the bathroom.

After he left, I found the opener in the bathroom—a metal lip an inch and a half long, fastened with two screws to the frame of the medicine cabinet. One of the screws was loose and the opener sagged, but, nevertheless, I slipped the cap of the ginger-ale bottle underneath it and pulled down. Nothing happened, so I took a firmer grip on the bottle, inserted it again, and gave a quick jerk with all my strength. The opener came away from the medicine cabinet and fell into the washbasin. So did the quart of ginger ale, and with such force that it split the washbasin into two parts. One part toppled over into the toilet and splintered. The other dropped against the side of the bathtub and broke into four large chunks. The ginger-ale bottle was not even nicked, but the cap was loosened enough to send the liquid in a thin, powerful stream toward the ceiling and all over my head. It shot up with such violence that I couldn't pound the cap on again. I covered the top of the bottle with my hand, but wasn't able to prevent the liquid from squirting out over my dress, legs, and feet. Ginger ale is sweet and sticky, and there is more of it in a quart than I had ever dreamed. When the last of it was out of the bottle, I mopped up as much of myself and the floor as I could with the one towel the ginger ale hadn't reached. Then I went into the bedroom, called the desk, and asked the clerk if he could spare the time to come up for a moment, because something had happened that I found difficult to explain over the telephone. When he arrived, another man was with him, but the clerk did not say who he was. I took them to the door of the bathroom and pointed to the empty ginger-ale bottle, which I had set down on the shelf above the toilet, thinking that if I started with the bottle, I could perhaps describe the accident step by step, and thus make it sound credible. The strange man picked up the bottle and held it all the time I talked. He kept looking at it, and then at the walls, where the ginger ale was dripping, and at the floor, where the remains of the washbasin lay. When



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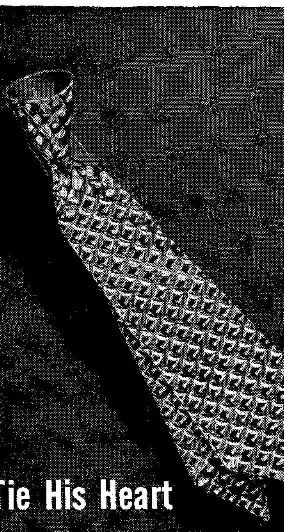

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I had finished my story, the clerk said that nothing like this had ever happened in the Netherland Plaza before. This did not surprise me. He also said there wasn't another room available in the hotel and that they couldn't get the washstand replaced that night, which also did not surprise me. He would send up a chambermaid to sweep up, he said, and to give me fresh towels. The other man was still holding the ginger-ale bottle when he left. He hadn't spoken at all.

The chambermaid wanted to know what in the name of conniption had happened, and when I explained it to her, she said that it didn't seem to her it could have happened that way. But she telephoned the linen room to send me a box in which to pack the clothes I was wearing, because, she said, I certainly couldn't wear them again until they had been cleaned and I couldn't pack them with my other clothes; the best thing would be to mail them home. She got the bathroom pretty well mopped and swept, brought me fresh towels, and cautioned me not to step on the floor in my bare feet, because there might still be a lot of chips around.

As soon as she had left, I got out of my clothes and into the tub and washed my hair. It took three separate washings and rinsings to get all the ginger ale out. My hair is long, and it was three in the morning when I had finished drying it. I put in a call to be waked at seven o'clock, because I was afraid I might oversleep and miss my train for Louisville. I caught the Louisville train by running up the incline at the station and all the rest of the length of the marble corridor.

When I reached home, a couple of weeks later, I found a letter from the Netherland Plaza Hotel. It read:

Dear Miss Kimbrough:

On February 26, while you were a guest at the Netherland Plaza in Room 2522, it appears that you broke a lavatory in the bathroom. The cost of replacing this lavatory is $55.17. We trust that we will receive an early reply.

Yours very truly,

I replied, protesting the charge on the grounds that the accident had been caused by a defective opener that was the property of the hotel. "I do not therefore feel responsible," I wrote, "though I regret exceedingly that it happened."

A week later, I received a courteous answer cancelling the charges for the broken lavatory. One more letter from me, thanking them for their understanding and generosity, presumably closed the incident. The next year, though, as I said, I was booked at the Hotel Gibson, and I do not know whether it was by request of the Netherland Plaza or because of a delicate sense of consideration on the part of the man in the lecture bureau who makes my reservations.

I THINK I shall remember for a long time that I arrived in Cincinnati last year on Thursday, October 30th, at 6:20 P.M. I spent that evening at the theatre, where I met some old friends who were in Cincinnati for a brief visit. They were at the Netherland Plaza and were sorry I wasn't staying there. I said only that I was comfortable at the Gibson and had stayed at the Netherland Plaza on a previous trip. They insisted on taking me back to their rooms after the play, and I looked wistfully around the familiar lobby as I went in.

I did not leave them until long after midnight, and found, when I got outside, that it had started to rain. My taxi-driver said he would just as soon it rained hard for the next twenty-four hours, on account of its being Halloween the next night. He explained that the whole downtown district of Cincinnati was always turned over to Halloween celebrations. Everybody came out, either in costume or to see the people who were in costume, and the crowds were so heavy that taxis weren't even allowed on some of the streets. He said it seemed like anywhere you wanted to go, it took you ten blocks out of your way to get there, and, what with the crowds, you couldn't get through anyhow. But that was the way Halloween was in Cincinnati.

I was very sleepy the next morning. I had breakfast in my room, got into a gray wool dress that, with gold necklace and earrings, was as near as I could approximate what was stipulated in the contract as "short, formal, daytime dress." I glanced at my lecture-bureau schedule hastily to make sure of the hour and address. It read, "Friday, November 1, Cincinnati, Ohio, Southwestern Ohio Teachers' Association, 9:30 A.M., Scottish Rite Auditorium." By rushing, I managed to get to the Scottish Rite building at nine-twenty. It is a very large place, with several auditoriums, and I had some difficulty in finding the way to my auditorium, which was a lesser one. I had particular difficulty because there seemed to be no one else going there. I came upon it eventually, through a door that took me onto the stage, and found myself alone, except for a janitor who was sweeping one of

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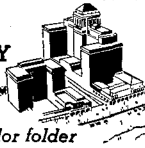

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the aisles. I asked him what was going on, and he said nothing, as far as he knew. He was irritated, because his back had been turned to me when I called to him. He said I had made him jump. I had no trouble finding my way out of the building, but it was hard to get a taxi. It was still raining and there were puddles on the sidewalk. I was wearing thin, black suède, open-toed slippers, and the water splashed in the toes and up over my insteps. As soon as I got back to my hotel room, I telephoned Mr. R. W. Cadwallader's house. His name, as Executive Secretary of the Southwestern Ohio Teachers' Association, was on my contract. Mrs. Cadwallader answered the telephone. She didn't know where Mr. Cadwallader was, she said. Had I tried the auditorium? I told her I had. Well, then, she said, she didn't know where to find him, he was so busy with these meetings. Up to this moment, I had been calm, I think, but now I became a little high-pitched. Could she tell me, then, I demanded, where *I* was supposed to be. My lecture engagement was at nine-thirty and it was now a quarter to ten.

"Wait a minute," she said, and left the telephone. In a moment, she was back. "I'm looking at my bulletin," she told me, "and you are speaking at the Scottish Rite Auditorium *tomorrow* morning at nine-thirty—Saturday, November 1st. I'm reading it right here."

"I'm sure my schedule says *Friday*, November 1st," I said, and I think my voice was trembling.

Mrs. Cadwallader was patient. "But Friday isn't November 1st. Today is Halloween—you know, the thirty-first of October. *Tomorrow* is November 1st."

I was sitting on the edge of my bed, and after I had put down the telephone, I kept on sitting there for some time. I felt suddenly overdressed in my gray wool getup, at 9:50 A.M. in a hotel bedroom, and I had twenty-four hours to go. Of course this was the thirty-first of October! The taxi-driver's talk about Halloween the night before should have warned me. But it *was* Friday. I looked at my schedule again. It read, "Friday, November 1." I took out my pencil and, too late to do any good, corrected the schedule to read, "Saturday, November 1." I should have checked and corrected my dates long before, especially since, on a previous tour for the same lecture bureau, I had got to Shreveport, Louisiana, three days ahead of time. But that mixup had been my own fault. This at least was one-

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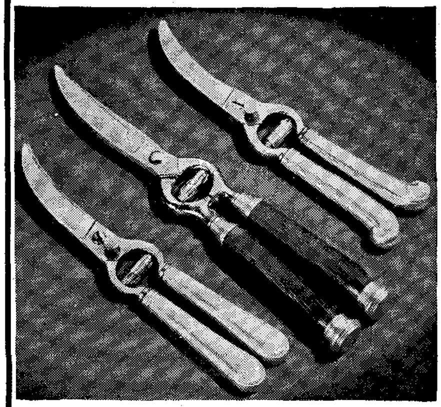

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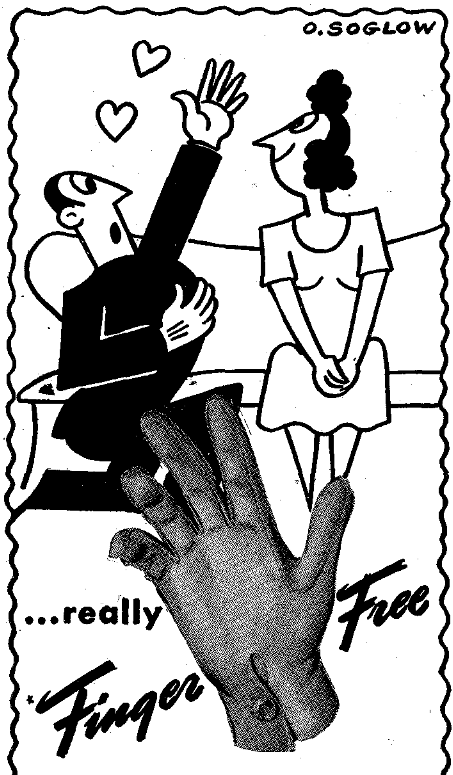

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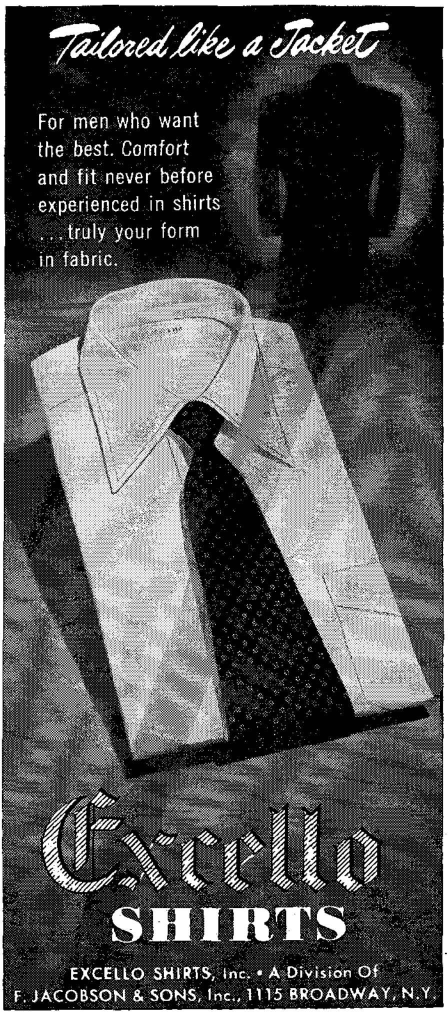

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half the fault of the lecture bureau. I studied the schedule again and tried to figure out why I had been rushed from Mansfield, Ohio, the day before if I was to have a twenty-four-hour wait in Cincinnati. I had had to leave Mansfield in the middle of lunch after a morning lecture and drive fifteen miles to catch a New York Central train at two-ten, in order to reach Cincinnati at six-twenty on Thursday, October 30th. Then I realized that the bureau knew I had a great-aunt near Cincinnati and thought I would like to see her. As simple as that!

It suddenly occurred to me to wonder whether my Pullman ticket for the train that was to take me to my next engagement might not be wrong, too. I got it out of the leather folder in which I always keep my tickets, along with the schedule and my lecture contracts. It was for New York Central train No. 405, leaving Cincinnati for Chicago at 3:20 P.M., *Saturday, November 1st.* They knew, then, all along, at the lecture bureau, that I was speaking on November 1st, and that it came on a Saturday. Friday was just a slip of the typewriter—or a Halloween prank.

I know now that it is not enough to read my schedule carefully; it is necessary to check it with the railroad accommodations. I evidently learn one thing at a time. It has taken two visits to Cincinnati to convince me that that city and I do not blend.

—EMILY KIMBROUGH

•

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When it is really late July.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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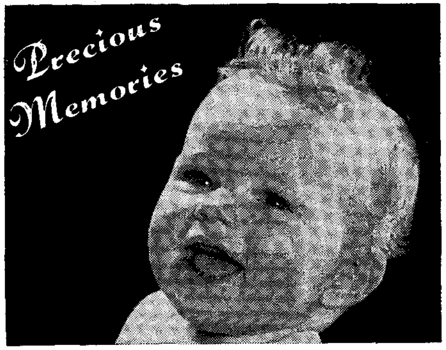

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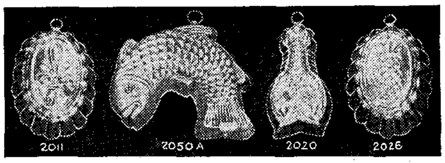

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OF ALL THINGS

THE most surprising thing about the campaign has been the vigor and intensity of President Truman's drive for reëlection. He seems determined to nail a "No Vacancy" sign on the White House door.

•

The Republican High Command, confident of winning the Presidency, is trying to provide transportation for those senatorial candidates who are not running well. The plan is to have them ride to Washington on Dewey's coattails.

•

One day last week, there was a strange interlude of sweet reasonableness at the United Nations meeting in Paris. Several kind words were exchanged between representatives of the Cultured West and the Wild and Woolly East.

•

Book sales indicate that Americans are now more concerned about the international crisis than they are about the cost of groceries. A book about how to stop worrying is the current best-seller, instead of one about an egg.

•

Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, of the Un-American Activities Committee, is charged with getting salary kickbacks from his employees, but he dismisses the accusation as campaign politics. He could also point out that none of the accusations against him have been made by reliable former Communists.

•

Government restrictions on installment buying appear to have had the effect of reducing the prices of used cars. If this keeps up, we may soon have the curious spectacle of splendid antique models selling as cheaply as the vulgar, shiny new machines.

•

On Election Night, there will be more than usual interest in the returns from below the Mason and Dixon Line. Everybody wonders whom the Southerners will vote against the most.

•

The American Legionnaires seem to have been on their best behavior at the Miami convention. They indulged in no mischief except demanding free admission for life to the United States Treasury. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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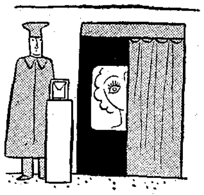
THE CURRENT CINEMA

High-Grade Kelly, Low-Grade Kaye



THE latest movie version of "The Three Musketeers" is a sumptuous affair, done up in Technicolor and distinguished by the presence of Gene Kelly in the role of D'Artagnan. With totally negligible assistance from the other people in the cast, Mr. Kelly puts on a gymnastic show full of the sort of bounce that was the specialty of the elastic Douglas Fairbanks. It's been a long, long time since I saw Fairbanks leaping about in an earlier film interpretation of the Dumas story, but as I recall his performance, it was no more strenuous than the one Mr. Kelly gives in the present exhibit. In the course of confounding his crafty adversary, Richelieu, Mr. Kelly is called upon to plunge his sword into dozens of extras, to vault onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, to swing from assorted arrases and chandeliers, and to hop about seventeenth-century rooftops with the assurance of a starling. He is also required to make love to June Allyson, who plays Lady Constance, of the Queen's entourage, and to Lana Turner, who portrays Lady de Winter, the pal of Richelieu. In his amorous grapples with the Misses Allyson and Turner, Mr. Kelly seems unable to make up his mind whether to take matters seriously or to substitute burlesque for romance. His uncertainty is understandable. Despite the considerable efforts of the costume department, neither Miss Allyson nor Miss Turner appears to be quite at home in the period. The former moves through a series of furious intrigues with the solemn uneasiness of a little girl done up in Mama's clothes, and the latter, as the arch-villainess of all France, reads her lines in the manner of a waitress exchanging quips with the boys at a dog wagon. While this misogynous mood is on me, I might as well point out that there is another lady in the picture who is of no help. She is Angela Lansbury, who acts as if the crown of France were something won at an apple festival.

The men in the film, except for Mr. Kelly, wear their tights and plumes with a kind of weary patience, and Van Heflin, as Athos, the most prominent of the three musketeers, is downright embar-

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rassing. It is notable that, in the role of Richelieu, Vincent Price appears in no clerical trappings and is never addressed by his ecclesiastical title. In fact, if it were not for his doublet and hose, you could hardly tell him from the standard Hollywood version of a Fifth Columnist or crooked used-car dealer.

WHILE Gene Kelly is romping so happily through "The Three Musketeers," another good actor, Danny Kaye, is wasting his talents on "A Song Is Born," a rehash of "Ball of Fire," a picture of a few years ago that featured Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck. This time out, it is a strained and cluttered account of how a serious musicologist gets involved with a naughty girl (Virginia Mayo) and some gangsters while making a first-hand study of jazz. As the musicologist, Mr. Kaye is under wraps throughout the film, and though his performance is amiable enough, it gives us very few glimpses of the kind of comic business he is capable of. If Mr. Kaye *has* to follow in somebody's footsteps, I'm sure that Harold Lloyd's would suit him a lot better than Gary Cooper's.

In addition to the comedian, "A Song Is Born" offers a quintet of character actors from the Samuel Goldwyn stable, who, along with Benny Goodman, are desperately whimsical as recluse professors of music, and a host of jazz musicians, ranging from Louis Armstrong to Tommy Dorsey. The music in the film is fair, but it is constantly interrupted by the convolutions of the plot, which require Mr. Kaye to install his wicked cutie in the academy where he lives and works, and, later, to rescue her from her hardboiled fancy man (Steve Cochran), who has suddenly decided to marry her. In a picture crowded with unlikely scenes, the peak of improbability is reached when Benny Goodman learns how to play a hot clarinet after one reading of Winthrop Sargeant's "Jazz: Hot and Hybrid." Mr. Sargeant's work is good, but I don't think it's quite *that* good.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Daily News*]

OMAHA, NEB.—(UP)—The proprietor of a local cafe tells of the first honest burglar he has ever encountered.

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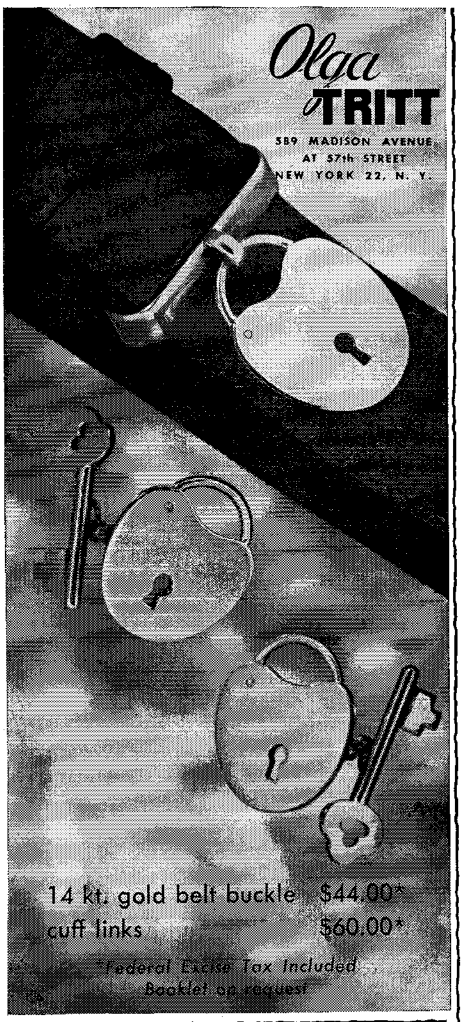
FOOTBALL

Irresistible Force Meets Movable Object

WHAT had looked like the event of the season—the game between Cornell and Army, up at Ithaca, last Saturday—turned out, upon inspection, to be just another Army warmup. It had seemed a reasonable guess that Stephenson and the rest of Army's lightning backs wouldn't be able to strike effectively more than once at any of the tiny gaps in the Cornell line and the Cornell pass defense, but Army managed quite neatly, and won by a score of 27–6. This is not to deny the fact that Cornell is an able-bodied opponent for any team in the East. A slight reapportionment of the lucky breaks would have removed one touchdown from Army's score and have given two to Cornell. But though Cornell made several threatening gestures, the proceedings at Ithaca offered little of the excitement afforded by the much less significant games that afternoon in Philadelphia and New York.

In Philadelphia, a Navy team that had not won a game this fall put on a splendid show against Pennsylvania, compelling that redoubtable piece of machinery to come from behind to win, toward the end of the match, as it had had to do against Columbia the weekend before. In New York, a Princeton team that also had not won a game this fall put on an even better show against Columbia. Two years ago, Princeton brought off a 50-to-1 chance by beating Penn when a completely uncelebrated substitute, Ken Keuffel, kicked a late-afternoon field goal. Saturday, Princeton brought off at least a 5-to-1 chance by beating Columbia when another completely uncelebrated substitute, Frank Reichel, kicked a last-minute field goal, which made the score 16–14 in Princeton's favor.

BUT as an exhibition of excellent football (Cornell's) and of very great football (Army's) the game at Ithaca was, if not the event of the season, certainly the event of the week. At the start, Cornell was momentarily in control. A clever Cornell punt gave Army the ball on its fifteen-yard line, a poorish spot, and the Cornell line held Army's Cain and Stuart to a gain of only two yards, all told, in two tries.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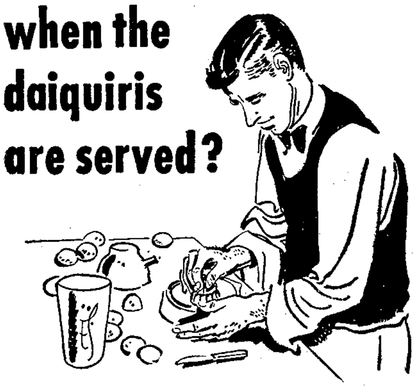

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Then Stephenson took a hand and started breaking up the ball game. He got Army out of its spot by making eight yards and a first down on the next play, and he carried on in similar fashion the rest of the afternoon. His second touchdown, and Army's fourth, was one of his best exhibitions. The ball was on Cornell's three-yard line. Stephenson put his head down, butted through a solid mass of Cornell men, and popped out on the other side, his nose no more than three inches above the turf, for a touchdown. The officials apparently decided that his knee had hit the ground at the one-yard line and that the touchdown was, therefore, not a touchdown. Stephenson obligingly lowered his head once more and whisked through the same solid mass. His passage this time was rougher. When he emerged, he looked as though he had just escaped from a Waring mixer, and the ball seemed to be held to his chest solely by some peculiar form of personal magnetism as he made a crash landing five yards past the Cornell goal. The officials, perhaps figuring that he could keep this sort of thing up all day, gave him his due.

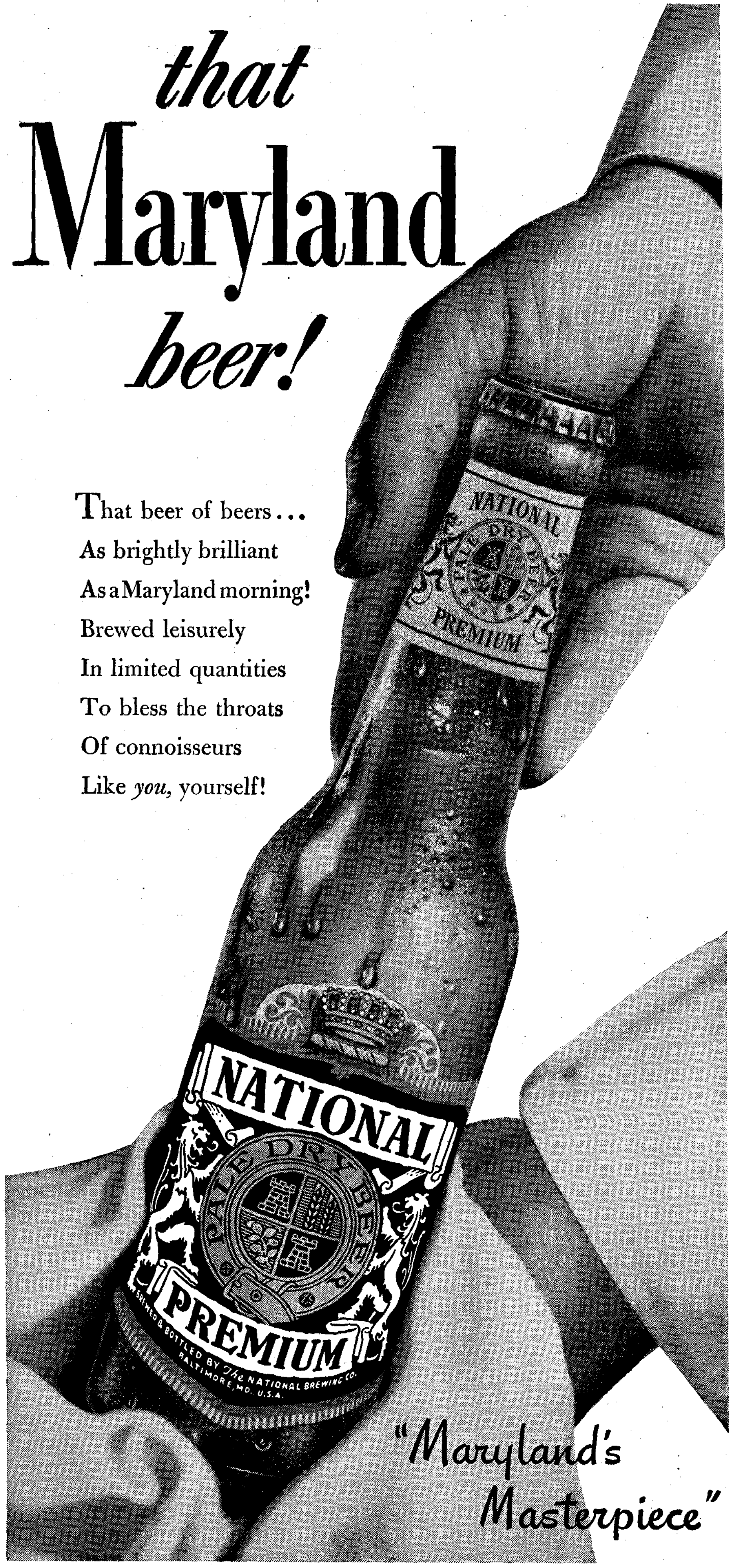
A couple of times, Miller and Fleischmann, Cornell's best backs last Saturday, nearly got free for touchdown runs, and a couple of long Army passes that could have been Army touchdowns nearly turned into Cornell touchdowns, because of Cornell's smart defensive work. Yet even what will surely be classified as one of the oddest happenings of the season did not disturb Army's peace of mind. Galiffa, Army's quarterback, trying to throw a forward pass late in the second quarter, was trapped near his thirty-five-yard line and, to save the situation, threw a lateral pass toward a pal loitering nearby. But Ramin, a Cornell guard in full flight toward Army's goal, gobbled up the ball and was off. He was overtaken at Army's fourteen-yard line, however, and Army's coldly efficient defensive team, hastily inserted, knocked down three Cornell passes in a row. Cornell's fourth-down attempt at a field goal was, like a good many other things Cornell tried out on Army, wide of the mark. Cornell, largely a young team, is, as the saying goes, probably a year away. Army has clearly already arrived.

—J. W. L.

•

Mar'tha Wash'ing·ton (mär'th*a* wŏsh'ĭng·tŭn). See WASHINGTON ASPARAGUS. —*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

Look, we haven't got all day.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LETTER FROM ASCHAFFENBURG

OCTOBER 20

AFTER more than three years of peace, three-quarters of a million uprooted European human beings are still living in the American Zone of Germany, all of them willing to go anywhere on earth except home. In the course of this suspended period of time, these people have turned into statistics and initials. Five hundred and ninety-eight thousand of them have been formally metamorphosed into D.P.s, or Displaced Persons, and are living in some three hundred International Refugee Organization camps. (The remaining hundred and fifty thousand, because of their hazy D.P. status, are not entitled to full camp care, or, because of their realism or energy, have merged with the Germans—who guiltily hate them—and are struggling for jobs in the midst of German unemployment and weathering the dog-eat-dog existence of Germany's present-day economy.) What the camp D.P.s are really living in is three hundred limbos—chiefly former Wehrmacht garrisons, now ironically housing what is left of the expatriate nationals whom the Nazis maneuvered around Europe as doomed inferiors. One of the camps is outside the town of Aschaffenburg, in Bavaria, in a quadrangle of barracks on a hill. Another camp is in Würzburg, where there are two garrisons, one on each side of the Main River, near the bombed remains of the famous fifteenth-century statue-inhabited bridge. Wherever these camps are, they tend to be monotonously alike—modern, German, military establishments. Typically, a camp is a quarter-mile square of harsh, four-story green stucco buildings that show signs of Allied bombings and D.P. repairs. According to I.R.O. rules, each building must house a minimum of three hundred D.P.s, in rows of communal bedrooms, all furnished out of salvaged materials and all smelling of smeared cleanliness, hall-room cooking, and cramped decencies. Every D.P. is theoretically entitled to forty-five square feet of living space. Sometimes a honeymoon pair is allowed to enjoy it. Otherwise, there may be in one room a couple, two children, and a mother-in-law, or three unrelated adults, with maybe a curtain for privacy. The beds are cots, and a packing case is likely to serve as a table. In such circumstances, the D.P.s dwell, eat, breed, wait, and ponder their futures, living a simulacrum of life that has no connection with the world outside except through the world's callousness and charity.

Like a well-functioning imitation of a town, each camp has its D.P. mayor, police chief, rival political leaders, teachers, and garbage collectors, and one socially superior barracks, where the bourgeois remnants maintain the familiar notion of a select neighborhood, and where they cling together among fewer odors and try to keep up their French. Each camp is a microcosm of capitalistic society outside; D.P. shoemakers, tailors, and carpenters ply their trades, participating in financial transactions for which the medium of exchange is now the Deutsche Mark but for which American baby foods, cigarettes, and canned goods, black-marketed by our occupying Army, provided the currency at the beginning.

EACH of the three hundred limbos also enjoys the Old World ingredient of arrogant nationalisms and religions. At Camp Wildflecken, a former training school for Hitler's S.S., there are ten thousand Roman Catholic Poles; at Giebelstadt, a former Luftwaffe airfield, there are seventeen hundred Jews, mainly Polish; at Aschaffenburg, six thousand Orthodox Catholic Ukrainians; at Würzburg, a colony of Protestant Estonians; at Schweinfurt, two thousand Catholic Lithuanians. In the Orthodox Catholic camps, a church is usually set up in a barracks attic, on the ecclesiastical principle that no human activity in a building may take place on a higher level than the service to God does. On Sundays, the Aschaffenburg garret church is currently decked with gaudy dahlias from the camp gardens, a magnificent choir of twenty-four young males sings, and the altar, constructed of embroidery-covered American canned-food boxes, is piously served.

To maintain peace and cut down the number of fist fights, the I.R.O. tries to arrange matters so that each camp—or, at a minimum, each barracks—houses only one religion or nationality. There is a ferocious patriotic dreg that still bubbles up in jealousy and pride as to which nationals have suffered most in the war. The numerically dominating Polish D.P.s, some Jewish and some Catholic,

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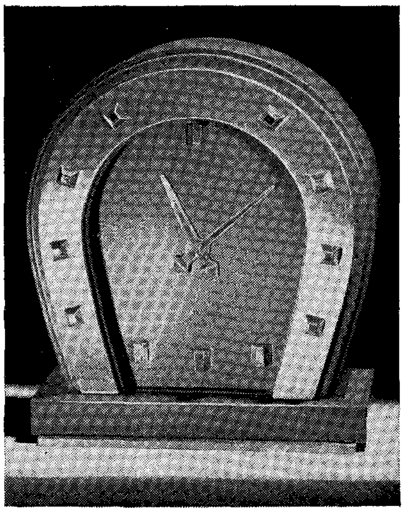
point out that they are the only nationals who engaged in forced labor for the Nazis and who resisted Germans and Russians alike. The Balts, who mostly resisted only the Russians, brag least. The bouncy Ukrainians, who are the second-largest national group, claim that serving in Hitler's Army, which they did on a big scale, was merely a smart way of being anti-Russian. The Ukrainians are the most obstreperously nationalistic of the lot. Recently grown contemptuous of the Saturday-night folk dancing with which other groups keep their national memories warm, the Ukrainian D.P. Scientific Society of Aschaffenburg gave six soirée lectures on Tripilla Culture, and its prehistoric fishing habits and pottery. The Society handed out a pamphlet explaining, in English, that "Tripilla is a peculiar rich culture five thousand years before our times in the Don River town of Tripilla by Kiev. Tripilla Culture, we admit, constituted for the coming into existence of Ukrainians." The D.P. Ukrainians snoozed through the lectures, and loved them.

Reality is further drained from D.P. camp life by the fact that many of the dulled, amiable-looking inhabitants have been through hegiras and immeasurable tragedies that in ordinary existence could prove heroism or lift morale but that in D.P. circles have merely levelled everyone to the cruel, flat surface of commonplace destiny. Some of them have smelled their families burning in crematories, have borne children in beet fields, or have been castrated like calves. Some have walked halfway across Europe on feet that became splayed, have suffered tortures like martyrs, have been beaten like slaves, have been tattooed with serial numbers. Almost all of them have not only survived their frightful experience but have physically recovered. Now the one remaining drama is the hope of emigration tomorrow or, as part of yesterday, of finding that some of their family is still alive, in another D.P. camp, and painstakingly getting their relatives, after months of red tape, into their camp, their barracks, the bed beside their own. Among the Slavs, especially, the family is precious flesh, to be reunited even unto the most remote, broken-down cousinship. This spring, a mysterious, fierce, silent little Polish girl, aged about thirteen, was picked up in Berlin by the German police and sent to an I.R.O. children's camp near Heidelberg. She disappeared, to hunt for somebody who turned out to be a D.P. great-aunt. By last month, the girl had fished out seven more apparently legitimate re-



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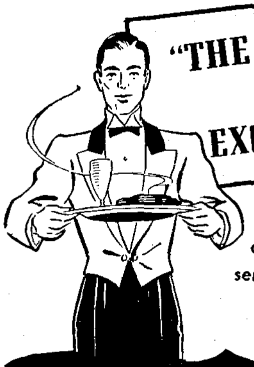

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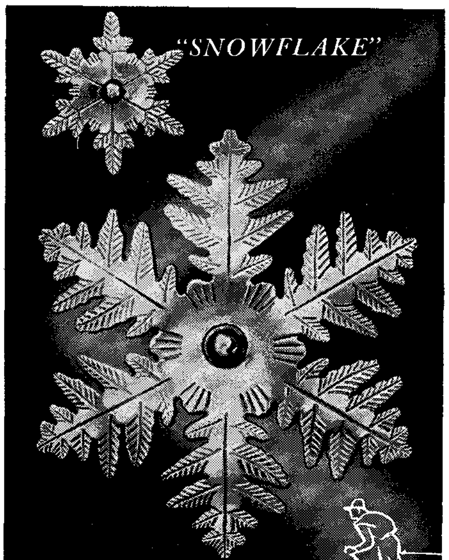

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mote relatives, from camps all over the American Zone; she now has them with her at Aschaffenburg. She refuses to tell how she travelled or got her clues. The D.P. grapevine is the best and most alert underground communication system in Western Europe today.

Of all those now homeless in this foreign land, the Jews are the cheeriest—a situation without precedent in the Jewish people's sad, roving history. Ninety per cent of the Jewish D.P.s in the American Zone have signed up to go to Israel. Their leaders squabble, as a matter of principle, with the I.R.O., because it has a policy of not sending anyone to a war zone. The Jewish Agency for Palestine is sending the D.P.s out anyway, and with particular speed if they are healthy and under forty-five, the military age limit. Many of the Jewish camps are clustered near Bayreuth, with its operatic echoes of Hitler's favorite, Aryan composer. The swellest Jewish camp is made up of Luftwaffe officers' homes at the Giebelstadt Airdrome. Like the inmates of several other Jewish camps, the Giebelstadt D.P.s are being supplied with various raw materials, for manufacture, by the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee. In a bombed-out airfield machine shop, they are turning out jaunty caps and warm overcoats, and what are probably Europe's finest work shoes, of superb brown leather, with decorative steel brads and a slice of thin steel in the heels. The workers are careful to say that they do not know where these goods go, but the coats could be useful against Jerusalem's winter chill and the sturdy shoes are suited to Palestine's rocky fields. Some Giebelstadt D.P.s are earning enough money to pay German villagers to cut their wood and do their chores—a bitterly pleasant change.

THE hardest blows to D.P. morale have been the long delay by the United States in passing a refugee-immigration bill and then the nature of the act recently passed. The D.P.s know that America has generously fed their stomachs. They feel that its immigration bill starves their hopes. The act disfavors the predominating D.P. Polish Catholics and Jews; favors the minority Protestant Balts, as a weak insult to Russia; demands almost a Thomas Committee screening of D.P. convictions, characters, bodies, and literacies; and requires, for those accepted, assurance, from sponsors, of jobs, and "safe and sanitary housing without displacing some other person from such housing"

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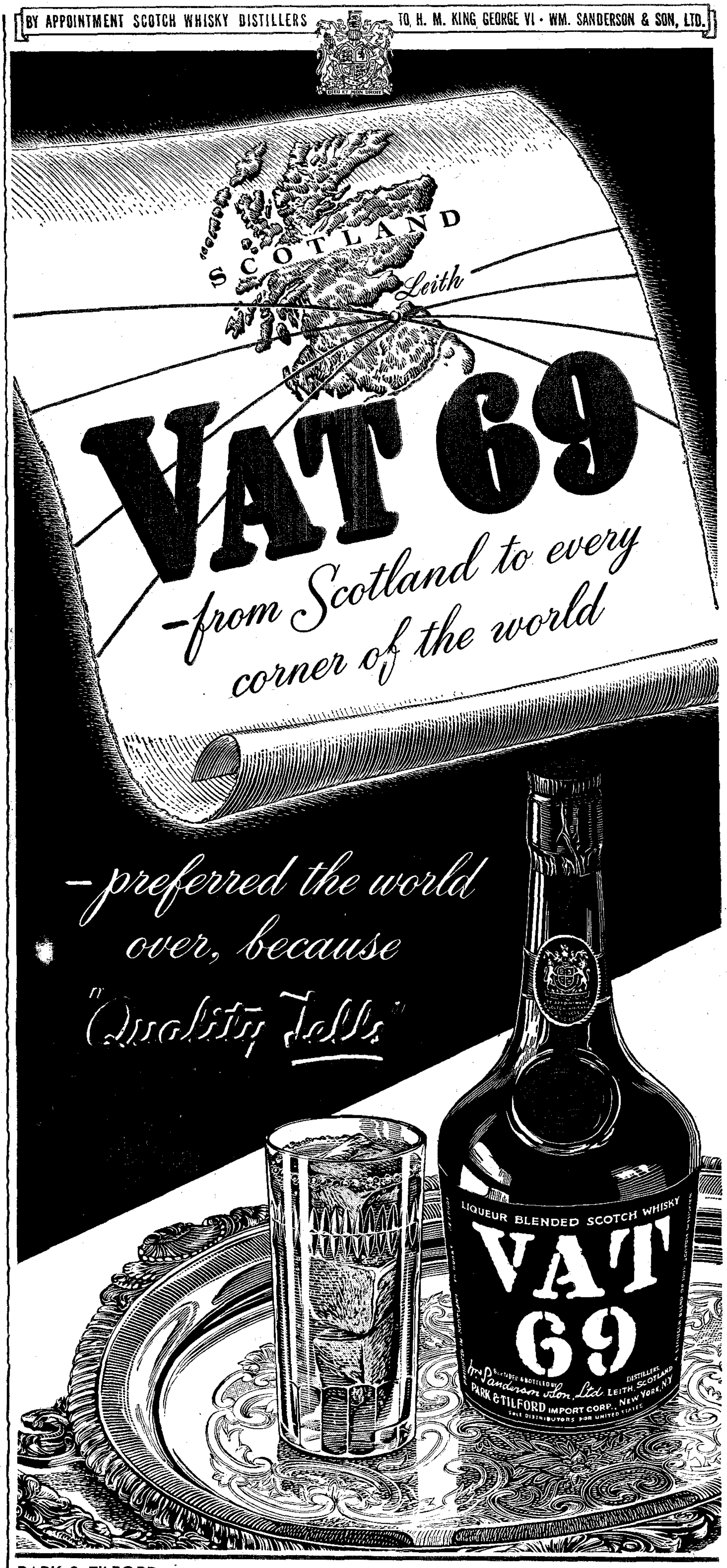
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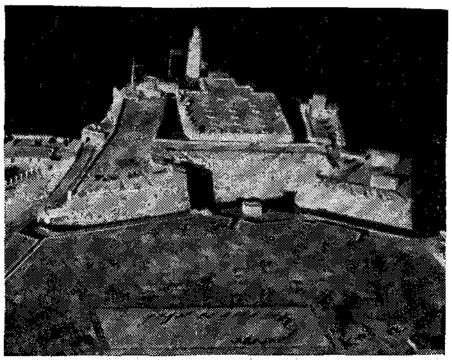

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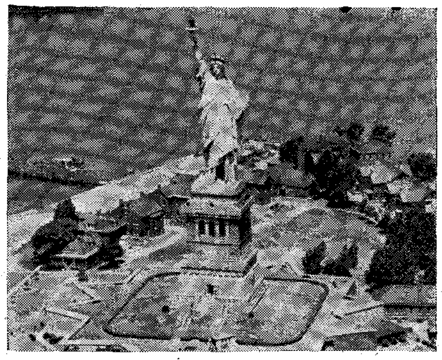

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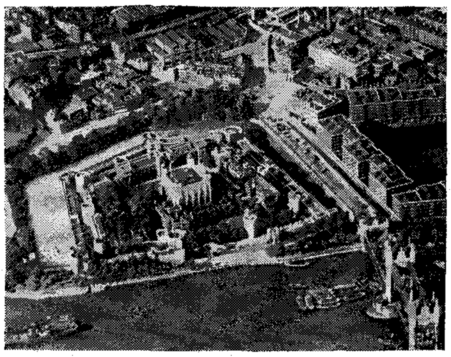

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—maybe brand-new mansions in the skies. The I.R.O., which views itself as self-liquidating, figures that, with today's limited shipping, it can get seventy-five thousand D.P.s to our welcoming shores by midsummer next year. Those of the two hundred and five thousand allowed under the bill who fail to enter by July, 1950, can mildew to death in the camps, unless our congressmen think again.

As the London *Times* has noted, there is a whiff of the slave market in the invitations to D.P.s to enter most countries—including England, which cheerfully calls her D.P. immigration scheme Westward Ho! The D.P.s say cynically, "What is wanted is the pounds of flesh—young, strong, male, and single." Few countries want wives, children, or old begetters. In fact, only Belgium has put into practice a humane scheme—she is admitting twenty thousand D.P. miners and, after three months' work, their entire families. Iraq's recent request for ten doctors without wives is merely the smallest and most candid national project. During the I.R.O.'s last fiscal year, which ended in July, it was able to settle all over the world only the equal of what the United States can legally admit in the next two years, idealist America having up to now admitted fewer D.P.s, proportionately, than any other large power. After all the humanitarian talk, the world's offers to save the D.P.s have been mean.

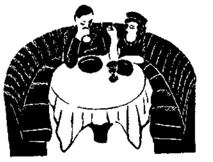
Most of the D.P.s now in camps have, through delay, lost their sense of choice in regard to what remains of life. From U.N.R.R.A., they attained their peak of "relief and rehabilitation" three years ago. Except for the Jews, whose faces are finally turned again toward Israel, the D.P.s are indeed unconnected with reality. Their favorite reading matter is the pictures in the advertisements in old Army copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which they naïvely believe are photographs of miracles of human comfort, justice, and liberty, probably obtained by pressing an electric button. They want to go to the America of their dreams; they fear that the Argentine is too far, Morocco too hot, Canada too cold, England too harsh, Australia too full of horned toads—which it is, according to a startled convoy of D.P. Lithuanians who lately arrived there. And Sweden is too close to Moscow. A psychoanalyst's recent report on certain D.P.s in this district should qualify them for immediate American citizenship. What these D.P.s most fear is insecurity and Russia.

—GENÊT

TABLES FOR TWO

Pagan Love Songs

LENA HORNE, who for years has been honing and polishing a heavily charged, hand-wringing style of singing, has, I feel, attained the peak of her powers in her present engagement at the Copacabana, where, deep among the cellar-grown palm trees, she switches on her full voltage nightly, with immense success. Rapture, pain, delight, and a multitude of less easily identifiable emotions pass rapidly and unceasingly across her sleek and handsome countenance as she threads her way through an admirable and varied repertoire. Her clothes are dazzling—the night I was there, she was wearing a low-cut, tight black evening dress covered with sequins that seemed to have a paralyzing effect on the clientele. She is, in short, spectacular. Her voice, though smooth, is filled with tensions, and when, as in the final line of "The Man I Love," she momentarily lets it out, the effect is startling. Her skill has reached such a point that her performance is as easy and efficient as the late Joe Jackson's bicycle act. Mostly, in the current fashion of female singers, she forces her tones from her, as if with great effort, giving the words she sings all sorts of exaggerated values. When I saw her, she opened with a pulsating Ellington piece called "Jump for Joy" and then proceeded to squeeze the last drop of juice from such numbers as "Let's Do It," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Take It Easy," "'Deed I Do," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and the aforementioned "The Man I Love." Curiously, as her style has developed, she seems to have withdrawn further and further from her audience and into herself. She never addresses her listeners directly, and her eyes are closed, or nearly closed, a good part of the time. In acknowledging applause, she tilts her head, eyes cast down, and bends and turns with a kind of Asiatic self-effacement. She is given, I might add, excellent support by her piano accompanist.



ANOTHER girl who does a highly dramatic turn, but a girl whose work more nearly approaches art than Miss Horne's does, is Edith Piaf, the little French singer at the Versailles, which, in my opinion, is one of the most airy, roomy, and comfortable establishments in town. Slightly stoop-shouldered from carrying the weight of the world around for too long, Mlle. Piaf is a pitiful figure but a radiant one. She creates a world of her own with her tiny but expressive hands, large, tormented eyes, a small but powerful voice (no microphone, I'm glad to report), and wonderfully mobile features that sometimes relax into a lovely smile. It is a hard, sordid world, though with odd instants of enchantment, and she always wears black for it. When she says "*Heureux, heureux,*" in one of her few cheerful moments, it is in deep, desperate, muted thankfulness. Some of her stories in song are as lurid as the cover on a fifteen-cent mystery magazine, but she puts them across, one by one, until her very romanticized world is complete and credible.

It is doubtful whether you will be able to follow all the words of her songs, since even a fair knowledge of French is insufficient for coping with her patois and her harsh use of it, and at times her voice rises to stridency and the words become blurred. She prefaces each song, however, with a concise account, in halting English, of its contents, and this, along with her great expressiveness, is enough to make it understandable. Melody—pretty waltzes, generally—plays a large part in the charm of her numbers. My favorites include an entrancing item about a little fair; a disarming piece, with three distinct musical themes, about getting into Heaven; one about looking at life through rose-colored glasses; and a couple of others—oh, all the others. I missed "Mariage," her most formidable offering, which she included in her one stage appearance here last year, but a night club, with its unavoidable distractions, is probably no place for it. Her accompaniment, by a small group of musicians concealed behind curtains, is extremely artful. Undeniably, somebody should do something nice for Edith Piaf—treat her right, make her happy—but she seems destined to spend the rest of her life delighting two continents with her sorrowful outbursts.

A MAN I find decidedly clever and entertaining is Peter Lind Hayes, who is currently carrying on in the somewhat staid Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. He is abetted slightly by his wife, Mary Healy, a pretty lass who has appeared with him during the past couple of years. Hayes has

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prepared no new material for this engagement, but there still seem to be a lot of people who haven't been exposed to his stuff, for I detected quick, surprised laughter at some of his old gags, and there was a minimum of drink-rattling and napkin-dropping, which are sure signs of a customer who has seen it all before. In addition to a takeoff of Hildegarde, carried out by Miss Healy and saved only by the arrival of her husband toward the finish, and a number in which Hayes is only a callow offstage voice supplementing a mooning narrative by his wife, he does his satire on a FitzPatrick travelogue and runs through his imitations of popular singers, ending with a fervent parody of Ethel Waters. The less appealing portions of his act are based on mimicry, but they reveal his most valuable asset, a remarkably flexible voice. That and his usually intelligent brand of comedy make him a very droll and engaging fellow. He winds up his present routine with some transition comedy that serves to bring Eddy Duchin's orchestra back to the bandstand. The pianist has a smart new band, which appeared to me to require less of his services at the piano than his previous ones did. It's nice to dance to, and every now and then Duchin sits down to reel off one of the good old songs. Standing up in front of the band, though, and waving an arm to beat time, he seems utterly useless, and somewhat aware of it. None of the musicians pay the slightest attention to him, and he is forced to look smilingly and hopefully out among the dancers for a glance of recognition.

TOMMY DORSEY, in the redecorated (splashy floral slipcovers) Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania, at least has his trombone to keep him company, and he plays it as unerringly as ever. His band, as always, furnishes some of the cleanest-cut and best-proportioned dance music to be heard anywhere, but the audience has changed. Instead of the electric atmosphere and the milling mob of transported youngsters that filled the rooms he played in ten years ago, there are a rather desultory air and a more conventional mixture of young and old. Where the frantic children have gone, I don't know. The walls of that bebop palace, the Royal Roost, can't have swallowed them *all* up. —D. W.

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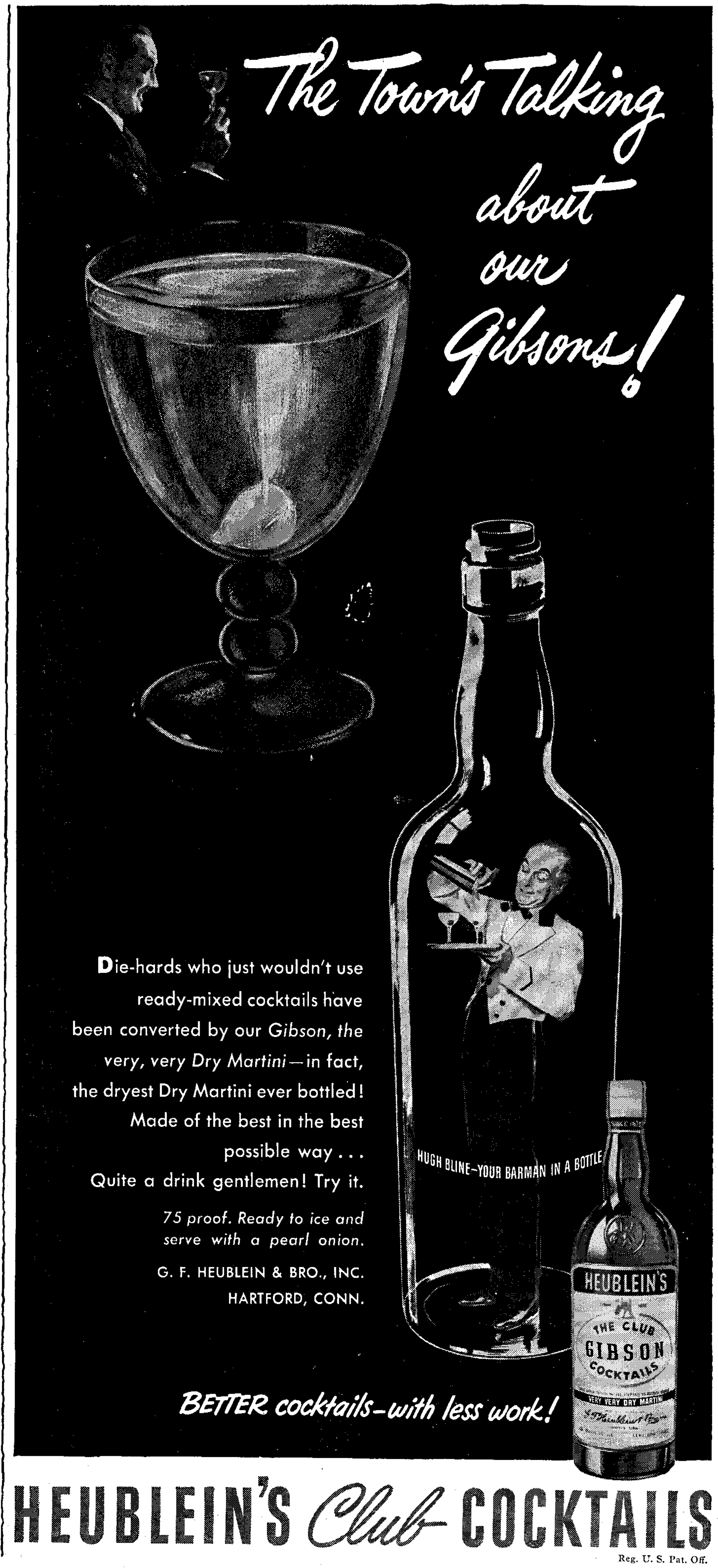
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly Orchestral

AMONG the important early visitors of the season was the Orchestre National of France, which gave its first New York concert in Carnegie Hall last week. Conducted by Charles Münch, who is a familiar director of Philharmonic-Symphony events and who next season will be the full-time leader of the Boston Symphony, the men and women of the Orchestre played a program of brilliant-sounding music, ranging in age from Berlioz's romantic and somewhat phrenetic overture "Le Corsaire" to Walter Piston's new, crisply effective "Toccata," which, incidentally, is dedicated to Mr. Münch. The ensemble demonstrated immediately and conclusively that it is an efficient, enthusiastic, and well-coördinated unit, and that it has notable solo strength. Of special interest was the Orchestre's unusual tone, which was, in general, less weighty and perhaps a bit more sharply focussed than that to which most of us are accustomed. However this timbre might sound in, say, Brahms or Tchaikovsky (and perhaps the visitors don't apply it to those composers), it was admirably suited to the compositions that made up this concert. Mr. Münch's conducting was, as heretofore, masterly.

Conductors of several other orchestras were in attendance, and I wondered whether any of them were considering trades, as baseball managers do when they find themselves together socially. Does one maestro ever offer another maestro two clarinettists and a sum of cash for a particularly spry cellist?

IN Town Hall, the Little Orchestra Society, directed by Thomas K. Scherman, began its second season a week ago last Monday with a program consisting of music not often heard, including Richard Strauss's Second Horn Concerto, which was having its American première. This concerto, which was written in 1943, when the composer was approaching his eightieth birthday, sounded like an older work by a younger musician; it was fairly conventional music, with many sprightly orchestral details. The performance was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"You see what I mean, Mr. Mansfield (say, do you mind if I just call you 'Hiram'?). There's no classifying authors. Why you'd be surprised at the number of writers who spend their time writing about—of all things — writing itself. Take Charles Neider, Hiram. Do you think he's content with just his own writing? Hell, no, Hi. He's just produced a new book called SHORT NOVELS OF THE MASTERS. Just think, only $4.00 for ten novels. And he's written an introduction to it that makes it a lot more than a mere collection. You'll understand Kafka, Melville, Tolstoy, James and the rest a good deal better when you've read it. And be sure you take a look at ARTICLE WRITING AND MARKETING ($5.50) by George L. Bird. You'll save yourself a lot of time and money once you've digested its trade secrets.

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"As far as that goes there are writers who aren't even writers. If that sounds a bit cryptic, let me tell you about Dr. Walter L. Stokes, an M.D. whose book we're publishing next week. It's MODERN PATTERN FOR MARRIAGE ($2.25). You'll find it a pretty succinct, frank manual. A new approach, really, for the author maintains that a successful sex life is an important foundation for joy and contentment in marriage. Modern psychiatry applied to sex, you might say.

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not too fortunate, because the solo horn wasn't always loud enough, but the over-all effect was pleasing. There were also a neat and vivacious showing of Jacques Ibert's entertaining "Capriccio for Ten Solo Instruments," and an agreeable revival of two Victorian dramatic airs for soprano and orchestra—Mendelssohn's "Infelice," and Bruch's "Ave Maria" from "Das Feuerkreuz"—both sung, with shrewd stylistic understanding, by Polyna Stoska. This large program began and ended with symphonies. Gossec's E-Flat-Major Symphony started things in a rather typically eighteenth-century idiom and Mozart's Thirty-third Symphony, in a distinguished performance, wound them up.

AT the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall last Thursday, Dimitri Mitropoulos brought back Arnold Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," which, though composed in 1909, are still far from being uncontentious material. They are strange, unorthodox little works that express their moods through tonal textures and rhythmic suggestions rather than through quickly grasped melody and tempo. Mr. Mitropoulos's direction of these remarkable, delicately poised designs was a superb achievement, and that goes for the orchestra's playing, too. The Schoenberg pieces were surrounded by sturdy presentations of staples by Mozart, Schumann, and Brahms, and Joseph Szigeti provided eminent artistry for the Brahms Violin Concerto.

AKSEL SCHIØTZ, a Danish tenor whose recordings have won great acclaim hereabouts, made his American début in Town Hall last week, singing airs by Handel and Haydn, Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle, songs by Brahms, and a group of Danish melodies. The effects of a recent illness made it impossible for Mr. Schiøtz to use his voice fully, and his vocal qualities were completely apparent only in some striking low tones. This concert served, however, to set forth the singer's extraordinary interpretive accomplishments and to indicate the fine technique that he has acquired. One hopes that so valuable a singing musician will soon entirely regain his resources.—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Port Chester* (N.Y.) *Item*]

MISS ELLEN MANGENE ENGAGED TO WED NORMAN McMINN, WITH POLICE FORCE

BOOKS

A New Deal with the Old Nick

“DOCTOR FAUSTUS,” the new novel by Thomas Mann (Knopf), is a thick, heavy pudding that it is hard to get one's teeth into. So far as it is “about” anything, it is the story of a German composer, Adrian Leverkühn, who, in return for twenty-four years of creative fertility, makes the same pact with the Devil that Goethe's Faust entered upon. That Mr. Mann should have finally set himself to putting the Faust story in modern dress (Leverkühn's dates are 1885-1940) is hardly to be wondered at; he has been moving toward a closer and closer identification with Goethe for some years, and it is logical that he should at last be tempted to challenge the Master on his own ground.

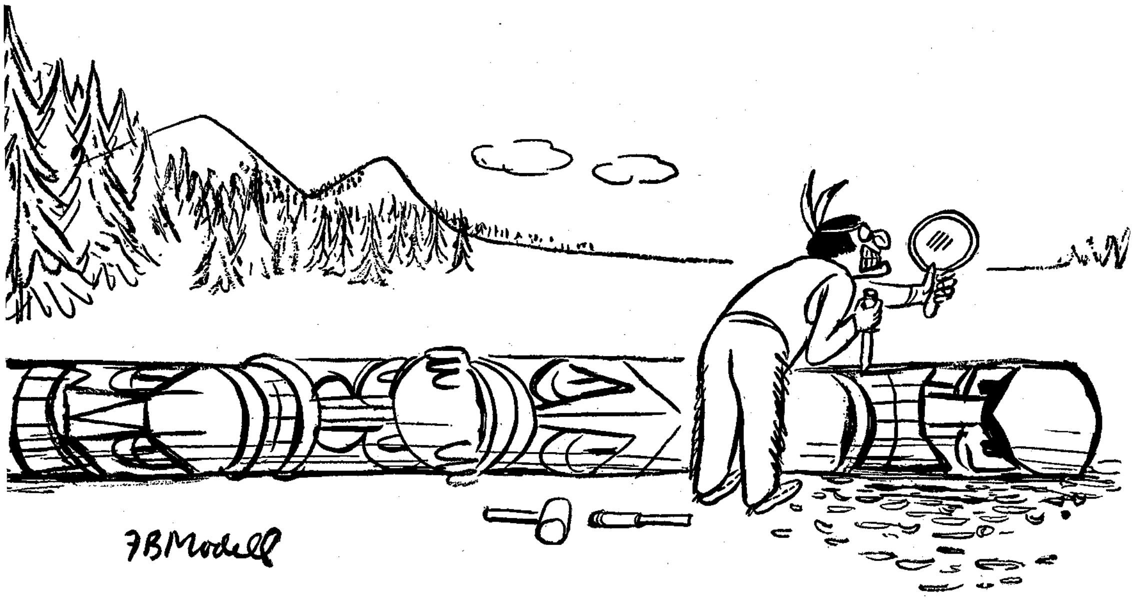
“Dr. Faustus,” however, is not simply a manifestation of the author's preoccupation with Goethe. He is only slightly less preoccupied with Richard Wagner, as the readers of his non-fiction will recall, and this interest is the heart of his latest novel. Adrian Leverkühn is not a portrait of Wagner, but it is easy to deduce that in devising his hero the author had Wagner in mind. The opening sentences of Mr. Mann's essay called “Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner” offer considerable proof of this. I quote: “Suffering and great as that nineteenth century whose complete expression he is, the mental image of Richard Wagner stands before my eyes. Scored through and through with all his century's unmistakable traits, surcharged with all its driving forces, so I see his image.” In “Dr. Faustus,” the image of Adrian Leverkühn stands before the author in much the same fashion; he, too, is scored through and through with the traits of his century, and he is equally surcharged.

A third preoccupation must also be mentioned—Thomas Mann's absorption in Thomas Mann himself; in his ideas, his speculations on the state of the world, his position as the chief spokesman of the new (and to him quite genuine) German enlightenment, and his view of things in general. The story of Adrian Leverkühn is told by a friend, Serenus Zeitblom, Ph.D. I daresay that Zeitblom is no more a portrait of the author than Leverkühn is of Wagner, but since he wrestles with a great many of the philosophical and political problems that Mr. Mann has already done battle with, I think that we may as well accept him as a serviceable stand-in.

So much is set before one in “Dr. Faustus”—a retelling of the Faust legend, the life of a musical genius, and innumerable passages of inquiry into the artistic, social, religious, and political life of modern man—that anybody, it would seem, should find it nourishing. I am compelled to report, however, that it didn't especially excite my appetite. As a philosopher, Mr. Mann is rather more ponderous than profound; as a competitor of Goethe in the handling of the Faust story, he is hopelessly outclassed; as a novelist, he has failed in this particular book. He has failed not because he was unable to bring off his own version of Faust, or because his philosophical digressions slow down the movement of his book to a pace less lively than a crawl, but simply because his central character, upon whose credibility everything else depends, never really comes to life.

It has to be admitted, of course, that Mr. Mann has picked up a double-barrelled weapon, with a charge in each chamber sufficient to blow an author's head off. To the almost impossible problem of writing about a man foolish and brave enough to shake hands with Satan (treating the plot, furthermore, not as a fable but as something that happened in the realistic here-and-now), he has added the equally hard task of trying to get hold of the creative temperament in all its aspects. Mr. Mann, to my way of thinking, has missed with both barrels, but the fact that he *hasn't* blown his head off and has suffered only a few flash burns is a considerable tribute to his skill at handling heavy artillery. There are a lot of admirable things in this book—glimpses of German life that are as good as anything in “Buddenbrooks,” the offstage thunder of the German disaster as Hitler leads his nation to power and then to ruin, a number of extremely well-drawn secondary characters—but all these accomplishments merely emphasize Mr. Mann's failure to bring off Adrian Leverkühn.

The reason for this failure can be suggested by repeating a few lines from the novel: “The tears came in my eyes. I was still happier over the altogether successful shaping of the address, only nine lines long, of the poet to his allegorical song, which speaks so darkly and difficultly, with no prospect of its hidden sense being understanded of the world. . . . The way the music strives upward out of the difficulties, the artful confusion, the mingled distresses of its first part to the tender light of the final cry and there is touchingly resolved—all that I straightway found admirable and did not hide my delighted approbation.” This is an example of what is probably the hardest problem of all in writing: to get into words the essence of a completely different medium (which, in this case, since we are dealing with music, happens to



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be sound) and to lay bare the core of the creative process. Mr. Mann, I feel, does neither. (The only writers I can readily think of who have worked in this field with even moderate success are Romain Rolland, in "Jean-Christophe;" Henry Handel Richardson, in "Maurice Guest;" and Somerset Maugham, in "The Moon and Sixpence.") His book is full of such diagramming, thorough and earnest and knowledgeable, and the reader hears constantly of the heartbreaking difficulties of composing music. But telling and diagramming aren't enough. It is still true, although elementary, that what the reader of any novel must have is a sense of direct participation. He has not merely to get under the skin of a character but actually to step into it. It may be, of course, that a lot of people will manage to get into the skin of Adrian Leverkühn, but my notion is that anyone who tries it on is going to find it a very poor fit. —HAMILTON BASSO

VERSE

OFFICIAL justice has now dealt with Ezra Pound, and this autumn New Directions has again taken up the task of publishing his works. Two volumes announce the beginning of this program: "The Pisan Cantos," twenty poems written by Pound while he was a prisoner in Pisa awaiting trial as a traitor, and "The Cantos," which includes not only the Pisan section but all of his "epic" (in Pound's view, any poem that contains history is an epic) that he has written to date. The initial sixteen cantos first appeared in book form in 1925, when Pound's reputation was at its height. At the start, this "epic" exhibited in full the range of Pound's genius. It is a late work, begun when he was nearly forty and firmly in command of his difficult style. T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (1922), dedicated to Pound, had given the modern world its first major poem in English. It was time for Pound to commence gathering together the fruits of his already long career: his scholarship in medieval Romantic literature (chiefly the literature of Provence), and his interest in the culture of the Italian and French Renaissance, in Greek literature from Homer to Callimachus, and in Chinese poetry and ideogram. His episodic and disjunct style suggested cinema technique, or so critics have decided, for it involved the flashback, breaking up the sequence of time and of place. Each item made sense but had no apparent connection with any other. And from the first Pound employed his most obvious trick: the use of classical tags, often in languages, such as Greek and Chinese, that need transliteration, or in dead tongues, such as *langue d'oc.* As we look back, with time's perspective, we realize that his various devices, if often used legitimately, were frequently the result of his mystifying, or sorcerer, side. The not clearly understood creates wonderment and awe, but bafflement and irritation as well. There is something hypnotizing, even for the initiate, in being confronted with a language one can barely pronounce, and the uninitiate are likely to be bowled over by something as simple as "*to agathon*" when it comes at them in large black Greek capitals. But it was the Chinese ideogram that really offered Pound the chance to become a master magician. The ideogram is lovely beyond belief, yet it thwarts almost any attack made upon it by non-Chinese reason. There it is; one is impressed, the spell takes hold, and Pound has the reader in his mage's power. These Poundian procedures had their good aspect, however. The poet was breaking down prejudice against forgotten or neglected cultures. He was striking across the lines of specialist scholars, so strict and so snobbish in our day. He was presenting the past as though it were all simultaneous and were still going on; he was making the point that in art this synchronization and timelessness actually exist.

Pound's streak of charlatanry, in the cantos as a whole, was so interwoven with valuable insight that it was fairly negligible. What became really annoying was his growing tendency toward obsession. The obsessed always lack that final ingredient of greatness, humility. They are also invariably bad-tempered and vituperative. They hammer and they scold. They at last stop making sense, and end up ranting in an exasperated gibberish. Pound never reached the gibberish stage, but at his worst he presented a picture of a fanatic who must always be in the right, who cannot turn a hairsbreadth from the small and concrete toward the large generality, who bores by quoting from documentation, and who sets up a pattern that gradually hardens, until we get nothing but deadly repetition. In the cantos written just before the war, Pound seemed to have lost his ability to control his manias, and his increasingly vulgar presentation of them often made him sound less like a lover of the highest cultures and more like a rude inheritor of none. But he could, at his best, revive, in lines of the most exquisite weight and the purest

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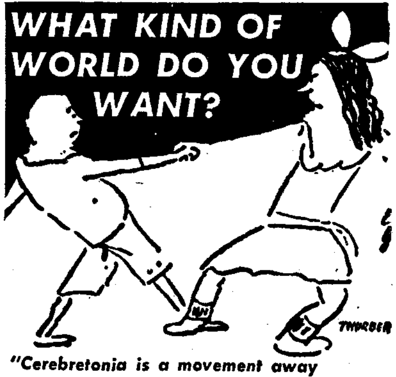
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flow, the classic world, the crystal beginnings of men and gods.

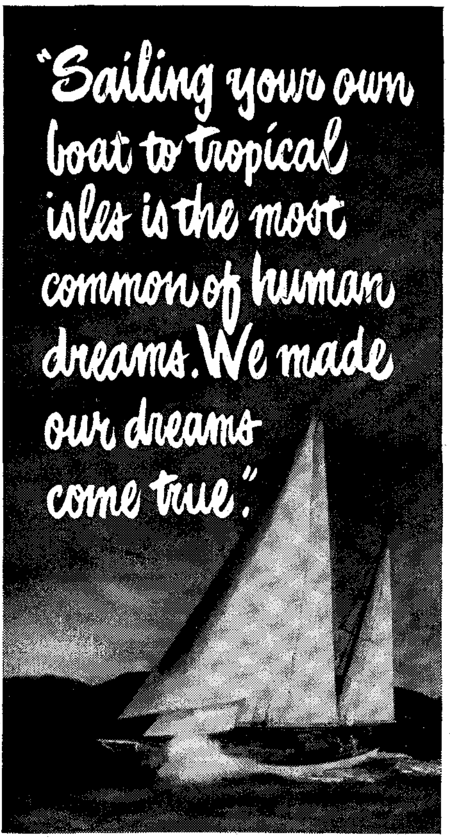
Pound's imprisonment in Pisa seems to have brought him back to art and to life. "The Pisan Cantos" shows a new sense of proportion. He begins to feel pity and gratitude, and he begins to smile wryly, even at himself. I cannot think of any other record by an artist or a man of letters, in or out of prison, so filled with a combination of sharp day-to-day observation, erudition, and humorous insight. The diatribes against usury (Pound's King Charles's head) occur, but they are now a minor theme. The gibes at enemies continue, but they are now mixed with the memories of friends—and what great and brilliant friends! And Pound cannot give enough gratitude to the Negro soldier who secretly made him a desk out of a packing box, to get him "offen th' ground" (he was living in a tent). He speaks with tenderness of a visiting lizard, and he jots down reminiscences of his art and life, beginning with the moment when, as a young poet, he thought of dumping the entire edition of his first book into a Venetian canal. All this may help us to understand the stresses that beset this American poet, whose art time will in the end surely honor, and without whose influence and energy we should not have modern poetry in English as we know it today.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANSWER TO QUESTION 33, by Christopher Sykes (Sloane). The chronicle of a young British consular officer, in which Mr. Sykes, whose last book was "Four Studies in Loyalty," touches adroitly upon two of his favorite topics: life in the Middle East and, once more, loyalty. Before these matters are taken up, the hero describes his upbringing among the landed gentry, his education at Oxford in the post-Waugh years, and his relations with a neurotic, overbred noble English family. He lands a Foreign Service post in Syria and then moves on to Cairo, where, in the chaotic months before El Alamein, the problem of loyalty arises, embodied in an Italian lady whose lifelong Anglophilia is so violently uprooted by some British bumbling that, some years later, she goes to work for the Cominform. (The title of the book refers to a question that is raised in Parliament about her Soviet activities.) The diffuseness of Mr. Sykes'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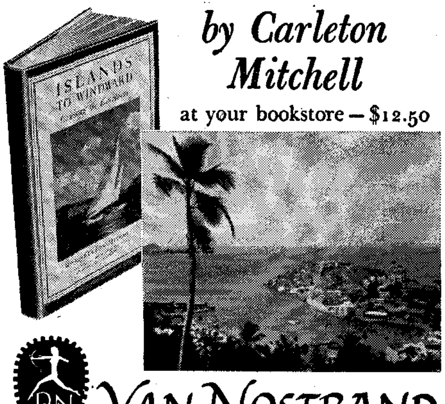

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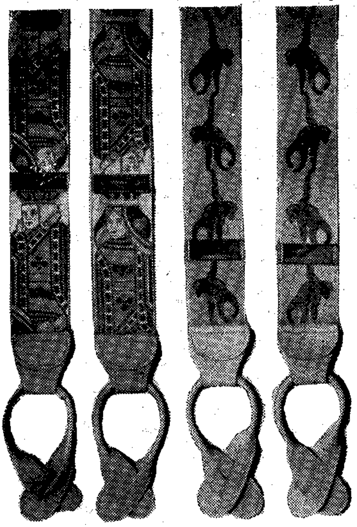

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plot is fully redeemed by a cultivated style and a well-illumined array of people. Some of the latter, like the author's English scenery, are familiar but never dull, and the Middle Eastern settings are rewarding.

STALINGRAD, by Theodor Plievier (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A battle novel on a grand scale, in which the author tells the story of the German Sixth Army's colossally disastrous attempt to drive through to the Volga. The novel is structurally simple; it is a series of interlocking incidents that rise, in the end, to a pinnacle of horror practically unprecedented in recent war fiction. The author, whom Thomas Mann describes on the dust jacket as a "strong narrator"—clearly, no one could call him an imaginative novelist—has obviously stuck pretty close to fact. There are myriads of characters, from a gravedigger in a penal battalion to General von Paulus himself, but the chief figure is really the entire Sixth Army, and it is no particular discredit to Herr Plievier that most of his characters seem to be faceless men. What he has depicted is the agony of doomed soldiers, suffering torture by cold, starvation, and bullets, who realize, as their inevitable end draws near, that their sacrifice can be only an empty tragedy—all for nothing. The author, a German who fled to Russia in 1933—it was there he interviewed survivors of Stalingrad—has lately been living in Bizonia.

FIRE IN THE MORNING, by Elizabeth Spencer (Dodd, Mead). A quiet first novel of considerable understated power, about a feud in a small town deep in Mississippi. Despite the locale, Miss Spencer's men and women speak and act with high intelligence, and their story, right up to its explosive dénouement, is convincing. The author, when she is not self-consciously taking time off to turn out an ornate paragraph, writes very well.

LORD LOVE US, by A. M. P. Stratton (Scribner). A novel with its roots in other novels, chiefly "The Sun Also Rises." The main characters are a Boston brother and sister steeped in Beacon Hill tradition, and their best friend, a young man of Huguenot descent who hails from Charleston and is full of the tradition of the Old South. These three grow to maturity during the latter part of the depression, and then, terribly gay and bright and brave, turn up in France in time to be caught in

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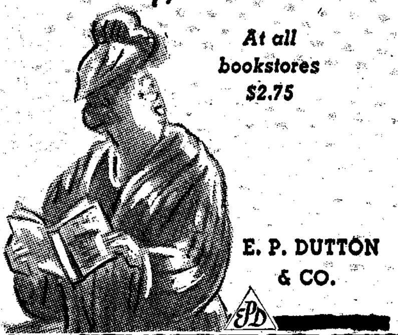

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the war. By the end of the book, they have all wrecked their lives in what the author obviously feels is a picturesque and even attractive manner.

CATALINA, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday). A romantic fable about a miracle in sixteenth-century Spain and a beautiful girl who was saved from a nunnery at the last minute by her inability to shake off a strong predilection for earthly pleasures. What Mr. Maugham had in mind when he thought up this confection is not clear, and why, having thought it up, he went ahead and wrote it is still more perplexing.

GENERAL

DESIRE, by Pablo Picasso (Philosophical Library). *Picasso s'amuse.* This play was written in three days during the Occupation of Paris, when things must have looked quite black to the author. There are no people in it—only abstract "characters," with names like Onion, Skinny Anguish, Silence, and Round End—and it reads as if one of the Master's more enigmatic canvases had come to life and the disjointed human forms and disoriented objects on it had taken to upbraiding one another in racy language.

GREAT PAINTINGS IN AMERICA, by Fiske Kimball and Lionello Venturi (Coward-McCann). A hundred and one reproductions in color, with accompanying descriptive text. The main value of a book of this sort rests, of course, in the selection, and in this case the editors have done their work with notable judgment and discretion, their one fault perhaps being that they have put too great an emphasis on the Italian school. The descriptive notes are concise and informative, and the presswork, though a trifle metallic in texture, is generally excellent.

NOTE—A collection of Joseph Wechsberg's reminiscences of life in the romantic and indulgent Europe of a couple of decades ago has been published by Houghton Mifflin under the title "Sweet and Sour." Several of the pieces first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER CAN BE FUN, by Fredric Brown (Dutton). A lighthearted item by the author of last year's "The Fabulous Clipjoint." A writer of soap operas discovers, to his dismay, that someone is using a number of mystery scripts he has turned

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out on the side as blueprints for a series of murders. In order to extricate himself from police suspicion, the young man does some active but rather haphazard detection among his fellow radio workers in New York, commenting the while on the more depressing aspects of his profession. Fast and funny.

A Killer Is Loose Among Us, by Robert Terrall (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Genuinely bloodcurdling activities in a laboratory in the South, where some reluctant scientists, under the direction of the Army, are experimenting with bacteriological weapons. The nervous strain of this assignment leads, eventually, to a murder, which is solved by a government investigator only after the whole community has been paralyzed by fear and suspicion. Confusingly plotted at times, but written with a bleak ferocity that is entirely suited to the material.

The D.A. Takes a Chance, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Doug Selby, the District Attorney of Madison City, on the West Coast, tangles once more with A. B. Carr, a very shady old legal party. This particular incident concerns some of Carr's clients who are trying to cover up the death of a young woman who was shot, stabbed, and possibly drugged after a party. Selby works the damn thing out, of course, using much the kind of tricked-up technique favored by Perry Mason, although he operates within stricter legal limits than does Mr. Gardner's other, more widely celebrated sleuth. Routine.

Shoes for My Love, by Jean Leslie (Doubleday). A San Francisco shoe manufacturer turns amateur detective on behalf of a fetching young neurotic whom he meets for the first time as she is standing over the body of her psychiatrist, a smoking gat in her hand. This provocative situation is only a prelude to other, equally homicidal ones, the significance of which is finally explained by the infatuated shoe man with the aid of a tolerant police officer. Lively, in an illogical fashion.

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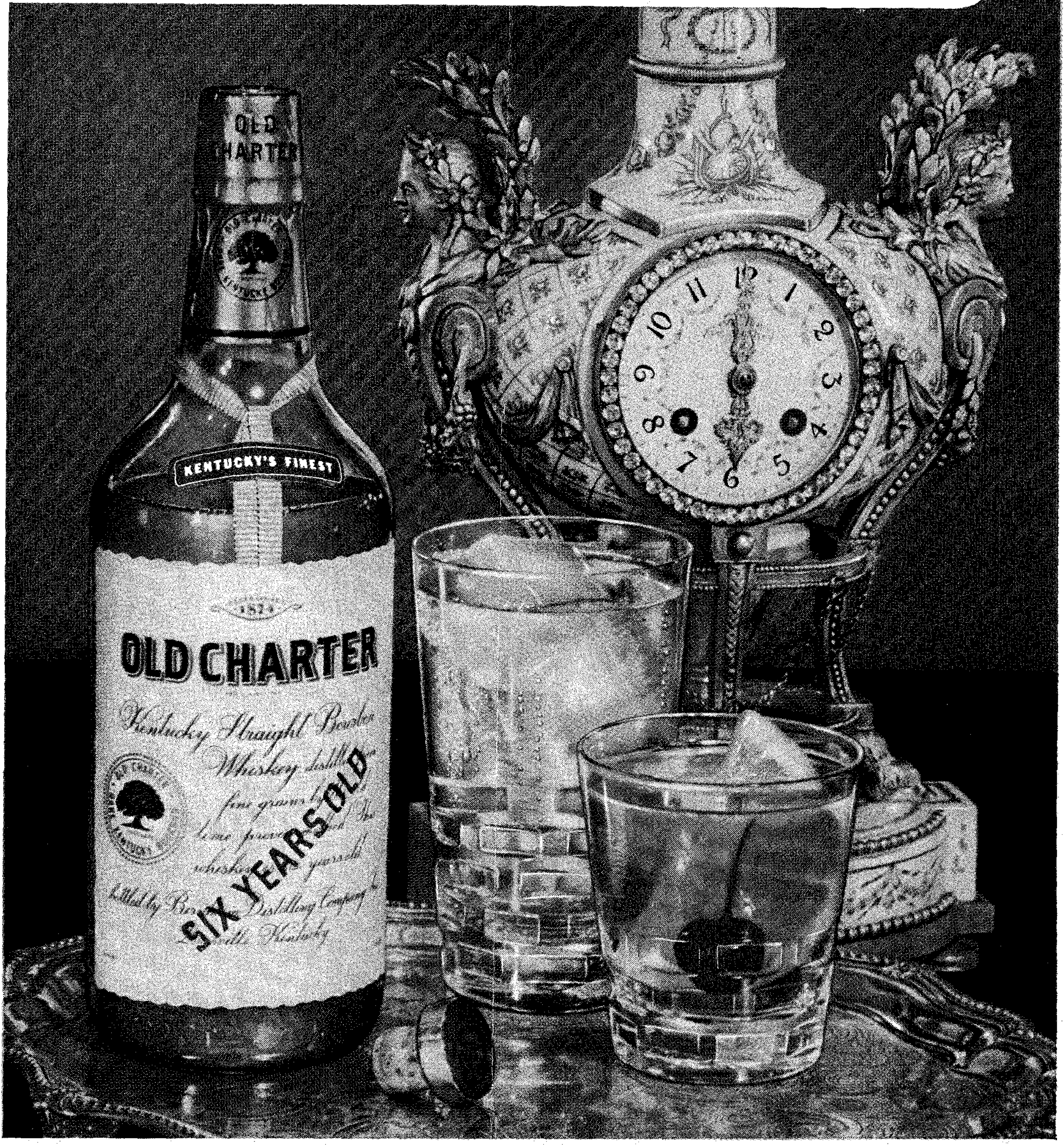
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